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THRILLING ADVENTURES

AMONG THE

INDIANS:

COMPRISING

The Most Remarkable Personal Narratives of Events in the Early Indian Wars,

AS WELL AS OF

INCIDENTS IN THE RECENT INDIAN HOSTILITIES IN MEXICO AND TEXAS.

By JOHN FROST, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," "PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,

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PREFACE.

THE following narratives have been carefully compiled from a large mass of material which has been accumulated during the many years which the author has devoted to the study of American history. They comprise the incidents which were considered most striking and remarkable, and best calculated to afford the reader an adequate idea of the Indians, their peculiar modes of warfare, and their general character.

It is a remarkable fact that the Indians, as a mass, remain now nearly in the same state as they were found by the first discoverers of the New World. In religion, manners, and customs, they are as wild and savage as ever. The western tribes hunt with the bow and arrow; and still make war with the spear and shield. Certain tribes originally settled east of the Mississippi, have become to a certain extent Christianized and civilized. Their history and present state would form the subject of a very interesting volume by itself—a volume which is a desideratum in American literature. But the wild western Indians are still heathen and still savage. Unless an enlightened public sentiment shall be awakened, and the benevolent exertions of the American people shall be interposed to civilize and reclaim these tribes, there is every reason to fear that they will ultimately become extinct; so that a century hence not a living representative will remain of all the powerful nations which formerly possessed this country. Ignorance, superstition, and mutual dissension

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among the tribes are rapidly wasting them away. This result should not be permitted by the Christian nation which owes to them and their dead ancestors the noble domain which it occupies. The facts recorded in the following pages exhibit traits of character in the Indians, which command admiration and awaken sympathy, united with other traits which excite in the well regulated mind the liveliest pity for their unhappy and misguided state. They might be reclaimed, civilized, and saved. But while they are regarded as enemies, possessing desirable lands, or as mere hunters of furs for white people, subjects of conquest or speculation merely, there is little hope for the poor Indian. Here and there a voice is raised in their defence, but selfishness and prejudice are many-tongued; and the cry that the Indians cannot be reclaimed and must perish, is the prevailing one. It is to be hoped that some able and eloquent defender may yet take up their cause, and that the blessings of civilization may hereafter preserve a remnant of the once numerous and powerful aborigines of North America.

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In the period of near two centuries and a half, which has elapsed since the first settlement of North America by the British colonists, there have occurred a great number of wars between the white people and the Indians, both parties struggling with equal animosity for the possession of the soil. The result has been the almost total extermination of the Indians; and the present peaceful possession by the

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whites of what was once the Indian's home. In these wars there has been much of thrilling and romantic adventure; many examples of courage, fortitude, contempt of danger, and heroic endurance of suffering—examples which serve at once to illustrate the hardy character of our ancestors, and the marked and original traits of their savage enemies. The narratives of these adventures have been fortunately preserved in many instances. Some of them are given by the sufferers themselves; and others were so conspicuous as to find a place in local or national annals.

They abound in scenes of adventure and danger, to which it is hardly possible to find a parallel in the annals of war. Such scenes display traits of character in more vivid colours than does the most laboured description. Cruelty, at which the heart sickens; vindictiveness, which knows no end and no mitigation; skill, ingenuity and endurance in war; heroism, gratitude to friends, treachery toward enemies, stoicism, keen observation, and the most delicate sense of honour—all these, the characteristics of an Indian, are to be studied, not in the pages of the moralist, but in the narrative of adventures. But in all this there is something more than even a display of character and a tale of adventure. There is a moral to be learned. The qualities which we abhor in a hostile Indian are not peculiar to Indians. They are possessed by all men, they exist in all societies. Civilization modifies, perhaps lessens them in the white man; and if by exhibiting the evils of their unlimited license in the poor Indian, we could

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teach our own people to prize the blessings of civilization; if we could induce the young to apply those blessings to the extirpation of their own wild passions, then would the moral of our "Thrilling Adventures" be complete. It has been our aim to accomplish this object. We have endeavoured to display the character of the Indian and his enemies in their true colours, and to draw from the picture a useful moral. Without further preamble we now proceed to our narratives.

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Captivity and Escape of Mrs. Frances Scott, of Washington County, Virginia.

On Wednesday the 29th day of June, 1785, late in the evening, a large company of armed men passed the house, on their way to Kentucky: some part of whom encamped within two miles. Mr. Scott, living on a frontier part, generally made the family watchful; but on this calamitous day, after so large a body of men had passed, shortly after night, he lay down in his bed, and imprudently left one of the doors of his house open; the children were also in bed and asleep. Mrs. Scott was nearly undressed, when, to her unutterable astonishment and horror, she saw, rushing in through the door that was left open, painted savages with presented arms, raising a hideous shriek. Mr. Scott being awake, instantly jumped out of his bed, but was immediately fired at: he forced his way through the middle of the enemy, and got out of the

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door, but fell a few paces from thence. An Indian seized Mrs. Scott, and ordered her to a particular spot, and not to move: others stabbed and cut the throats of the three youngest children in their bed, and afterwards lifted them up and dashed them down on the floor, near the mother. The eldest, a beautiful girl of eight years old, awoke, and escaped out of the bed, and ran to her parent, and, with the most plaintive accents, cried, "O mamma! mamma! save me." The mother, in the deepest anguish of spirit, and with a flood of tears, entreated the savages to spare her child; but, with a brutal fierceness, they tomahawked and stabbed her in the mother's arms. Adjacent to Mr. Scott's dwelling-house another family lived, of the name of Ball. The Indians also attacked them at the same instant they did Mr. Scott's; but the door being shut, the enemy fired into the house through an opening between two logs, and killed a young lad, and then endeavoured to force the door open; but a surviving brother fired through the door, and the enemy desisted, and went off: the remaining part of the family ran out of the house and escaped. In Mr. Scott's house were four good rifles well loaded, and a good deal of clothing and furniture, part of which belonged to people that had left it on their way to Kentucky. The Indians loaded themselves with the plunder, being thirteen in number, then speedily made off, and continued travelling all night. Next morning their chief allotted to each man his share; and detached nine of a party to steal horses from the inhabitants on Clinch. The eleventh day after Mrs

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Scott's captivity, the four Indians that had her in charge, stopped at a place fixed upon for a rendezvous, and to hunt, being now in a great want of provisions. Three went out, and the chief, being an old man, was left to take care of the prisoner, who, by this time, expressed a willingness to proceed to the Indian towns, which seemed to have the desired effect of lessening her keeper's vigilance. In the day time, as the old man was graining a deer skin, the captive, pondering on her situation, and anxiously looking for an opportunity to make her escape, took the resolution, and went to the Indian carelessly, asked liberty to go a small distance to a stream of water, to wash the blood off her apron, that had remained besmeared since the fatal night of the murder of her little daughter. He told her in the English tongue "go along;" she then passed by him, his face being in a contrary direction from that she was going, and he very busy. She, after getting to the water, proceeded on without delay, made to a high barren mountain, and travelled until late in the evening, when she came down into the valley, in search of the track she had been taken along; hoping thereby to find the way back, without the risk of being lost, and perishing with hunger in uninhabited parts. On coming across the valley to the river side, supposed to be the easterly branch of Kentucky river, she observed in the sand, tracks of two men that had gone up the river, and had just returned. She concluded these to have been her pursuers, which excited emotions of gratitude and thankfulness to Divine providence for so

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timely a deliverance. Being without any provisions, having no kind of weapon or tool to assist her in getting any, and being almost destitute of clothing, also knowing that a vast tract of rugged high mountains intervened, between where she was and the inhabitants eastwardly, and the distance of the Kentucky settlements unknown, and she almost as ignorant as a child of the method of steering through the woods, her situation was truly desolate. But certain death, either by hunger or wild beasts, seemed preferable to being in the power of human beings, who had excited in her mind such horror. She addressed Heaven for protection, and, taking courage, proceeded onward. After travelling three days, she had nearly met with the Indians, as she supposed, that had been sent to Clinch to steal horses, but providentially hearing their approach, she concealed herself behind a tree until the enemy had passed. This, giving a fresh alarm, and her mind being filled with consternation, she got lost, proceeding backwards and forwards for several days. At length she came to a river, that seemed to come from the east; concluding it was Sandy river, she accordingly resolved to trace it to its source, which is adjacent to the Clinch settlement. After proceeding up the same several days, she came to where the river runs through the great Laurel mountain, where is a prodigious water-fall, and numerous high craggy cliffs along the water edge; that way seemed impassable, the mountain steep and difficult; however, our mournful traveller concluded that the latter way was the best. She therefore ascended

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Mrs. Scott in danger of recapture.

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for some time, but coming to a range of inaccessible rocks, she turned her course towards the foot of the mountain and the river side. After getting into a deep gully, and passing over several high steep rocks, she reached the river side, where, to her inexpressible affliction, she found that a perpendicular rock, or rather one that hung over, of fifteen or twenty feet high, formed the bank. Here a solemn pause took place; she essayed to return, but the height of the steeps and rocks she had descended over, prevented her. She then returned to the edge of the precipice, and viewed the bottom of it, as the certain spot where she must quickly end all her troubles, or remain on the top to pine away with hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts. After serious meditation, and devout exercises, she determined on leaping from the height, and accordingly jumped off. Although the place where she had to alight was covered with uneven rocks, not a bone was broken; but, being exceedingly stunned with the fall, she remained unable to proceed for some space of time. The dry season caused the river to be shallow—she travelled in it, and, where she could, by its edge, until she got through the mountain, a distance probably of several miles. After this, as she was travelling along the bank of the river, a venomous snake bit her on the ankle. She had strength to kill it, and knowing its kind, concluded that death must soon overtake her. By this time, Mrs. Scott was reduced to a mere skeleton with fatigue, hunger, and grief; probably this state of her body was the means of preserving her from the effects of the poison: be that as

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it may, so it was, that very little pain succeeded the bite, and what little swelling there was fell into her feet. Our wanderer now left the river, and after proceeding a good distance, she came to where the valley parted into two, each leading a different course. Here a painful suspense again took place: the poor woman was almost exhausted, and certain, if she was led far out of the way, she would never see a human creature. During this suspense, a beautiful bird passed close by her, fluttering along the ground, and went out of sight up one of the valleys. This drew her attention, and whilst considering what it might mean, another bird of the same appearance in like manner fluttered past her, and took the same valley the other had done. This determined her choice of the way; and on the second day after, which was the 11th of August, she reached that settlement on Clinch called New Garden; whereas (she is since informed by woodmen) had she taken the other valley, it would have led her back towards the Ohio. Mrs. Scott relates, that the Indians told her, that the party was composed of four different nations, two of whom she thinks they named Delawares and Mingoes.

She further relates, that during her wandering from the 10th of July to the 11th of August, she had no other subsistence but chewing and swallowing the juice of young cane stalks, sassafras leaves, and some other plants she did not know the names of; that, on her journey, she saw buffaloes, elks, deer, and frequently bears and wolves; not one of which, although some passed very near her, offered to do her the least

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harm. One day a bear came near her, with a young fawn in his mouth, and, on discovering her he dropped his prey and ran off. Hunger prompted her to go and take the flesh and eat it: but, on reflection, she desisted, thinking that the bear might return and devour her; besides she had an aversion to taste raw flesh. Mrs. Scott long continued in a low state of health, remaining inconsolable for the loss of her family, particularly bewailing the cruel death of her little daughter.

Singular Narrative of the Adventures of Captain Isaac Stewart, who probably saw the gold mines of California before 1782.

THIS account we find in a selection of narratives of outrages committed by the Indians, published at Carlisle by Archibald Loudon in 1808. A memorandum by Dr. Mease, in the margin, informs us that he was from South Carolina; and the doctor gives a reference to the Columbian Magazine, vol. i. p. 320, in proof. Loudon gives the narrative as taken from Stewart's own mouth in March, 1782. It appears to us quite clear that Stewart must have actually visited the mines of the Sacramento and Gila, which are now attracting so much attention. This narrative is as follows:—

I was taken prisoner about fifty miles to the westward of Fort Pitt, about eighteen years ago, by the Indians, and was carried by them to the Wabash, with

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many more white men, who were executed with circumstances of horrid barbarity; it was my good fortune to call forth the sympathy of Rose, called the good woman of the town, who was permitted to redeem me from the flames, by giving, as my ransom, a horse.

After remaining two years in bondage amongst the Indians, a Spaniard came to the nation, having been sent from Mexico on discoveries. He made application to the chiefs for redeeming me and another white man in the like situation, a native of Wales, named John Davey; which they complied with, and we took our departure in company with the Spaniard, and travelled to the westward, crossing the Mississippi near la Riviere Rouge, or Red River, up which we travelled seven hundred miles, when we came to a nation of Indians remarkably white, and whose hair was of a reddish colour, at least mostly so; they lived on the bank of a small river that empties itself into the Red River, which is called the River Post. In the morning of the day after our arrival amongst these Indians, the Welchman informed me, that he was determined to remain with them, giving as a reason that he understood their language, it being very little different from the Welch. My curiosity was excited very much by this information, and I went with my companion to the chief men of the town, who informed him (in a language I had no knowledge of, and which had no affinity to that of any other Indian tongue I ever heard) that their forefathers of this nation came from a foreign country,

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and landed on the east side of the Mississippi, describing particularly the country now called West Florida, and that on the Spaniards taking possession of Mexico, they fled to their then abode; and as a proof of the truth of what he advanced, he brought forth rolls of parchment, which were carefully tied up in otter skins, on which were large characters, written with blue ink; the characters I did not understand, and the Welchman being unacquainted with letters, even of his own language, I was not able to know the meaning of the writing. They are a bold, hardy, intrepid people, very warlike, and the women beautiful, when compared with other Indians.

We left this nation, after being kindly treated and requested to remain among them, being only two in number, the Spaniard and myself, and we continued our course up the waters of the Red River, till we came to a nation of Indians, called Windots, that never had seen a white man before, and who were unacquainted with the use of fire-arms. On our way, we came to a transparent stream, which, to our great surprise, we found to descend into the earth, and, at the foot of a ridge of mountains, disappeared; it was remarkably clear, and, near to it, we found the bones of two animals, of such a size that a man might walk under the ribs, and the teeth were very heavy.

The nation of Indians who had never seen a white man lived near the source of the Red River, and there the Spaniard discovered, to his great joy, gold dust in the brooks and rivulets; and being informed by the Indians, that a nation lived farther west, who

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were very rich, and whose arrows were pointed with gold, we set out in the hope of reaching their country, and travelled about five hundred miles, till we came to a ridge of mountains, which we crossed, and from which the streams run due west, and at the foot of the mountains, the Spaniard gave proofs of joy and great satisfaction, having found gold in great abundance. I was not acquainted with the nature of the ore, but I lifted up what he called gold dust from the bottom of the little rivulets issuing from the cavities of the rocks, and it had a yellow cast, and was remarkably heavy; but so much was the Spaniard satisfied, he relinquished his plan of prosecuting his journey, being perfectly convinced that he had found a country full of gold.

On our return he took a different route, and, when we reached the Mississippi, we went in a canoe to the mouth of the Missouri, where we found a Spanish post; there I was discharged by the Spaniard, went to the country of the Chickesaws, from thence to the Cherokees, and soon reached Ninety-six, in South Carolina.

Singular Prowess of a Woman in a Combat with Indians.

THE lady, who is the heroine of this story, is named Experience Bozarth. She lived on a creek called Dunkard creek, in the south-west corner of Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. About the middle

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Mrs. Bozarth defending her Dwelling.

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of March, 1779, two or three families who were afraid to stay at home, gathered to her house, and there stayed; looking on themselves to be safer than when all scattered about at their own houses.

On a certain day some of the children thus collected, came running in from play in great haste, saying, there were ugly red men. One of the men in the house stepped to the door, where he received a ball in the side of his breast, which caused him to fall back into the house. The Indian was immediately in over him, and engaged with another man who was in the house. The man tossed the Indian on a bed, and called for a knife to kill him. (Observe these were all the men that were in the house.) Now Mrs. Bozarth appears the only defence, who, not finding a knife at hand, took up an axe that lay by, and with one blow cut out the brains of the Indian. At that instant, (for all was instantaneous,) a second Indian entered the door, and shot the man dead, who was engaged with the Indian on the bed. Mrs. Bozarth turned to this second Indian, and with her axe gave him several large cuts, some of which let his entrails appear. He bawled out, Murder, murder. On this, sundry other Indians (who had hitherto been fully employed, killing some children out of doors) came rushing to his relief; one of whose heads Mrs. Bozarth clove in two with her axe, as he stuck it in at the door, which laid him flat upon the soil. Another snatched hold of the wounded, bellowing fellow, and pulled him out of doors, and Mrs. Bozarth, with the assistance of the man who was first shot in the door,

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and by this time a little recovered, shut the door after them, and made it fast, where they kept garrison for several days, the dead white man and dead Indian both in the house with them, and the Indians about the house besieging them. At length they were relieved by a party sent for that purpose.

This whole affair, to the shutting of the door, was not perhaps more than three minutes in acting.

Thrilling Incidents of Border Warfare in Pennsylvania.

In the year 1779 the Indians began to make inroads into the settlements of Northumberland county, and coming to the house of Andrew Armstrong, made him prisoner. His wife escaped by concealing herself under a bed until after they were gone.

About this time two families, flying from the Indians, were attacked at a place called Warrior's Run. The men, Durham and Macknight, were behind, driving their cattle; their wives, riding before, were fired upon by the Indians. Mrs. Durham's child was shot dead in her arms, at sight of which she fainted, and fell from her horse; the other, being unhurt, rode on and escaped; the men, being alarmed, fled precipitately, and escaped. While Mrs. Durham remained insensible, she was scalped, but reviving, escaped to a place of safety, and recovered.

A party of Indians having made two girls prisoners in Buffalo valley, passed on to Penn's valley, where they discovered, from the top of a mountain, a com-

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Thrilling Adventure of two Girls.

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pany of reapers in a valley. Leaving the girls with one Indian, they proceeded to attack the reapers. After they were gone, the Indian lay down to rest; soon afterwards it began to rain, and one of the girls, on pretence of sheltering him, covered him with leaves; then seizing an axe, she sunk it into his head. The girls then fled towards the reapers, but being discovered by the Indians, they were fired at, and one of them killed; the other escaped and gave the reapers information of the enemy. A company was collected and went in pursuit of them; but they retreated, carrying the dead Indian with them.

The inhabitants of Northumberland county, in order to defend themselves from the Indians, built Freelan's, Bosly's, Bready's, Wallace's, and Broome's forts. Captain Bready was killed while bringing provisions to the garrison. By the assistance of these forts, the incursions of the Indians were more effectually opposed.

A party of Indians, in one of their incursions into Northumberland, captured Peter Pence, another man, and a boy. After travelling through snow till night, and being much fatigued, they lay down. When the Indians were all asleep, Pence got his hands loose, and communicated his design of escaping to the other man, who refused to assist him; he then instructed the boy in the scheme he proposed to execute. They first made themselves masters of all the guns; then placing the boy at a small distance from them with the gun, Pence with a tomahawk, as soon as the boy fired, fell upon them and killed two, the rest started up and

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fled precipitately, without their guns. Information was afterwards received, that those who fled were all starved to death but one; being destitute of the means of procuring provisions. The two men and the boy returned in safety.

The Ranger's Adventure.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, after describing a visit to the residence of a very old gentleman, Dr. Blank, in the western part of Massachusetts, relates the following details of an adventure, during the old French war:

At nineteen years of age, he joined the army of the provinces that in 1755 essayed to take Crown Point from the French. He marched to the lakes with Colonel Ephraim Williams, than whom a more gallant man never breathed the air of New England. The doctor fought under his command at Lake George, on the memorable eighth of September; saw, or imagined he saw, the fall of his brave leader; and is quite sure that he put a bullet into the French officer, Mons. St. Pierre. The next year he joined Rogers' company of Rangers, and was stationed with a party of them at Fort Ann, not far from where Whitehall now stands. But at that day it was a "dark and bloody ground;" a frontier station in the forests, which were filled with rival savages attached to France or England.

One day, in mid-winter, eight rangers, with a sergeant, were ordered out on some service, the doctor

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did not know what, but probably to seize some straggling Frenchman about Ticonderoga or Crown Point, and bring him to the fort, for the sake of obtaining intelligence. He was himself of the party. A narrow road, or rather path, led northward toward Canada, and they followed it for several hours. There had just been a heavy fall of snow; all the pines and hemlocks in the forest were loaded thick with it; and as the afternoon was still and clear, only occasional flakes or light masses dropped from the burdened boughs like feathers. These circumstances were stamped on the old man's mind, seeming like a constantly recurring dream. The rangers waded in Indian file through the snow, and as danger was apprehended, a man was placed some rods in advance, one on each flank, and another behind. This last, was the doctor himself, "and this was the gun I carried," said he, taking a short heavy piece from a corner. They saw no signs of the enemy: there was no sound but the note of the little "Chick-a-dee-dee," so familiar to the pine woods in winter.

Chickadee.

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At length, they descended into a hollow: the frozen sheet of Lake George lay not far on to the left, and a steep hill on the right. The ground, a short distance before them, was low and swampy, and a little brook had spread itself out on the path, making a frozen space, free from trees, across which their advanced man was now slowly trampling, crushing his boots into the ice and water at every step. He paused suddenly, turned sharply round, and gave the low whistle appointed as the signal of alarm. He had seen the tracks of many moccasined feet in the fresh snow beyond. There was not time to think; the loud report of a gun broke the stillness. The ranger gave a shrill scream, leaped four feet into the air and fell flat. Instantly the Indian yell burst from the woods on our right and left, followed by the stunning rattle of more than fifty guns, and not a man of the rangers but one ever moved alive from the spot where he stood transfixed with surprise at the sudden death of his comrade.

That man was our hero, whose position, far behind the rest, saved him. He remembered the panic felt at the fierce burst of yells and musketry, and the sudden rush of the savage swarm from their ambush, upon his fallen comrades; and, in the next instant, that his memory could recall, he was flying back toward the fort. He heard sharp, sudden yelps behind him, and glancing back, saw two Indians bounding on his track. He ran a mile, he should think, without turning or hearing a single sound; then turning his head, saw an Indian leaping silent as a spectre,

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within a few rods of him. With admirable coolness, he turned quickly round, and raising his gun with a steady hand, fired with such good effect that the Abenaki pitched forward to the ground, and his shaven head ploughed up the snow, for yards, by the impulse of his headlong pursuit. The young soldier turned and fled again, and as he did so he heard the report of the other Indian's gun, followed by the loud humming of the ball. So alert and attentive were his faculties, that he observed where the bullet struck upon a loaded bough in front of him; scattering the glittering particles of snow.

The path now led downward with a steep descent; at the bottom an ancient pine tree had fallen across it, whose sharp broken branches rose up perpendicularly from the prostrate trunk four or five feet from the ground, blocking up the way, like a bristling chevaux-de-frise. The rangers had previously turned aside to avoid it. There was no time to do so now. The doctor's limbs were small and light, but as active as a deer's, and the Indian's tomahawk was close behind. Without hesitating, he ran down and sprang into the air. His foot caught, so that he fell on the other side; but he snatched up his gun and ran again. In a moment he heard a wild and horrid cry, and turning as he ran up the opposite hill, he saw a sight that has murdered his sleep for many a night. The daring savage had leaped like him, but not so well; he had tripped, and one of the broken branches had caught and impaled him on its upright point, passing upward into the cavity of his chest! He saw the

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starting eye-balls, and the painted features hideously distorted, and paused to see no more.

About sunset the sentinels of Fort Ann saw him emerging from the woods, running as if the Indians were still behind him. A strong party sent out next morning found the bodies of the rangers stripped, and frozen in the various positions in which they died, so that they appeared like marble statues. On a tree close by, the French officer who commanded the Abenakis had fastened a piece of birch bark, inscribed with an insolent and triumphant message to the English. The bodies of the two Indians had been removed, although the white snow around the old pine tree retained ineffaceable marks of the tragedy that had been enacted there, and was beaten hard by the moccasins of a crowd of savages who had gathered about that place.

The taste of war was enough for the doctor's martial zeal. He did not take the field again till twenty years afterward, when he came to Washington's camp at Cambridge, armed with probe and balsam, instead of a musket and powder.

Sufferings of Butler, the American Mazeppa, among the Indians.

THE early history of Kentucky is one continued series of daring and romantic adventures. Had the founder of that State lived in the days of chivalric yore, his exploits would have been sung in connection

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The Ranger's Pursuer Impaled.

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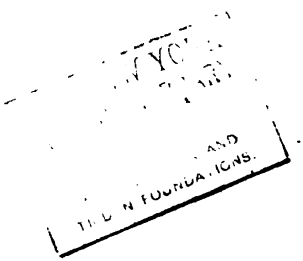

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Butler's **Mazeppa Adventure.**

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with those of Arthur and Orlando; and his followers, in the same region, would certainly have been knights of the Round Table. The hero of our story was one of these. Those who desire to inspect his adventure, by the light of romance, will not be displeased at learning that his choice of a hunter's life was determined by a disappointment in the object of his early love. He was then only nineteen, yet he fearlessly left his native state, and sought, amid the uncultivated wilds of Kentucky, the stirring enjoyment of a western hunter. After rendering valuable service to the Virginia colony, as a spy and pioneer, he undertook a voyage of discovery to the country north of the Ohio. It was while thus engaged that he was taken prisoner by the Indians.

He was, no doubt, known to the Indians as an active and dangerous enemy; and they, now prepared to avenge themselves upon him. They condemned him to the fiery torture, painted his body black, and marched him toward Chilicothe. By way of amusement on the road, he was manacled hand and foot, tied on an unbridled and unbroken horse, and driven off amid the shouts and whoops of the savages; poor Butler thus playing the part of an American Mazeppa. The horse, unable to shake him off, galloped with terrific speed toward the wood, jarring and bruising the rider at every step; but at length, exhausted and subdued, it returned to camp with its burden, amid the exulting shouts of the savages. When within a mile of Chilicothe, they took Butler from the horse, and tied him to a stake where, for twenty-four hours,

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he remained in one position. He was then untied, to run the gauntlet. Six hundred Indians, men, women, and children, armed with clubs and switches, arranged themselves in two parallel lines, to strike him as he passed. It was a mile to the council house, which, if he reached, he was to be spared. A blow started him on this encouraging race; but he soon broke through the files, and had almost reached the council house, when he was brought to the ground by a club. In this position he was severely beaten, and again taken into custody.

These terrible sufferings, instead of satisfying the Indians, only stimulated them to invent more ingenious tortures. Their cruelty was not more astonishing than the fortitude of the victim. He ran the gauntlet thirteen times; he was exposed to insult, privation, and injury of every kind: sometimes he was tied, sometimes beaten. At others, he was pinched, dragged on the ground, or deprived for long periods of sleep. Then, amid jeers and yells, he was marched from village to village, so that all might be entertained with his sufferings. Yet, amid such torture, he never failed to improve an opportunity favourable for escaping, and in one instance would have effected it, but for some Indians whom he accidentally met returning to the village. Finally it was resolved to burn him at the Lower Sandusky.

The procession, bearing the victim to the stake, passed by the cabin of Simon Girty, whose name is a counterpart to that of Brandt, in the annals of Pennsylvania. This man had just returned from an un-

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successful expedition to the frontier of that State, burning, of course, with disappointment, and a thirst for revenge. Hearing that a white prisoner was being carried to the torture, he rushed out, threw Butler down and began to beat him. The reader will not be apt to imagine that this was in any way favourable to Butler's escape; yet it was so. He instantly recognised in the fierce assailant a companion of early days, and as such made himself known. The heart of the savage relented. He raised up his old friend, promised to use his influence for him, summoned a council, and persuaded the Indians to resign Butler to him. Taking the unfortunate man home, he fed and nursed him until he began to recover. But five days had scarcely expired, when the Indians relented, seized their victim, and marched him to be burned at Lower Sandusky. By a surprising coincidence, he here met the Indian agent from Detroit, who interceded and saved him. He was taken to that town, paroled by the governor, and subsequently escaped through the woods to Kentucky.

Heroism of a Woman.

THE following anecdote has in it little pleasing or amiable. Woman, as an Amazon, does not appear to advantage. Something seems to be wanting in such a character; or, perhaps, it has something too much. Yet, occasionally, circumstances render it necessary

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for the gentler sex to fight or die; and then, though the record may be bloody and revolting, we experience a kind of pleasure at the heroine's triumph.

The circumstance we refer to occurred in 1791, at the house of Mr. Merill, in Nelson county, Virginia. At that time the Indians were committing devastations, which kept the western settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia in a state of constant alarm. In 1784, they had attacked the villages on Clinch river; and, after killing many of the settlers, and laying waste a large tract of country, they retired with a number of prisoners to Ohio. There they burned to death a Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane, with all the aggravated circumstances of Indian torture.

On the occasion referred to above, a large party assaulted the house of Mr. Merill. Mr. Merill opened the door to ascertain the cause of the barking of the dogs. He was fired at, and fell wounded into the room. The savages attempted to rush in after him, but Mrs. Merill and her daughter effectually closed the door. The assailants began to hew a passage through it with their tomahawks; and having made a breach, attempted to squeeze through into the room. Undismayed by the cries and groans within, and the exulting yells without, the courageous wife seized an axe, gave the entering ruffian a fatal blow, and dragged him through the opening in the door. Another and another pressed in, supposing their precursors were safely engaged in the work of death within, until four were slain. The silence within induced one of those without to explore the interior, through the

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crevice of the door. Discovering the fate of his companions within, after some counsel with those without, two mounted the house, and began to descend the broad wooden chimney. Aware, from the noise of the climbers, what was in agitation, Mrs. Merill promptly met that danger. Her little son was ordered to cut open a feather bed, and throw the contents in the fire. The two lodgers in the funnel, scorched and suffocated by the burning feathers, tumbled down in a half-insensible state, far from enviable. Mr. Merill so far recovered from his wound as to aid his heroic wife, helped to despatch them, while she continued to guard the door with her uplifted axe. Another savage attempted to enter, but was saluted with such a blow as drove him howling away. Thus, through the courage of one woman, the whole party were either killed or wounded. A prisoner heard this incident related by the survivor in his own town. Being asked as usual, "What news?" he answered, "Bad news! The squaws fight worse than the Long knives."

Escape of Mrs. Davis from the Indians.

THE following anecdote proves that the Indians sometimes make a distinction in favour of the sex of those they take in battle. In 1761, Mr. Davis and his wife, of the James River settlement, were taken prisoners by a party of Indians. The former was put to death. Mrs. Davis was carried through the forests

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to the Chilicothe towns, north of the Ohio, where she was compelled to live with the squaws, painted and dressed as one of their number. Instead of abandoning herself to useless grief, she became a nurse and physician to the tribe, performing such celebrated cures as to obtain the reputation of a necromancer. Her person was regarded as sacred, and received from the Indians all the honour due to an agent of the Great Spirit.

Meanwhile she had been meditating escape; and having effectually lulled the former anxiety of the tribe, she resolved upon attempting it. She was accustomed to wander into the woods to gather herbs and roots. In 1763, she set out ostensibly for the same purpose; but not returning at night, she was suspected and pursued. To avoid leaving traces of her path, she crossed the Sciota three times, but when again attempting it, was discovered and fired at. The shot failed; but in the hurry of flight, she wounded her foot with a sharp stone, and was obliged to creep into a hollow sycamore log. Here she was obliged to remain in agonizing suspense, while her enraged pursuers were searching in every direction, and frequently stepping on or over the log. Their camp was pitched near it for the night, and she could hear them building a fire and cooking their supper. Next morning they again started in pursuit. She crept from her hiding-place and proceeded in another direction as fast as her lameness permitted. After remaining in the neighbourhood three days, she again set forward, reached the Ohio, crossed it on a drift log, and entered

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Indian Camp.

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the forests leading to Virginia. She was obliged to travel at night, and to subsist on roots, wild fruit and river shell-fish. After travelling three hundred miles, through forests and rivers, and over mountains, she became entirely exhausted, and lay down to die. This was near the Green Brier settlement. She was discovered by some of the inhabitants, brought into the village, and soon restored to health.

Singular Execution for Murder.

THE courage necessary to enable man to meet his fellow-man in the struggle of the battle-field, is possessed by the white man in common with the Indian. But, in many instances, there is a feeling of stoical indifference to death, the result of steady uninterrupted habit, which, while found in the Red man, is almost wholly unknown to his more tenderly educated neighbour. It might seem strange to affirm, that the fear of death, so innate and universal, could ever be subdued by education; that man, under the dominion of artifical strictures, could be made to look calmly upon his dissolution, so as even to neglect the improvement of opportunities favourable to averting it. Yet such is the case, and that not merely in one or two instances, but, as a general rule, among many populous tribes. The following anecdote is an example of this sort. While admiring the fearlessness of this untutored Indian, we cannot but lament, that

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it had not been employed in a nobler cause. Such a character, enlisted among the friends of humanity, of science or of religion, would have gained for itself a reputation like that of Howard, Herschell, or Robinson.

In March, 1823, a Choctaw, named Sibley, stabbed another Indian in a drunken fit. A brother of the murdered man called upon Sibley, to inform him that he had come to take his life, in atonement for that of his relative. Such a mission would have occasioned strange tumults in a white man's house. Sibley, on the contrary, readily assented to the just decision, merely requesting that the execution might be postponed until the following morning. The reasonable request was immediately complied with; and the executioner retired, leaving Sibley entirely free from restraint.

Under this reprieve, the first impulse of a white man would have been to run for the woods. Such was not the Indian's course. He slept that night as usual; and, on the following morning, went out with a party, of which one was his victim's brother, to dig a grave. In this work he assisted with perfect apathy; and when it was finished, he observed to the bystanders, that he thought it large enough to contain two bodies. His wish to be buried there was agreed to. Sibley now placed himself over the grave, stretched out his arms, and gave the signal to fire. He received a rifle ball through his heart, and fell upon the body of his victim.

The following is an example in all respects similar.

In the autumn of 1830, the town of Alexandria,

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in Louisiana, was visited by various tribes of savages. In a drunken frolic one of them was killed. The person who committed the act surrendered himself to the relations of the deceased. After this, he walked through the streets, talking composedly of his anticipated execution. A number of the citizens joined, and raised a considerable sum of money to buy his pardon: but it was rejected—the surviving brother declaring, that no money could purchase his redemption. The criminal expressed no anxiety to escape. No gun could be procured; when—stating his objection to the delay, and threatening to leave the ground, if he was not immediately punished—the brother advanced, and, with a spade, knocked him down, and split open his skull—exhibiting demoniacal expressions of joy at the accomplishment of the act.

An Extraordinary Duel.

In the summer of 1806, the following extraordinary circumstance occurred in the neighbourhood of Natchez.

About two o'clock, P. M., an Indian was discovered by the family, entering the south end of Colonel Girault's lane. He drew their attention, being painted in an uncommon manner: his whole body appeared red. He held in his right hand a gun, which he brandished with many gesticulations; in his left, a bottle. He was attended by two other Indians, in rather a

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sober pace. At the opposite end of the lane some more Indians were discovered, among whom was a man painted in like manner, but unarmed. He was held and detained by a woman: but when the one brandishing his gun came within about twenty steps of him, he burst from the embrace of his wife, and pushed towards his antagonist. About four yards distance they both halted, when the unarmed one presented his naked breast to the other, who took deliberate aim; but, appearing to recollect himself, he dropped his gun and took a drink from the bottle which was tied to his wrist—the other patiently waiting, and holding his breast open and presented all this time. Having finished his draught, and given a whoop, he took fresh aim, and in an instant the other dropped almost at his feet. This done, he loaded his gun with all possible speed, gave it to a bystander, (son of the deceased,) and then, in turn, bared and presented his breast, and was instantaneously sent into eternity.

The dead bodies were carried each the way they had come, and by their respective friends interred, one at each end of the lane. The wife and relatives of the unarmed one—who was first killed—howled over his remains three days and nights. They then disappeared. On Friday last (says the account) they returned again, fired several guns on approaching the grave, gave a general howl, about a quarter of an hour, and retired.

We learn (says the same account) from one among them, who speaks broken English, that they had

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Extraordinary Duel.

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quarrelled over a bottle some considerable time ago, when the Indian, who was first killed, had his finger bitten by the other, in such a manner that his arm became inflamed. He declared he was "spoiled," and they must both die. They agreed, and formed the arrangement as here related.

The Maiden's Rock.

JUST below the Falls of St. Anthony, (which you will find in about 44° North latitude and 95° West longitude) the channel of the Mississippi, by becoming deeper and wider than ordinary, assumes the appearance and character of a lake, to which the French have given the name of Lake Pepin. This lake is twenty-one miles long, and about two and a half broad, and in most places nearly fills the valley between the majestic heights which extend along the shores, in a more regular manner than the hills which are found on the banks of the river. Here, too, instead of the rapid current of the Mississippi, winding around numerous islands, with surfaces sometimes covered with wood, and sometimes mere barren tracts of sand, the lake presents an unbroken expanse of water, which the traveller will often find still and smooth as a mirror. The Indians will not cross the lake when the wind is strong, for, though small, it is deep, and easily agitated so much as to make it dangerous for a man to expose himself to its waves in a frail canoe.

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About halfway up the lake its eastern bank rises to the height of five hundred feet. The lower three hundred feet consist of a very abrupt and precipitous slope, extending from the water's edge to the base of a naked rock, which rises perpendicularly two hundred feet higher.

The wildness of the scenery is such that the traveller, who has already gazed with delight on the high bluffs on either side of the Mississippi, is struck with admiration on beholding this beautiful spot. Here he will see the steep craggy rock, whose base is washed by a wide expanse of water, generally with a calm unruffled surface, contrasting strongly with the savage features of the surrounding landscape. Cold must the heart of that man be, who can contemplate unmoved and uninterested the stupendous cliffs that enclose this lake!

Father Hennepin, the first white man who ever saw it, calls it the *Lake of Tears*, because his party having been taken prisoners by the Indians, a consultation respecting their fate was held at the base of these precipices, when it was resolved that he and his companions should be put to death the following day; from which fate they were, however, delivered. The deeds of cruelty, of danger, and of daring, which have here been perpetrated, will never be unfolded; but there is a tale, told indeed by a savage, yet of so much interest that many a heart has been made sad by its recital. We cannot recommend it as an example, but it shows, notwithstanding the apathy and indifference to fate which is usually imputed to the

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Red men of America, that they do possess the feelings of our common nature.

Twenty years ago there was in the nation of the Dacotas an aged and celebrated chief, whose name was Wapasha. It was in the time of his father, who was also a chief, that one of the most melancholy transactions that ever occurred among the Indians, took place at the spot we have described above.

There was at that time in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, a young woman, whose name was Winona, which signifies, *the first-born*. She was dear to her parents and a favourite with the whole tribe. She had promised to spend her life with a young hunter of the same nation, who was strongly attached to her. He applied to her parents for leave to marry her, but was greatly surprised when they refused him, and told him that their daughter was already promised to a warrior of distinction. The latter had acquired a name by the services he had rendered to his village when it was attacked by the Chippewas, and, encouraged by Winona's parents and brothers, he urged his claim with great assiduity, but she still refused him, and persisted in her preference for the hunter.

To the recommendation of her friends in favour of the warrior, she replied, that she had chosen a hunter who would spend his life with her, but if she accepted the warrior, he would be constantly absent from her on some exploit, exposing himself to danger and his family to hardship. Winona's expostulations were of no avail with her parents, and after they had suc-

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ceeded in driving away her lover, they used harsh means to induce her to marry the man they had chosen. Till now Winona had always been the delight of her parents, and had been more indulged than is usual with women among the Indians.

About this time a party was formed in the village to go to Lake Pepin, to procure a supply of the blue clay which is found upon its shores, and which is used by the Indians for the purpose of painting. The parents and brothers of Winona were of the party, and she also was with them. On the day of their visit to the lake, her brothers made presents to the warrior, and encouraged by this he again addressed her, and was again rejected. Her father, who was not accustomed to be contradicted, became more and more angry, and declared that the marriage should take place that very day.

"You leave me no hope," said Winona; "I told you I did not love him, and I would not live with him. I wished to remain unmarried since you have driven the hunter away from me, but you would not permit it. Is this the love you have for me! Yes, you have driven him that loves me away from our village, and now he wanders alone in the forest; he has no one to build his lodge, no one to spread his blanket, and wait on him when he returns home, weary and hungry from the chase. But even this is not enough; you would have me rejoice when he is far away, and unite myself with another." Casting a melancholy look on her father and mother, as she

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The Maiden's Rock.

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finished these words, she slowly withdrew herself from the assembly.

Preparations for the marriage feast were still going on, when Winona silently wound her way up to the top of the cliff, and having gained the summit of the rock, from the very verge of the precipice she called out to her friends below. A light breeze bore her voice along the surface of the water, and her parents heard her last words: "Farewell! you were cruel to me and my lover; you dared to threaten me, but you did not know me. Look now whether you can force me to marry one whom I do not love."

Her distracted brothers ran towards the top of the cliff in order to prevent her design; while many hastened to the foot of the rock in hopes of receiving her in their arms. Her aged parents, with tears in their eyes, endeavoured by signs to make her abandon her purpose. But all was in vain; as the sound of her last words floated towards them on the calm lake, they saw her dash herself from the summit of the rock! . . . . Whenever one of the Dacota Indians passes by the place in his light canoe, he raises his eye for a moment to gaze on the giddy height, still called The Maiden's Rock; and the recollection of Winona's dreadful fate makes his heart sorrowful; but he hopes she is gone to the Great Master of Life, and that a better portion is now appointed for her where no sorrows will ever come to trouble her.

Such is the story as it was related by Wazecota, an aged Indian chief, who, being very young at the time, saw what he related. While telling the story, the

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stiffness of age forsook his limbs, and the momentary restoration of his youth manifested the deep impression made upon his mind.

Winona was an uncivilized Indian; she had never been taught the word of the Master of Life, "thou shalt not kill"—she had never heard that "the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit."

But let those who can read the word of God remember, that they who attempt to escape the evils of this life by self-destruction, are far worse than the rudest savages of the wilderness.

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Shenandoah.

THAT part of the country round the thriving town of Utica, in the State of New York, and through which a railroad now runs, was formerly called Whitesborough, and there is now a small town joining Utica so called. The first settler in that part of the country was a Mr. White, after whom the place was named. At the time we speak of, there were numerous Indians living in the neighbourhood; with them he had several interviews, and mutual promises of friendship were exchanged. He also smoked the pipe of peace with them, to confirm the contract more solemnly.

Still the Indians were suspicious. "The white men," said they, "are deceitful, and we must have some proof of his sincerity."

Accordingly, one evening, during Mr. White's ab-

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sence from home, three Indians went to his house. At first, Mrs. White and her children were much alarmed, but on perceiving one of the Indians to be Shen-an-do-ah, whom they knew to be a mild, humane man, their fear was in some degree quieted. On entering the house, they addressed Mrs. White, saying, "We are come to ask you for your little daughter Jane, that we may take her home with us to-night."

Such a request might well startle the good woman; she knew not what answer to give. To refuse might, she feared, excite their anger; to grant their request might hazard the liberty or even the life of her child.

Luckily at this moment, while the Indians were waiting for a reply, Mr. White, the father of the child, came in. The request was repeated to him, and he had sufficient presence of mind to grant it, instantly and cheerfully.

The mother was overwhelmed with surprise, and felt all the horror that can be conceived; but she was silent, for she knew it would be vain to resist. The little girl was fetched, and delivered to the Indians, who lived about ten or twelve miles off.

Shen-an-do-ah took the child by the hand, and led her away through the woods, having first said to her father, "To-morrow, when the sun is high in the heavens, we will bring her back."

Mrs. White had often heard that the Indians were treacherous, and she well knew they were cruel; she therefore looked upon her little daughter as lost, and considered that she was given as a kind of sacrifice to save the family.

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Mr. White endeavoured to comfort her, for he felt assured that his child would be brought safely back the following morning. To the poor mother the night was long and sleepless; her anxiety became greater as the promised time approached. Already she imagined that the Indians would keep their word, and indeed bring back the child, but she fully believed that they would not bring her back alive. She watched the sun with a beating heart, and just when it seemed at the highest point of the heavens, she cried out to her husband, "There they are!"

Shen-an-do-ah and his companions were faithful to their promise; they now came back with the little Jane, who, smiling with delight, was decked out in all the finery that an Indian wigwam could furnish—necklaces of shells, dyed feathers, and moccasins beautifully worked with porcupine quills. She was delighted with her visit and with her presents.

The effect of Mr. White's confidence was just what might be expected. From this time the Indians were his friends. Had he acted with timidity, and refused to let his child visit them, they would have had no confidence in him.

Shen-an-do-ah was an Oneida chief of some celebrity, having fought on the side of the Americans in the Revolutionary war. He lived to be a hundred years old; and though in his youth he was very wild, and addicted to drunkenness, yet by the force of his own good sense, and the benevolent exhortations of a Christian missionary, he lived a reformed man for

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more than sixty years.* He was intrepid in war, but mild and friendly in the time of peace. His vigilance once preserved the infant settlements of the German flats (on the Mohawk) from being cruelly massacred by a tribe of hostile Indians; his influence brought his own tribe to assist the Americans, and his many friendly actions in their behalf gained for him, among the Indian tribes, the appellation of the "White man's friend."

To one who went to see him a short time before his death, he thus expressed himself: "I am an aged hemlock—the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belong have passed away and left me. Why *I* still live, the Great Spirit alone knows! But I pray to him that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Indian Gratitude.

Not long after Connecticut began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day to a tavern in one of its towns in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to supply him with

* In 1775 Shen-an-do-ah was present at a treaty made in Albany. At night he was excessively drunk, and in the morning found himself in the street, stripped of all his ornaments, and every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation and he resolved never more to deliver himself over to the power of "strong water."

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something to eat and drink, at the same time he honestly told her that he could not pay her for either, as he had had no success in hunting for several days; but that he would return payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune.

The hostess, who was a very ill-tempered woman, not only flatly refused to relieve him, but added abuse to her unkindness, calling him a lazy, drunken fellow, and told him that she did not work so hard herself, to throw away her earnings upon such vagabonds as he was.

There was a man sitting in the same room of the tavern, who, on hearing the conversation, looked up, and observed the Indian's countenance, which plainly showed that he was suffering severely from want and fatigue, and being of a humane disposition, he told the woman to give the poor wanderer some supper, and he would pay for it.

She did so: and when the Indian had finished his meal, he turned towards his benefactor, thanked him, and told him that he should not forget his kindness. "As for the woman," he added, "all I can give her is a story—if she likes to hear it." The woman, being now in a rather better temper, and having some curiosity to hear what he had to tell, readily consented, and the Indian addressed her as follows:—

"I suppose you read the Bible?" The woman assented. "Well," continued the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world, and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made light, and took him, and looked on him, and

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say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made dry land, and water, and sun, and moon, and grass, and trees, and took him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' And last of all he made *woman*, and took him, and looked on him, *and he no dare say one such word*." The Indian, having told his story, departed.

Some years after, the man who had befriended the Indian had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, which is now a populous city, but then contained only a few houses. Here he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried off into Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of their tribe, which was on the banks of the great river St. Lawrence, some of the Indians proposed that he should be put to death, in revenge for the wrongs that they had suffered from the white men; and this probably would have been his fate, had not an old Indian woman, or squaw, as they are called, demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in place of her son, whom she had lately lost in war. He was accordingly given to her, and, as it is customary under such circumstances, was thenceforth treated in the same manner as her own son.

In the following summer, as he was one day at work in the forest by himself, felling trees, an Indian, who was unknown to him, came up and asked him

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Indian Gratitude.

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to meet him the following day at a certain spot which he described. The white man agreed to do so, but not without some apprehension that mischief was intended. During the night these fears increased to so great a degree, as effectually to prevent his keeping his appointment.

However, a few days after, the same Indian, finding him again at work, gravely reproved him for not keeping his promise. The man made the best excuses he could, but the Indian was not satisfied until he had again promised to meet him the next morning at the place already agreed on.

Accordingly, when he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian already there, provided with two muskets and powder, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and to follow him. The direction of their march was southward. The man followed without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going, but he concluded that if the Indian intended to do him harm, he would have despatched him at the first meeting, and certainly would not have provided him with a musket and powder for defence. His fears, therefore, gradually subsided, although the Indian maintained an obstinate silence when he questioned him concerning the object of their expedition.

In the day time they shot and cooked as much game as they required, and at night they kindled a fire by which they slept. After a fatiguing journey through the forest for many days, they came one morning to the top of a hill from which there was the

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prospect of a cultivated country, interspersed with several snug farm-houses.

"Now," said the Indian to his joyful companion, "do you know where you are?" "Yes," replied he, "we are not ten miles from my own village." "And do you not recollect a poor Indian at the tavern?—you feed him—you speak kind to him—I am that poor Indian;—now go home." Having said this, he bade him farewell, and the man joyfully returned to his own home.

Daring Feat of a Girl during an Assault by Indians.

THE town of Wheeling, like many of our early Pennsylvanian settlements, has suffered several attacks from the Indians. On one of these occasions, the house of Colonel Zane, outside the principal fort, contained a supply of ammunition, and was garrisoned by seven or eight persons, male and female, besides the colonel's family. Before firing, the Indians demanded a surrender of the house. They were answered by a volley of musketry. The attack and defence were maintained till night, when the assailants attempted to fire the house. One of them, crawling with a brand toward the kitchen, was driven away by a shot from a black man. At this moment a small boat, loaded with cannon-balls, and steered by one man, approached the fort. The savages poured forth a volley of balls against him, and rushed to seize the boat. He gained the fort with a wound, leaving the

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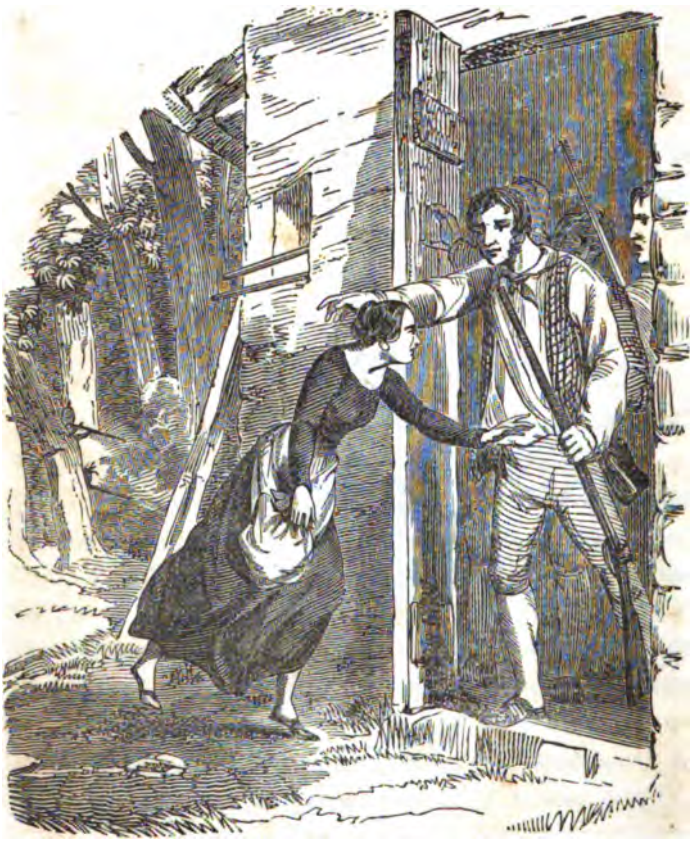

Daring Feat of a Girl.

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whole cargo in possession of the Indians. With a cannon they could now have battered house and fort to pieces; and aware of this, they procured a hollow log, twisted chains around it, and rammed in a heavy charge. This ingenious piece of ordnance blew into a thousand pieces with the first discharge, killing several, wounding more, and throwing the survivors into a state of mingled terror and astonishment.

In a little time they renewed the assault on the house, but were driven back. But the ammunition of the garrison was fast failing, and it was proposed that some one should sally to the fort for a supply. Among the volunteers to this bold attempt, was a young sister of Colonel Zane, who had recently returned from a boarding-school in Philadelphia. When reminded that a man would have an advantage over her in strength and swiftness, she answered, that the loss of a woman would be less felt. Arranging her dress for the purpose, she bounded towards the fort. Awed by the singular apparition, the Indians restrained their fire, and uttered a cry of admiration. She safely reached the fort, and the commandant, Colonel Silas Zane, a relative of the other colonel, filled a table cloth with powder, bound it round her waist, and sent her back. By this time the Indians had obtained an inkling into the fair one's mission, and poured after her a volley of balls. She passed untouched through all, and entered the house with her load. Soon after the Indians abandoned the siege, and retired down the river.

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The Faithful Nurse.

THE battle of Monmouth (in New Jersey) was fought on the 28th June, 1778. The Americans were commanded by General Washington, and the English by Sir Henry Clinton. The day was intensely hot. A woman, named Molly Pritchard, the wife of a soldier in the American army, who was employed in loading and firing a cannon, occupied herself in carrying water from a spring to the battery where her husband was stationed. He was shot dead, and she saw him fall. An officer on the spot immediately ordered another man to the gun. But Molly Pritchard stepped up, offered her services, and to the astonishment of the soldiers, took her husband's place. She fought so *manfully*, that half pay was granted to her for life by Congress. She wore a soldier's epaulette, and was known by the name of "Captain Molly" ever after.

A few years after Boston and its neighbourhood were settled by the English, a party of Narragansett Indians who were out hunting, stopped at the house of Mr. Minot, in Dorchester, and rudely demanded food. On being refused, they went away with evident marks of displeasure, and Oquamehud, their chief, threatened to be revenged. For this purpose, he left in the bushes, near the house, an Indian named Osamee, who had long been known in the neighbourhood for his uncommon ferocity.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Minot went to

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The faithful Nurse.

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Boston, a distance of only three miles: the Indian saw them from his hiding-place, and prepared himself for an assault on the house, which he supposed was left without any defence. However, although Mr. Minot had no apprehension of an attack of this kind, he had taken the precaution to give strict charge to the maid-servant to confine herself with his two little children to the house, and to open the door to no person until his return.

The girl was trusty and watchful, and she soon espied the Indian drawing cautiously towards the house. After looking about, apparently to make sure that there was nobody near, he rushed furiously against the door, but it was so securely bolted that it withstood his force, and he next attempted to get in through the window. The young woman had hidden her master's children under two brass kettles, charging them not to stir, nor make the least noise; she then loaded a musket belonging to the house, and bravely stood upon her defence.

The Indian, probably guessing her design, fired at her, but he missed his mark. The girl then fired, and the bullet entered his shoulder. Still he persisted in his attempt, and had succeeded in getting half through the window, when, with great presence of mind, she seized a pan full of red-hot cinders from the stove, and threw them in his face. They lodged in his blanket, and the pain they created was too much even for Osamee. He fled, and his dead body was found next day in a wood on the borders of the town.

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The circumstances being made known to the government of Massachusetts Bay, this courageous young woman was, by their order, presented with a silver bracelet, on which her name was engraved, with this motto, "She slew the Narrhagansett hunter."

We do not see much to admire in the unfeminine conduct of "Captain Molly," and have related the story, merely that the readers of these tales may compare her with the trustworthy servant girl, who saved the lives of two children as well as her own, by her presence of mind and courage. Assuredly the silver bracelet was better deserved than the epaulette of Molly Pritchard. Such instances of cool courage are rare.

Courage and Generosity of Pe-ta-la-sha-roo.

A STILL more honourable badge than in either of the cases above cited was awarded to a Pawnee brave, for his courage, generosity, and humanity.

Pe-ta-la-sha-roo was the son of La-te-le-sha, or Old Knife, a Pawnee chief: Pe-ta-la-sha-roo was a *brave*, that is, one who has greatly distinguished himself in battle, and is next in importance to a chief. At the early age of twenty-one, this young man had, by his heroic deeds, acquired for himself the rank of "the bravest of the braves."

The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this tribe. The hu-

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The Rescue.

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mane La-te-le-sha had long endeavoured to put a stop to this cruel custom, but in vain. In a warlike expedition against the Iteans, a woman was taken prisoner, who, on their return, was doomed to suffer according to their barbarous usage.

The unfortunate victim was bound to the stake, and a vast crowd was assembled on the plains to witness the shocking scene. Pe-ta-la-sha-roo, unobserved, had stationed two fleet horses at a little distance from the spot, and was now seated amongst the crowd, a silent spectator. All were now anxiously waiting for the commencement of the frightful tragedy, and the torch was already borne towards the funeral pile, when, suddenly springing from his seat, the youthful "brave" rushed forward, and, cutting the cords asunder which bound the captive, with the swiftness of thought he bore her in his arms beyond the amazed multitude; then placing her upon one horse, and mounting the other himself, he bore her safely off to her friends and country.

This act would have endangered the life of an ordinary chief; but such was the popularity of both father and son, that, on the return of the "bravest of the braves" to his village, no one presumed to censure his conduct; and such was the influence of his good example, that since that time no human sacrifice has ever been offered in this or any of the Pawnee tribes.

The account of this transaction being circulated at Washington, during the young chief's stay there, whilst on a deputation from his nation to the Ameri-

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can government in 1821, the young ladies of Miss White's boarding-school in that city, in a manner highly creditable to themselves, resolved to give him some demonstration of the esteem in which they held him on account of his brave and *humane* conduct; they therefore presented him with an elegant silver medal, engraved with an appropriate inscription, and accompanied by the following short but affectionate address:—

"*Brother*,—Accept this token of our esteem—always wear it for our sakes; and, whenever again you have the power to save a poor woman from death or torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and rescue.

The Pawnee's reply was as follows:—

"*Sisters and Friends*,—This (meaning the medal) will give me more ease than I ever had; and I will listen more than ever I did to white men.

"I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done. I did it in ignorance, and did not know that it was good; but by giving me this medal I know it."

There is much pleasure in meeting with such instances of heroic conduct among the untaught savages of the West, and, as it has often been our lot to recount the deeds of violence which are committed by the red men, it would be most unjust to suppress any traits of an opposite nature.

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Magnanimity of a Sioux.

The Sioux are one of the most warlike and independent nations of Indians within the boundaries of the United States, and with them every passion seems subservient to that of war. They had long been at variance with the Sauteurs, or Fall Indians,* as they are also called, from their lands being near the Falls of St. Mary.

Cha-ta-wa-con-a-mee, chief of a small band of Sioux situated on the banks of the Mississippi, going out one morning at sunrise to examine his beaver trap, descried a Sauteur in the act of stealing it. He approached so silently that he was not perceived, and while the Sauteur was engaged in taking the trap from the water, he stood deliberately surveying him with a loaded rifle in his hand.

As the two nations were at war, and as the offence was in itself considered of the most heinous nature, he would have been thought perfectly justified in killing him on the spot; and the thief, on finding himself detected, looked for nothing else than immediate death.

But the Sioux chief, with a nobleness of disposition which would have done honour to the most en-

* The St. Mary is a strait, or river, about eighty miles long, which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron. Near the head of this lake is the fall, or Sault de St^e. Marie, where the river descends about twenty-three feet in half a mile. Canoes, and even barges, are towed up these rapids.

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lightened man, calmly walked up to him, and thus addressed the astonished Sauteur:—"Be not alarmed at my approach; I only come to present you with the trap, of which I see you stand in need. You are entirely welcome to it. Take my rifle also, for I see you are poor and have none of your own; and now depart with it to the land of your countrymen, and linger not here, lest some of my young men who are panting for the blood of their enemies should discover your footsteps in our hunting-grounds, and should fall upon you and kill you."

So saying, he delivered his rifle into the hands of the poor Sauteur, and returned unarmed to the village of which he was so deservedly the chief.

Noble Action of Lieutenant Beall.

We copy from the North American of June 12, 1849, the following thrilling adventure of Lieutenant Beall. It is a credit to the American name.

Lieutenant Beall, United States Navy, is already well known to the country, having particularly distinguished himself, on several different occasions, as a bearer of important despatches to and from California, both through the heart of Mexico, during the war, and across the prairies and Rocky Mountains, forcing his way, with equal spirit, through civilized and savage enemies. As a gallant naval officer and intrepid traveller, with the courage to face and the

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energy to overcome every difficulty and peril, we can well believe he has no superior; but we have recently heard an anecdote told of him, being the account of a circumstance which happened on the last journey to California, from which he has only so lately returned, which, while it illustrates the dangers of the road, proves that there is another quality in him higher than mere resolution and bravery,—a humane and generous disposition, which gives to those virtues the character of heroism.

It was, we believe, in the Gila country, that Lieutenant Beall, having encamped his party, and placed it in safety, went out hunting. He set out alone, on a favourite saddle mare, which was generally kept up or spared for such occasions. About six miles from the camp, he had the good fortune to kill a deer; and he was on the ground dressing the carcass, when, on looking up, he suddenly beheld a troop of mounted Apaches, who had discovered him, and were dashing furiously towards him. They had, doubtless, heard the report or seen the smoke of his rifle, and so were on him before he was aware; but he knew very well that to be overtaken by them, a single white man among those naked hills which they called their own, was certain death; and, accordingly, leaving his quarry and mounting in hot haste, he relied upon the mettle of his mare, which he put to her full speed, to carry him back in safety to the camp. Away darted the young lieutenant, and on rushed the savages, thundering and yelling in the certain assurance of their prey. But confident as they were, the fugitive

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was quite as well satisfied of his ability to escape; although their horses were fresher than the mare, and it was pretty certain they were gaining slightly upon her, and would give her a severe contest before reaching the camp.

Thus assured of his safety, but not relaxing his speed, Lieutenant Beall had recovered half his distance from the camp, when, dashing over the crest of a hill, he was horrified at the sight of one of his own men, on foot, climbing the hill, and in fact, following in his trail to assist him in the hunt. The sight of the lieutenant flying down the hill at such a furious rate was, doubtless, enough; perhaps the poor fellow could hear the whoops of the Indians ascending the hill from the opposite side; at all events, he understood his fate, and spreading his arms before the horse's head, he cried out, with the accents of despair, "Oh, Mr. Beall, save me! I am a husband and the father of six helpless children!" Never was prayer more quickly heard, or more heroically answered.

The lieutenant, though riding for his own life, immediately stopped his mare, dismounted, and, giving her to the man, said, "You *shall* be saved. Ride back to the camp, and send them out to give my body decent burial!" And so they parted,—the footman to escape, the officer, as he supposed, to be slain; for the hill was utterly bare, without a single hiding place, and he thought of nothing but selling his life as dearly as possible. For this purpose, he drew his revolver, and, sitting down on the ground, waited for the savages; who in a moment came rushing over the

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Lieutenant Beall's Adventure.

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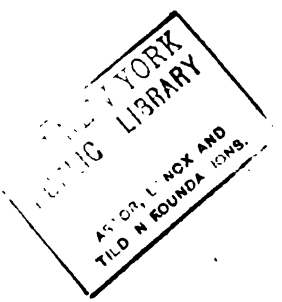

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brow of the hill, and then, to the unspeakable amazement of Lieutenant Beall, dashed past him down the descent like madmen, not a soul of them paying the least regard to him, not a soul, in fact, seeing him. They saw, in reality, nothing but the horse and the horseman they had been pursuing for three miles; they knew nothing of a footman; and perhaps the sitting figure of the lieutenant appeared, to eyes only bent on one attractive object, as a stone or huge cactus, such as abound on those sterile hills.

At all events, Lieutenant Beall, by what seemed to himself almost a direct providential interposition in his behalf, remained wholly undiscovered; and in a moment more the Apaches were out of sight, still pursuing the horse and his rider to the camp. The latter barely succeeded in escaping with his life, the Indians having overhauled him so closely, just as he reached the camp, as to be able to inflict one or two slight wounds upon him with bullets, or perhaps with arrows. As for Lieutenant Beall, he was not slow to take advantage of his good fortune; and selecting a roundabout course, he succeeded in reaching the camp just about the time the poor fellow whom he had saved, and the other members of the party, were about sallying out to obey his last request, and give his body decent burial.

Upon such an act as this it were superfluous to comment. It is an act, however, which deserves to live in men's recollections, like the story of a great battle and victory.

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GENERAL KEARNY.

Massacre at Taos, New Mexico, and Death of Governor Bent.

THE modern reader is too apt to regard Indian attacks and their consequent evils as events belonging to time long since passed. In our great cities an Indian is a curiosity; the land which once knew none but his ancestors knows them no more; and their successors, the sons of civilization, know of the war-whoop, the midnight attack, and the burning village only through the medium of some dusty narrative. Hence many at the present day cannot conceive of a wild Indian; or, if they can, he is regarded as the same degenerate, harmless being, as we see some-

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times exhibited in theatres and museums. It has been our desire to dissipate this delusion by relating various stirring events which transpired during the war with Mexico. That great event removed many a veil of prejudice, or ignorance, which had hitherto hung over American vision. It exhibited in his true colours a being hitherto unknown to the world—the western ranger. It made known adventures of hardship and daring, at which the boasted personal prowess of the heroes of antiquity sinks into insignificance or contempt; and it displayed the important fact, that the Indians of the western wilds are the same daring, independent, and, in some respects, cruel race, that their progenitors were two hundred years ago. In addition to the incidents elsewhere related, we give below an account of the outrage committed by a party of Indians upon the American garrison at Taos, a trading post in New Mexico.

In 1846, an American army, under General Kearny, marched into New Mexico and received the submission and oath of allegiance of the authorities at Santa Fe. After Kearny's departure from that city, the inhabitants conspired against the American government; but their object was discovered, and its execution prevented. The population of New Mexico includes no inconsiderable portion of Indians; and these people, inflamed, no doubt, by their Mexican neighbours, had entered heartily into the conspiracy. Although it had been discovered, they did not abandon the hope of executing it; and their superior cunning soon afforded them

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opportunity to make the attempt. On the 19th of January, 1847, a considerable number of them collected in the village of Taos to obtain the release of two companions whom the authorities had imprisoned. So singular a demand was, of course, refused; when, without repeating it, the Indians murdered the sheriff and the Mexican prefect, broke into the prison, and released the prisoners. Instead of retiring, they then rushed through the village, and forced their way into a house where Governor Bent had but a short time previously taken up a temporary residence. In this extremity, the unfortunate man appears to have lost his presence of mind, neither fighting nor retreating until it was too late to do either. As the Indians approached his room, he decided upon retreating; but, being wounded in attempting to jump from the window, he returned, and was shot through the body by the Indians. Then followed a scene sickening to every one but a savage. The dying man was shot in the face with his own pistol, then scalped, and, lastly, nailed to a board. A Mr. Leal, acting at that time as district attorney, was killed by slow torture, after having been scalped alive. Some others were killed in another part of the village; and the Indians afterwards formed in procession, parading the bodies of the governor and attorney through the village. The object of the savages was undoubtedly to excite an insurrection; but in this they were again disappointed.

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COLONEL HAYS.

Adventures of Colonel Hays with the Indians.*

THE war between the United States and Mexico brought into conspicuous notice individuals whose abilities for border warfare have since been a theme of wonder and admiration, both in America and Europe. Born amid the wilds of Texas or of the west,

* For the facts in this sketch we are indebted to Lieutenant Reid's "Scouting Sketches of the Texas Rangers."

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accustomed to the Indian's whoop and the glare of the burning village, they had early become initiated into danger, as to their natural element, and from early youth looked forward to the battle-field as the theatre of distinction and renown. At an age when the more favoured son of an Atlantic clime is quietly studying amid the shades of a college, these youth of the wilderness, armed with rifle and revolver, were ranging the pathless prairie, surrounded on all sides with savage Indians, and rancheros still more savage. In this school of excitement and danger, such men as Gillespie, Walker, and Hays studied the varied arts of border warfare. They met the Camanche on his own ground and in his own element; and, though he is the most dreaded of all Indians, they conquered him with his own weapons. They drove the robber and marauder from the Colorado and the Sabine across the Rio Grande, and avenged, on the prowling bands which attacked the border settlements, the massacres of Mier and of the Alamo. When war was declared against Mexico, they, with united heart, came forward against their old enemy, and, whenever employed, evinced a coolness and daring as wonderful as it was serviceable.

One of the most famous of these partisans is Colonel John C. Hays, known among the Indians and Mexicans as "Captain Jack." His feats among the Camanches would furnish materials for a volume. In the year 1841, he formed one of a party of fifteen or twenty men, employed to survey some lands near what is called by the Indians the Enchanted Rock.

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This rock forms the apex of a high, round hill, rugged and difficult to climb. In the centre is a circular hollow, sufficiently large to allow a small party of men to lie in it, the projecting sides serving as a protection from assault without.

While the surveying party were engaged not far from the base of the hill, they were suddenly attacked by a band of Indians. Hays, being at some distance from the party, ascended the hill, and, intrenching himself within the Enchanted Rock, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was well known to the Indians; and, being eager to secure him at all hazards, they mounted the hill, surrounded the rocky fort, and prepared to charge. Hays was fully sensible that his life depended more upon his skill than his courage. Instead, therefore, of rashly throwing away his fire, whenever the Indians came near, he rose, presented his rifle and revolvers, and waited the charge. Knowing his unerring aim, they would fall back, and Hays would resume his former position. In this manner they alternately advanced and retreated for more than an hour, howling in the mean time most frightfully. At last, ashamed to be foiled by one man, they rushed forward. Hays sprang to his feet and presented his rifle. They still advanced. He fired, and, seizing his revolver, discharged it rapidly among the crowded mass. At the same time, by skilful manœuvres, he avoided their arrows, and managed to load his rifle and pistol. The battle was maintained in this manner for three hours, when

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Hays's men, having fought their way through the Indian ranks, advanced to his relief.

In July, 1844, Hays, with fourteen men, advanced toward the Pierdenales river, about eighty miles from San Antonio. At that time the Texan border was exposed to the excursions of the Camanches, and many families had either been carried away by those Indians or driven into the interior. It was for the purpose of discovering their haunts and of checking the movements of their marauding parties, Hays's party of Rangers had been equipped. Among his men were Walker, Gillespie, and others, who afterwards rendered themselves famous. On reaching the river, the party came in sight of about fifteen Camanches mounted on good horses, and apparently eager for battle. As Hays advanced, they retreated towards a thick copse of undergrowth, or chaparral, which convinced him that they were but a portion of a still larger party which lay there concealed. He, therefore, restrained the impetuosity of his men, and, taking a circuitous route round the clump of chaparral, drew them up on a ridge, separated from the enemy by a deep ravine. Immediately after, the Indians showed themselves to the number of seventy-five. Hays, aware that a battle could not be avoided, determined to choose his own ground and manner of conducting the attack. He moved slowly down the hill with his men until they reached the ravine, the sides of which hid them from the Indians, when, starting at full gallop to its extreme length, he turned the ridge and gained the enemy's rear. The Caman-

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ches, having their eyes fixed upon the side of the ravine opposite to the point from which the Rangers had left it, did not perceive their danger until they were aroused by the report of a dozen rifles. They were immediately thrown into confusion, but soon recovered and prepared for the charge. Hays formed his men into a circle, and ordered each one to grasp his revolver. Twenty-one of the Indians were killed at the first fire; the remainder fell back. Hays changed his position and charged furiously. A battle ensued which lasted nearly an hour, the two parties charging and retreating alternately. The amunition of the Rangers was at length exhausted, which the Indian chief perceiving, he collected his warriors for a decisive struggle.

Of Hays's little band, two were now killed, and four or five wounded; the remainder were without effective arms. The result, therefore, of a contest with some fifty Indians must be complete destruction. But, at the moment when the Camanches were bending forward to the charge, Hays ascertained that Gillespie had not discharged his rifle. "Dismount immediately," exclaimed Hays, "and shoot the chief." That action decided the battle. Thirty of the Indians were left dead upon the field.

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Poe's Adventure with two Indians.

ALTHOUGH, in early times, the Indians were the terror of our western settlements, this fact must be ascribed to the scattered condition of the inhabitants and their paucity of number, rather than to any want of courage. Yet even in that period of misery and murder, a class of men were training themselves in the Indian's own school, to avenge the slaughter of their neighbours, wives, and parents. In all the arts and stratagems of war and the chase, the western hunter and pioneer was a real Indian. Not unfrequently superior to his dusky antagonists in stratagem and ingenuity.

Two brothers named Poe were of this character. Each was remarkable for strength and gigantic size, qualities which rendered them conspicuous in nearly every affair with the Indians at that period. On one of these occasions, they started with six other men, in pursuit of a party of Indian marauders, who had been seen between Wheeling and Fort Pitt. Fearing an ambuscade, Adam Poe left the band, crossed the Ohio, and, concealed among the high weeds, searched about for the enemy. He soon perceived two Indians, one of them a powerful man, standing upon the shore watching for the white men. Poe took deliberate aim, but his gun missed, and the snap of the lock betrayed him. Too near to retreat, he sprang upon the bank, seized the large Indian by the breast with one hand, and the small one round the neck with the

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Poe's Adventure with two Indians.

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other, and threw both to the ground. The smaller one regained his feet, but while in the act of striking with his tomahawk, he received a kick which shook the weapon from his hand. Poe was now seized by the chief, while the smaller Indian regained his tomahawk and performed sundry flourishes around the hunter's head, preparatory to striking a fatal blow. Aware of the object of this scientific exhibition, Poe calmly waited for the final stroke, when throwing up his arm, he saved his head at the expense of his wrist. The chief now attempted to throw him down, but, extricating himself he seized his gun and shot his smaller antagonist dead. Instantly the other seized and threw him to the ground. Poe bounded to his feet in a moment, when a struggle commenced which precipitated both into the Ohio. Here, in another element, the fierce combatants renewed their struggle, one striving to drown the other. After each had several times been pushed under water, Poe, by a dexterous effort, seized the chieftain's thick knot of hair, dragged his head under water, and held it until, as he supposed, life was extinct. But no sooner had he loosed his hold, than the Indian was again erect, the struggle recommenced, and both were carried beyond their depth. They now aimed for the shore, each striving to gain it first, so as to seize one of the guns there. The Indian succeeded, and Poe made for the middle of the stream, so as to escape the shot by diving. Fortunately the chief first took the empty gun, which enabled Poe to get further into the river. At this moment two of the

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whites came up, and through mistake wounded Poe in the shoulder. He turned and swam bleeding toward the shore, and recognising his brother, called on him to shoot the Indian. This was done, and Poe plunged into the water to help his brother. Meanwhile the dying Indian, to escape being scalped, threw himself into deep water and was drowned.

Captain Reid's Battle with the Lipan Indians.

THE recent Mexican war brought our soldiers, on more than one occasion, in contact with the various tribes of Indians inhabiting the wilds to the north and west of Mexico. The warriors of these nations, untamed as yet by bitter experience, displayed a courage and heroism that would have conferred honour on a Philip or a Tecumseh. One of the most spirited of these skirmishes, was an attack by a detachment of Colonel Doniphan's men, upon a party of Lipan warriors near the rancho of El Paso. The colonel was marching from Chihuahua to Saltillo (May 13, 1847) and had detached Captain Reid, with thirty men to El Paso, as an advance guard. About nine o'clock in the morning, the captain observed a party of Indians emerging from a gap in the mountains, five miles distant, and advancing toward the rancho. They numbered about sixty, and were returning from an attack upon a neighbouring Mexican town, where they had secured many prisoners and

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more than a thousand horses and mules. Although in arms against the Mexicans, Reid lost no time in deciding upon his course. The number of Indians was double his own; they had the advantage of ground; they could, if it were needful, retreat at once, and either escape or perhaps draw him into an ambush; but he determined on rescuing the prisoners. At the word of command, each American was in the saddle, and the whole party bore down at full speed upon the Indians. The latter coolly awaited the charge, and opened the skirmish by a partial discharge of arrows. The Americans answered by an entire volley from their rifles. Immediately the Indians, raising a yell, rushed forward and discharged their arrows with astonishing rapidity. After fighting for some time, the Americans were driven back, but having reloaded, they again charged and drove the Indians before them. The superior horsemanship of the latter afforded them great advantages. They waved their bodies in the saddles, galloped swiftly up and down, and by other methods known only to savages, contrived to elude the American balls. The battle continued nearly two hours, each party charging and retreating alternately, and keeping up a continual fire. At length the captain's men began to gain ground, inch by inch, as the Indians becoming discouraged, fought with less obstinacy and less skill. In the final retreat the latter suffered severely, leaving fifteen dead on the field and carrying away a still larger number, together with all their wounded. Nine Mexican prisoners were recovered and restored

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to liberty, and a herd of one thousand horses and mules, were apportioned, as far as practicable, to their original owners

In this affair Captain Reid was the only American wounded, although some of his men had received arrows in their clothes. Throughout the battle he was ably assisted by Lieutenants Gordon, Spruel, and Winston. A Mexican horseman assisted during the skirmish, and with his lasso dragged down and killed two Indians. The *medicine man* of the Lipans was killed and left upon the field—a loss, no doubt, severely felt by the savages. During the day, the prefect of Parras waited upon Captain Reid, with an official document from the authorities and citizens of that place, expressing their admiration and gratitude for his noble conduct, and their sympathy on hearing of his wound.

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CORPUS CHRISTI.

Fight of Colonel Kinney with the Camanche Indians.

Corpus Christi, rendered classic ground by its connection with the history of General Taylor's first Mexican campaign, was settled by Colonel H. L. Kinney in 1838. He established there a trading post, which was long known among the Texans as Kinney's Ranch. Being the extreme frontier settlement, it was exposed to the incursions of the Lipan and Camanche Indians, which obliged the proprietor to lead, from the time of settlement until the Mexican war, a life of constant vigilance and battle. He was one of the calm, fearless men, peculiarly fitted by nature for a life of wild adventure; and his many exploits among the Indians would afford materials for a most exciting narrative. One of these, the subject of our

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story, is his skirmish with a party of Camanches, under one of their celebrated chiefs, named Santa Anna.

The Camanches are, perhaps, the most warlike tribe on the American continent, and were long dreaded by the Texans, the Mexicans, and the surrounding Indians, as their most formidable enemies. Seventeen of these savages, under Santa Anna, suddenly attacked the houses near Kinney's Ranch, committed devastations upon the lands and buildings, and hastily retreated. Colonel Kinney immediately summoned his neighbours, numbering eleven, mounted the swiftest horses, and overtook the Indians on a prairie. Both parties reined up, dismounted, and began skirmishing. At the distance of fifty yards the firing commenced, each man on either side singling out his victim. After the fight had continued for some time, Santa Anna suddenly dashed to the front, and, holding his raw-hide shield before him, ran along the line of his opponents. The hunters fired on him; but their balls rattled harmlessly on his shield. The object of this bold manœuvre was soon apparent. The Indians, having drawn their antagonists' fire, rushed upon them. The colonel alone had time to mount before the whole savage force was mingling in a hand to hand struggle with himself and his followers. One of the hunters was immediately speared and killed; another was speared and shot in several places with arrows. A young Mexican, clerk to the colonel, was speared and had his horse shot under him. Kinney dragged him on

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to his own horse. Another spear pierced him, wounding Kinney also in the back. At the same moment the colonel parried a third spear, which penetrated, however, both sleeves of his buckskin hunting-shirt. He instantly wheeled his horse around, tearing the weapon from his sleeves. Meanwhile the clerk was clinging on to his throat. An Indian attempted to reach him, but was shot by Kinney. At the same moment the unfortunate boy was speared through the abdomen. He relaxed his hold and fell dead. Another Indian aimed at Kinney, but he dashed his unloaded pistol in his face, and succeeded in wresting the spear from him.

Santa Anna had by this time become discouraged, and withdrew his men from the field. He had lost seven men. Of the colonel's party, three men and nine horses were killed, and all the survivors wounded. One had received five arrows, and was speared in two places. Considering the small number engaged, this skirmish was one of the bloodiest and most obstinate which had yet taken place on the Texas frontier.

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Attack on Cherry Valley.

On the 11th of November, 1778, seven hundred Tories and Indians, led by Brant and Butler, attacked the fine settlement of Cherry Valley. Colonel Alden commanded the fort in the vicinity: on the 10th, the inhabitants, warned of the approach of the Indians, requested him to give them shelter in it. He refused, assuring them there was no danger. During the night, snow and rain fell, making the atmosphere thick and hazy. Favoured by that circumstance, the Indians in the morning approached the fort unperceived. The ignorance and mistakes of the colonel favoured them still more. Rushing into the settlement, the Indians surrounded the houses and summoned the commandant to surrender. He endeavoured to escape, was

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overtaken, killed and scalped. The guard, being outside the fort, shared his fate or were captured. The family of Robert Wells, consisting of himself, his mother, wife, brother, sister, four children, and three domestics, were massacred. Jane, his sister, had run to a wood-pile to screen herself. The Indian who pursued her, deliberately wiped his bloody knife on his leggins, sheathed it, and seizing the girl, drew his tomahawk. She begged for life, and a Tory named Smith seconded her intercession. The Indian shook his tomahawk in defiance, and, with a blow, clove her skull. The wife of Samuel Dunlop, an aged minister, was killed; the old man was saved by a Mohawk chief, named Little Aaron, but he died in about a year in consequence of the shock then received. A Mr. Mitchell escaped to the woods; the Indians murdered his wife and four children, and fired his house. He returned the next day, and, without a companion to assist him, carried his family on a sled to the fort and had them buried. Colonel Campbell was then from home; on his return, he beheld his house in flames and his wife and children carried into captivity. Thirty-two inhabitants, principally women and children, were killed, and sixteen soldiers. Some few made their way to the Mohawk river; the remainder were taken prisoners. Nearly all the houses and barns were burned. Subsequently the settlement was entirely abandoned.

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Major McCulloch's Adventure with the Camanches.

WHILE the American army, under General Taylor, was stationed at Monterey, Major McCulloch with a small party of men was sent from that city to San Antonio. After crossing the Nueces about noon, the party dismounted, and, placing their horses near by, lay down upon the grass to rest. Suddenly two Camanche Indians galloped among the horses, and effected what is called by Spaniards a stampede, which consists in so frightening those animals as to hurry

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them away at a headlong pace. Happily for the party, McCulloch's horse, and that of Captain Cheshire, remained quiet. These two officers immediately mounted and hurried after the Indians. The major reaching them first, received several arrows, one of which wounded his horse. He dismounted and drew his revolver, but it would not go off. McCulloch and one of the Indians now began to manœuvre, while the other Indian was creeping behind the major, so as to shoot him with his rifle. At this crisis, Cheshire arrived; McCulloch wished to charge, but Cheshire resolved to try his rifle. It missed, and a running fight ensued, during which the major advanced near enough to discharge his revolver. He fired twice without effect, the third time the pistol broke. Cheshire fired with better success, wounding his man, who, however, made good his escape. Both Indians now retreated, and the officers seizing the horses of the party returned to their comrades.

Attacks upon American Train Companies.

At the capture of Taos, by Colonel Price, during the war with Mexico, a Delaware Indian named Nahcoma, who was prisoner at that place, was liberated. In May, 1847, he started to return to his own country, but on the road encountered a band of Indians, numbering, as he supposed, a thousand, and consisting of Camanches, Arapahoes, Pawnees, and

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Osages. Being made prisoner, he was spared, on condition of joining the band in a contemplated attack upon some white men. He assented; the whole party set out, and in a few days encountered an American train of thirty mule teams and ten horsemen, a few miles below Walnut creek. The wagons were freighted with government stores for the use of the troops at Santa Fé.

On perceiving this little party, the Indians halted and prepared for a charge. Of the particulars of the conflict that ensued little is known. The Americans were driven from their saddles, and not one escaped to tell the story. After this scene of slaughter, the savages rifled the wagons of such things as they required, and drove the mules away. For his services in the affair, Nahcoma was presented with a fine mule, and permitted to depart.

The above account, in substance, was given by Nahcoma himself, on his arrival in Missouri. There appears little reason to doubt it, since the mule upon which he rode was recognised as one upon which a government officer had formerly set out for the west. The party is supposed to have been one commanded by Captain Miller.

At the same place (Walnut Creek) another party of Americans was attacked by about one hundred Arapahoe Indians, in June, 1847. The assailants did not succeed so well as their comrades had formerly done. It seems that a Mr. Sharp and the wagonmaster, had gone out in quest of buffaloes. They had not proceeded more than three hundred yards,

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Attack upon Lieut. Peok's Train.

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when they were charged by three separate parties of savages. Sharp fired and killed a chief; in the next moment he was riddled by balls and arrows, and fell dead. His companion, by simply presenting his gun, kept the enemy at bay, until the party arrived to his assistance. The Indians then retreated, carrying with them Sharp's scalp and more than sixty horses and mules.

A short time previous to this affair, Lieutenant Peck, with a train party was attacked by ninety Camanche Indians, and lost ten horses. He then fell back and waited two days in expectation of being joined by other trains. He was again attacked, however, and lost all his animals. This second attack resulted in a rather serious skirmish, during which one Williams was severely lanced in the body, and several others had their clothing cut by balls. At the bend of the Arkansas, this unlucky party was attacked by Pawnees, who stole two horses and endeavoured, without effect, to excite a stampede among the others. The train reached its destination without further injury.

Massacre of American Volunteers by Indians.

In the summer of 1847, a company of volunteers, under Colonel Easton, was encamped on the Arkansas, ready for service in the war then going on with Mexico. The men, being but raw recruits, were ac-

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customed to wander from camp, frequently unarmed, and sometimes to pass a considerable time in the wilderness. Along the wagon route on the north side of the river, there is so little timber that it was often necessary to cross to the other side to obtain it. Instead of going in a body and in regular order, the volunteers appear to have crossed, each by himself, or at best in squads of eight or ten. It was at length rumoured that Indians were in the vicinity, and the Americans became more careful; yet the fatal negligence of crossing the river unarmed was not altogether corrected.

On the 25th of July, twenty-five men crossed to the opposite bank, and spread themselves over an area of several hundred yards. Suddenly a party of savages, supposed to number five hundred, rose from the grass and surrounded the volunteers. Most of the latter rushed for the river; a few, happening to be armed, discharged their pieces and the remainder sought to break through the Indians into the outer country. One was chased into the stream and there killed; another was severely wounded on the bank. A third, named Benjamin Frost, was observed to fight desperately with his clubbed rifle. That night, when the volunteers searched the ground for the slain, he could not be found. Next day, about noon, he was observed on the south bank of the river, whither he had crawled. He was able to speak, and stated that he remembered nothing after his fall, until he was awakened that morning by the firing in the camp. The Indians in scalping him had flayed his entire

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head. Four others were scalped. Altogether eight were killed and four wounded. The slaughter would have been much greater, but that the main body of volunteers, hearing the firing, crossed the river to assist their companions. The Indians, it was supposed, lost one killed and at least one wounded. They were Camanches and had among them a white man armed with a rifle, who at the beginning of the affair was heard to exclaim, "Come on, if you will fight."

The Rose of Guadaloupe.

A STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.

THE Camanche Indians are to Texas what the Pequots formerly were to New England, and what the Sioux still are to the traders and trappers of the West. Their incursions are still a source of terror, even to Americans; and among the Texan settlers many a story is told of parties surprised and murdered, of settlements broken up, and women or children carried into captivity. One of these, from the singularity of the circumstances attending it, cannot but be interesting to the reader.

Several years ago, an old man, named Lockhart, lived on the Guadaloupe river, in what is known as the Great Bend. His favourite child was a daughter about seventeen years old, who, on account of her beauty and winning manners was familiarly known as the *Rose of the Guadaloupe*. Near the house was a

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path leading to the Quero settlement, while, on every other side, vast prairies, stretching further than sight could reach, seemed to cut off the old man's house from every other human habitation. Over these the girl was accustomed to wander, carelessly gathering flowers, or engaged in some light work, while the anticipation of danger seems never to have crossed her mind.

One evening, while thus engaged, she was startled by a loud noise, and suddenly a party of Camanches rushed from a neighbouring thicket toward her. She screamed and fled. The chief of the party pursued, and, as his horse swept by, he stooped from the saddle and lifted the girl on to the seat before him, without checking in the least the animal's speed. The party having accomplished their object, hurried with the fair prize to the mountains.

This sight appears to have been witnessed by the father. He ran to the neighbouring settlement, and with a father's feelings spread the terrible news. Every one was in commotion. The hardy settlers left their work, seized their rifles, and set off in rapid pursuit. Lockhart led the party. With the tact of a backwoodsman, he followed the Indians day and night, and at length reached their mountain encampment at evening. Here they had the satisfaction to find that their pursuit had not been discovered. They, therefore, secreted themselves among the neighbouring thickets and other objects, so as to be ready for a vigorous charge on the following morning.

At daylight the Texans raised their war-shout and

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Miss Lookhart carried away by the Camanche Chief.

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rushed toward the village. The warriors were instantly roused, and, gathering in close array, awaited the charge. They numbered two hundred, while the Texans were but forty. The assault was that of brave men made desperate. It was received with firmness, and one of those war scenes began where, mingled with friend and foe, each man singles out his man in the cruel strife, not for fame, but revenge. All day that struggle went on. Sometimes the Texans, sure of victory, were rushing into the village, when a vigorous charge would drive them back over the dead bodies of friends and enemies. Foremost in danger was Lockhart. He cheered his friends to duty; he engaged one after another of the enemy; he more than once approached so near the tent in which was his child that he could hear her voice calling to him. But the superiority of numbers prevailed. After a day of incessant battle, the Texans were forced from the field, dragging after them the wretched father. Through all the perils of that day he had moved as though possessing a charmed life; and, though forced from the field, he came off unhurt. The little party returned sorrowfully to their homes.

Some time after the battle, a treaty was made with the Camanches, and the girl was given up. But her health and her spirits were gone. In captivity she had suffered every extreme of hunger, privation, and abuse. A deep melancholy had settled over her once happy countenance, and the hours which she spent by herself weeping, showed that her heart was broken. She lived at home but a few months before death re-

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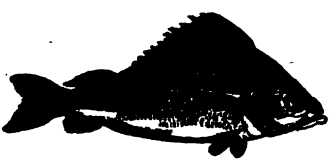
leased her from her sufferings. We are indebted for the particulars of this remarkable capture and attempted rescue, to the "Scouting Sketches of the Texas Rangers," an eloquent narrative from the pen of Lieutenant Samuel C. Reid.

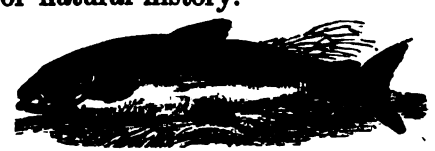
Indian Fishing in New Brunswick.

THE rivers of New Brunswick are frequented by a great variety of fish, which ascend them annually to spawn. The principal of these are the salmon, sturgeon, bass, shad, gaspereau, smelts, and some others of less importance. The rivers also abound with a great variety of fish, which are constantly found in



THE PERCH.

these waters, and never descend to the sea. These are the trout, perch, (red and white,) eels, cusk, carp, wach, dace, gudgeon, bleak, gizzard-fish, and an infinite variety of others, some of which have not even a name, and are yet undescribed by any professor of natural history.



THE SALMON.

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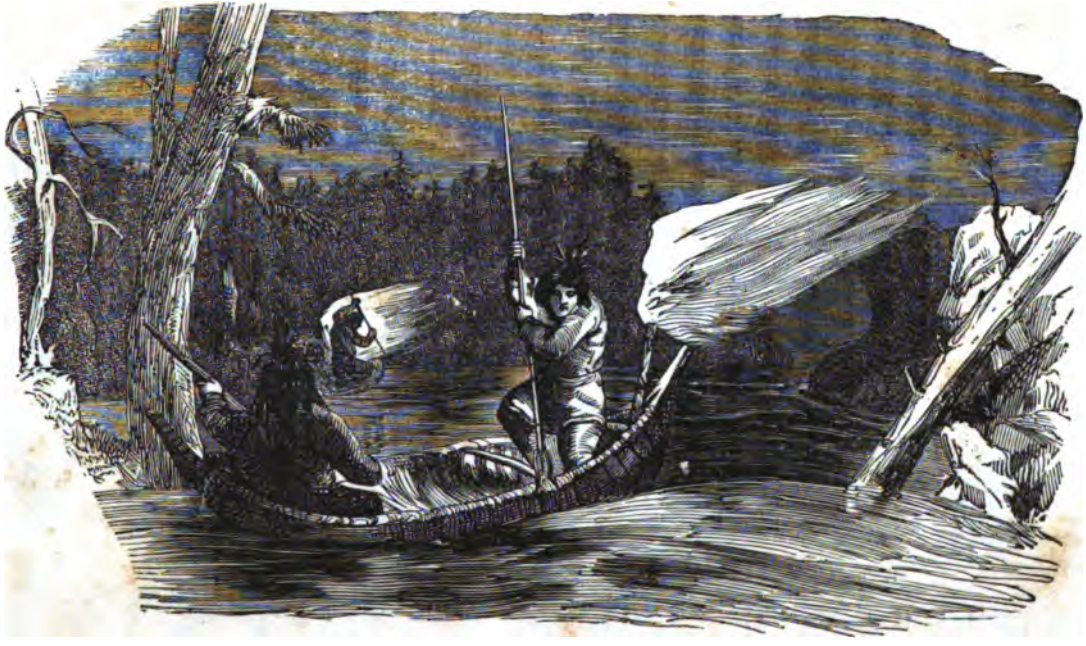

Salmon Spearing by Torch-light.

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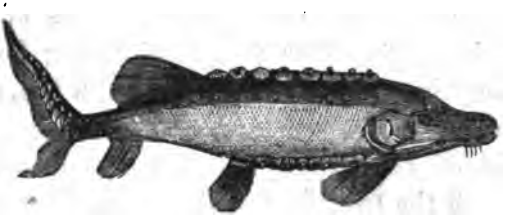
When the salmon make their appearance in the Nashwak, fleets of canoes, each containing a couple of Indians, leave Fredericton to spear them by torch-light. The fish, checked by the falls, are collected in great numbers in the pools below. Nothing can be more exciting than this scene. The canoes, hurled about in all directions by the foaming tide; the skill displayed by the Indians in forcing them up the rapids, and fending them off the rocks, or allowing them to plunge head-foremost down stream, when they suddenly bring them to and transfix their fish. The eagerness of the chase, the contrast of the flaming torches with the black masses of the woods, and the fine attitudes of the men, dashing at the salmon with their long spears, form a wild and most animating picture. The spear, which is most destructive, is very simple in its construction, and does not lacerate or spoil the fish. A spike of iron is fastened between two jaws made of rock maple, into the end of a long, light fir pole. When the fish is stuck, the jaws open far enough to allow the spike to pierce and break the vertebræ of the spine, and, closing round the fish at the same time, hold it fast.



THE STURGEON.

The sturgeon of the New Brunswick waters are

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large, frequently eight feet in length, and sometimes twelve. They are a coarse fish, not at all esteemed, are seldom caught or molested, and therefore abound. When running up stream, they leap out of the water to a great height. A good story is told of an old squaw: whilst paddling down the river, one of these fish jumped on board her canoe with such impetus that it must have gone clean through the bottom, had not Molly Greenbaize, quick as lightning, seized it by the tail before the head and shoulders of the fish had got well through; and, its progress thus arrested, it did the duty of a plug, until she contrived to work her canoe ashore.

The trout-fishing is excellent, and nowhere to be surpassed, except, perhaps, in Labrador. No sooner

THE TROUT.

does the ice break up, than myriads of flies appear upon the water, and the trout come upon them at once. The Indians, not being disciples of Izaak Walton, know no other means of fishing for them than by cutting a hole in the ice, when the fish instantly come to the aperture, and will take almost any kind of bait; they, however, do not consider them worth the trouble of fishing for, and only resort to the piscatorial art when in actual want on a hunting expedition, or when other game fails. In the

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Redhead River, some few miles from St. Johns, are to be caught the most delicious trout: it is a back-water from the sea, and is occasionally affected by it at very high spring tides, a circumstance which, no doubt, has its influence on the flavour of the fish. In the Lough Lomond Lakes, also in the chain of lakes beyond the Bald Mountain, having their outlet in the Musquash marshes, and in the rivers connecting these lakes, the fly-fishing is excellent.

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MANDAN BURYING-PLACE.

Thrilling Adventure at an Indian Burial-Place.

THE Indians have, in their different tribes, a variety of modes of disposing of their dead. Carver says the body is attired in the same dress it usually wore whilst living; and other travellers inform us that a warrior's arms and his medicine bag are buried with him, for his use in the world of spirits. It is ascertained that, in former times, certain tribes deposited their dead in caverns, where many of them have been found placed in a sitting posture. The Sioux and Mandans (before the extinction of the last-mentioned tribe) erected stages on which they deposited their

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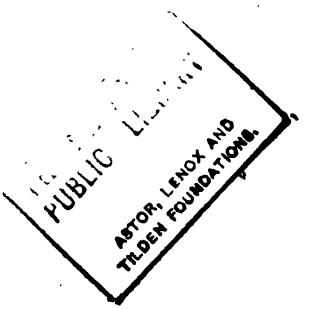

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Great Horned-owl of Virginia

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dead. The engraving above represents a part of the burying-place in the vicinity of the principal village of the Mandans. We have copied it from an engraving in the splendid work of Prince Maximilian of Wied, entitled "Travels in the Interior of North America." The prince tells us that near these stages were several high poles, with skins and other things hanging on them as offerings to the lord of life, Omahank-Numakshi, or to the first man, Numank-Machana.

Dr. Richardson, in his eloquent work, Fauna Boreali-Americana, relates a thrilling adventure at an Indian burial-place, in which the principal performer was the Great Horned Owl of Virginia, whose loud and full nocturnal cry, "Waugh Oo!—Waugh Oo!" issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice, uttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, often alarming the traveller. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after night-fall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste, often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the Horned Owl fell on the ear with a startling near-

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ness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with the first dawn of day hastily quitted the ill-omened spot.

A Striking Scene.

A MOST striking *tribute to worth* was paid a few years ago, by a party of poor Indians who came from the back country to visit Philadelphia.

When the statue in the Pennsylvania Hospital yard was pointed out to them as the figure of "Father Onas," or Penn, they all with one accord fell down on their knees before it; thus testifying, in the strongest manner in their power, their reverence for the character of one of the few white men who have treated their race with humanity.

It was not an exhibition got up for effect; it was the spontaneous result of feeling—of a deeply implanted feeling, which neither time nor distance had been able to destroy. It had descended from father to son; it had been cherished in the Western wilds; and it broke forth in the midst of civilized society, and was evinced by the strongest of natural signs—*reverence on the knee!*

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Indians before the Statue of Penn.

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BLACK BEAR.

Treeing a Bear.

THE Indians consider the black bear as the most valuable of wild animals, and the chase of it as their noblest field-sport, its death being always followed by expressions of the greatest exultation. It is, indeed, highly useful to them; and, like the ox and the sheep, there is no part of it which is not applied to some useful purpose. The flesh is highly esteemed, and the paws are reckoned the richest *bonne bouche* that the wild forests of America afford. The skin furnishes their softest couch, and their most substantial protection against the severities of winter. Even the claws have their value: they are bored and strung upon the tendons of deer, to be worn as necklaces and other ornaments.

In the vicinity of Hudson's Bay, the black bear

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has been observed in the month of June to feed entirely on water-insects, when the berries are not ripe. These insects, of different species, are found in immense quantities in some of the lakes, where they are driven by gales of wind in the Bay, and, being pressed together in vast multitudes, they die. The odour which arises from this vast mass of putrefaction is intolerable. In some places they lie two or three feet deep. The manner in which the bears catch those insects, is by swimming with their mouths open, and thus they gather the insects on the surface of the water. When the stomach of the animal is opened at this season, it is found to be filled with them, and emits a disagreeable odour. The Indians, navigating the lakes in their light canoes, sometimes surprise a bear engaged in swimming after the insects. Then commences a highly interesting chase. The bear, finding himself assailed by the paddles of the Indians, makes for the shore, or for the nearest tree standing in the water. When fairly "treed," he is easily despatched by the arrows or rifle balls of his indefatigable enemies.

The black bear is very indiscriminate in his feeding, and, though suited by nature for the almost exclusive consumption of vegetable food, yet, when pressed by hunger, he scarcely refuses any thing. Not only grapes, berries, green corn, and vegetables, but worms, slugs, turtles' eggs, small quadrupeds, and even carrion, form a part of his diet, as circumstances vary.

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Treeing a Bear.

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Insurrection of the Pueblos in New Mexico.

NEW Mexico is one of the oldest settlements in America. The popular account, however, of its being founded by a party from the army of Cortez, seems to be incorrect; since as late as 1595, the government of Mexico was petitioned by Don Juan de Oñate of Zacatecas, for permission to establish a colony in that region, already known as New Mexico. The petition was granted, and Oñate entered the region near the Rio del Norte, with two hundred soldiers, and sufficient provisions, implements, and animals to support his colony for a year. He was honoured by the king with the hereditary title of marquis, the offices of governor and captain general, a loan of twenty thousand dollars, privilege of working the mines exempt from taxation, and absolute power over the Indians. Under such extensive privileges New Mexico advanced rapidly in wealth and importance; the Indians were christianized or put to death; many valuable mines were discovered, and the Spanish colonists conducted themselves with that recklessness of human life, that avarice for gain, and that open violation of justice to the Indians, which had disgraced their conquests in the southern provinces.

For nearly a century the Indians bore oppression without resistance. Their lands were taken from them, their religion insulted, they were dragged to the mines and forced to labour like horses under the lash, they were sold by troops of scores and hundreds

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into the country of the plague and the vomito; and yet they offered only submission, and kissed the hand which was lacerating them with stripes. But a day of reckoning was coming. About the year 1680, a great warrior from a distant tribe appeared among the *Pueblos* or christianized Indians of New Mexico. His eye burned with indignation as he looked upon the oppressions of his countrymen, and with a spirit worthy of Montezuma, whose descendant he professed to be, he contrived a plan to emancipate them. Passing from tribe to tribe, he exhorted the chiefs of each to unite together; to appoint a day in which to rise upon their oppressors, and then to massacre every white inhabitant. The 13th of August, 1680, was determined upon; and so wily was the intrepid chieftain that he did not permit a single woman to be let into the secret. But his designs were in a great measure frustrated by the treachery of two chiefs. who revealed the plot to the governor.

On the appointed day, the work of death began. Servants rose against their masters, the slave dashed his load to the ground and burst furious from the mines, churches were broken into, priests and nuns were murdered at the altar, men, women, and children were involved in one slaughter. Governor Otermin had hastily exhorted the inhabitants to join him at Isleta; they were met on the road and massacred. The affrighted remnant gathered within the fortification of Santa Fé and other cities. Five hundred Pueblos besieged the capital. They encamped in the deserted suburbs, and offered the citizens the al-

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ternative of massacre or an immediate evacuation of the province. The governor offered full pardon for all crimes if they would return to duty; they laughed at the proposal and began the siege. A great battle was soon fought, which lasted all day, with heavy loss to both sides. That night the surrounding hills were covered by Indian hosts, hastening to assist their comrades. The dismayed Spaniards again took refuge behind their works; another siege of nine days ensued; the water was turned from its course, and their animals fell dead one after another with thirst. In this extremity Otermin made a vigorous sally, drove back a portion of the besiegers, and secured provisions and water. But the relief was only temporary; the Indians continued to increase, and at last the governor resolved upon evacuating the city. On the 21st of August, the little garrison set out on foot, loaded with heavy burdens and encumbered with a number of wounded on mules. They were not pursued, but as all provisions had been removed, they were in a short time reduced almost to starvation. After a few days, Otermin halted and sent for assistance to the lieutenant-governor. Some carts and a supply of provisions were received, and the party again proceeded until it arrived at Paso del Norte. Here they founded the town which goes by that name.

In the following year, Otermin was superseded by Don Diego Zapata. The Indians held possession of the country, and this officer commenced the work of its reconquest. It was a work of difficulty, and lasted

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ten years. A Pueblo village named Zia maintained a most obstinate siege against a force under Don Pedro Cruzate, in 1688. It was at length taken by assault. Six hundred Indians were massacred, and a great number captured for the mines. Among these was a great warrior named Ojeda. He had fought nobly for his liberty, and when taken was examined respecting the insurrection. He spoke Spanish well, and gave long details of the revenge which his countrymen had taken. The priests had been the especial object of their fury. The padre of Zia had been dragged from his bed, stripped, mounted upon a hog, and whipped through the village. He was then placed upon all-fours, some of the tormenters mounted his back by turns, while the others beat him until he fell dead under their blows.

The second subjugation of these Indians was hastened by their own internal feuds, by which whole villages were sometimes utterly destroyed. In 1700 all resistance had been crushed, and the Indians were again subject to their invaders, although their condition was much ameliorated.

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Capture of Ojeda.

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Singular Freak of a Creek Indian.

It is not often that an Indian can be induced to leave his tribe or his country; much less will he join the society of white men, and adopt its modes and observances. This ardent patriotism and jealousy of national dignity appear to be common to all savage tribes; and, though it may appear singular, yet well-attested facts sustain the assertion, that it is harder to wean a Laplander, a Tartar, or an Indian from the snowy sides of Hecla, or the boundless prairies of Oregon, than to induce a European to turn hunter. Of all the instances on record, in which Indians have been partially civilized, leaving out of view the influence of religion, few were without a longing to return to the old mode of life; but, on the

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other hand, the white captive, who has long resided with Indians, often rejects every overture of friends and relatives to win him back. The following is an instance where an Indian seems to have become disgusted with his condition, and sought amelioration by uniting himself with white men.

In 1831, a party of American traders approached a village of Creek warriors, on the north branch of the Canadian. Soon after they had encamped, they were joined by one of the Indians, who, by signs, signified his willingness to join them. The traders were suspicious of his intentions; but, as he assured them that he would be one of their party, and had resolved not to return to the village, they received him. Next morning some little light was thrown upon the mysterious affair. He had quarrelled with his wife; and she now entered the traders' camp, wailing and howling, denouncing her own wicked conduct and imploring the forgiveness of her injured lord. His heart did not relent; a brief deluge of tears could not drown the world of insults, quarrels, and bickerings which had for years degraded his character, and broken with too rude a spell his early dreams of romance. His disconsolate partner returned to her home, and the Indian set out with the traders. He proved a faithful and valuable companion, and soon became a favourite with the Americans. On reaching Santa Fé, he joined a company of volunteers under Mr. James Kirker, and assisted more than once in skirmishes with the Shawnee and Delaware Indians. He was ever a firm friend to the white men, and in his habits and feelings virtually civilized.

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Irruption of the Camanches into Chihuahua.

THE practice among the Indians of naturalizing captives, whether men or women, exists to an extent greater than is generally supposed, and in these instances the female captive is invariably obliged to become the wife of a brave. The feelings of a virtuous wife, or of a mother, when subjected to this law, may be imagined; but, when she has once become incorporated into the tribe, we cannot wonder at her unwillingness to return to civilized life.

In 1805, the account of an instance of this kind was transmitted to the War Department by Dr. Sibley. Twenty years before, the wild Camanches made an irruption into the territory of Chihuahua. While every thing was hushed in sleep, they stole upon the residence of the governor-general, and succeeded in carrying away his daughter. The wretched father afterwards ascertained where she was taken

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to, and to purchase her ransom transmitted one thousand dollars to a trader, then visiting the Camanche village. The chiefs immediately signified their assent; but the unhappy girl refused to return. With bitter tears, she sent word to her father that her face had been tatooed; that she was the wife of a warrior, and that she could not meet the unfeeling scorn which the knowledge of these circumstances would bring upon her should she return to her people.

Numerous instances of a like nature may be found in the narratives of the traders, trappers, and adventurers of the west. In 1832, a Santa Fé trader found a boy of eleven or twelve years old among a party of Camanches. He was a Mexican; had been captured near Parral, and had remained a captive four years. He was sprightly and cheerful, retained full command of his native language, and evinced no desire to return. Of half a dozen other captives, questioned by the same trader, only one expressed a willingness to return.

A CAMANCHE WARRIOR.

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Night Attack by the Pawnees.

THE incident we are about to relate occurred on the 10th of March, 1840, and, in the hands of the romancer, might form the ground-work of a thrilling narrative. A party of hunters had halted on a wide prairie, having before them a deep ravine, which, as they supposed, would protect them from assault in that quarter. The night was cold, dark, and damp; but a large fire was soon built, round which the sentinels sat at regular intervals, beguiling the weariness by tales of adventures and of home. This quiet relaxation was interrupted by a sudden discharge of rifles, while a shower of balls whistled over and around the heads of the sentinels. This was succeeded by the war-whoop and "Pawnee whistle," a circumstance that speedily convinced the traders of the nature of so unexpected an attack. At the next moment, each man was upon his feet and levelling his rifle; but hostilities were for a while suspended by a rather ridiculous incident. Among the traders was a friendly Camanche; he seemed deeply impressed

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with an idea that the assailants were of his own nation; and, anxious for the common good, besides inspired with a deep conviction of his own oratorical talents, resolved to set things right. He mounted a suitable position, and commenced a boisterous speech in genuine Camanche. This part of that night's scene, when both parties listened to a discourse which neither understood, when the orator *grew* in proportion as danger thickened around him, and when hundreds of grinning savages were prevented from riddling him at once only because they did not understand what he was about, formed one of the few incidents in war which are not *not* serious. The conclusion of his talk was still more ridiculous. By some unmistakeable signs, the orator ascertained that the congregation for which he was labouring was not Camanche, and, indignant that talent should have been wasted in vain, he suddenly seized his rifle and blazed away. This was the signal of battle. The Indians had stationed themselves in great numbers within the ravine, from which they poured forth a continuous shower of balls. The traders took refuge behind their wagons; but the darkness preventing them from distinguishing their foe, they were obliged to aim by the flash of their guns or to fire at random. The Indians kept up a continual shouting, in order to *stampede* the animals; but in this they failed. Meanwhile the traders used every exertion to maintain their position behind the wagons, and to preserve the lives of their animals. In this latter service some daring feats were performed. A Mexican named

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Antonio Chaves, rushed outside of the enclosure, seized a valuable horse which was there tied, and brought him into camp amid a shower of balls. The attack lasted nearly three hours; but the Indians had fortunately aimed too high, so that only two white men were wounded. One horse escaped, and a mule was badly shot. Before daylight the Indians retired; and, at the same time, a heavy fall of snow concealed their track, and prevented the traders from ascertaining the result of their defence.

The Pawnee Indians seem to possess an inveterate hatred of the Americans. In October, 1847, a party of them attacked an American train under Mr. Wetherill. With nineteen men he was crossing the Arkansas river at night. A skirmish took place, in which the Pawnees were driven off with some loss. On the following night, the attack was renewed. One American was wounded in the arm; another in the leg. A heavy and well-directed fire again drove the Indians away.

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LIEUTENANT CARSON.

Carson's Adventures with the Indians.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON, "Kit Carson" as he is familiarly called, is one of the most remarkable characters which the recent war with Mexico rendered conspicuous in the United States. At the age of fifteen he became a trader, and from that time until the present, he has passed his life in a continued series of wild, hazardous, and daring adventures. As a trapper, he is unrivalled in skill and success; and in his numerous conflicts with the Indians, he acquired a name which was the terror of every hostile red man, and the envy of every hunter. His shot rarely

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failed; and through the wilds of a Missourian wilderness, none could guide a party of traders as he could. On account of his sagacity and steadiness under all circumstances, he was chosen to lead in almost all enterprises of unusual danger, and in all attacks on the Indians. On one occasion he tracked sixty Crows with only twelve men, cut loose the horses which they had taken from the white people, and which had been tied within ten feet of the log fort where the Indians had taken shelter, and made good his retreat. One of his narrowest escapes occurred during the night attack of the Tlamuth Indians, upon a small party of Americans under Colonel Fremont, who had lately arrived on an exploring expedition in New Mexico. This was in May, 1846. The account of this night attack cannot be given more forcibly than in Carson's own words:—

"Mr. Gillespie had brought the colonel letters from home—the first he had had since leaving the States the year before—and he was up, and kept a large fire burning until after midnight; the rest of us were tired out, and all went to sleep. This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in the Salt Lake, that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack, now that we had sixteen in party, the colonel didn't like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were waked at the same time by the licks of the axe that killed our men. At first I didn't know it was that; but I called to Basil, who was at that side, 'What's the

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matter there?—what's that fuss about?' He never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow; and he never knew what killed him—his head had been cut in, in his sleep; the other groaned a little as he died. The Delawares (we had four with us) were sleeping at that fire, and they sprang up as the Tlamaths charged them. One of them caught up a gun, which was unloaded; but, although he could do no execution, he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and didn't give up until he was shot full of arrows—three entering his heart: he died bravely. As soon as I called out, I saw it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out 'Indians.' There were no orders given; things went on too fast, and the colonel had men with him that didn't need to be told their duty. The colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey, and Stepp, jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of our Delawares. I don't know who fired and who didn't; but I think it was Stepp's shot that killed the Tlamath chief; for it was at the crack of Stepp's gun that he fell. He had an English half-axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left in his quiver—the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them, from the way he was armed, and judging by his cap. When the Tlamaths saw him fall, they ran; but we lay, every man with his rifle cocked, until daylight, expecting another attack.

"In the morning, we found, by the tracks, that from fifteen to twenty of the Tlamaths had attacked

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us. They had killed three of our men, and wounded one of the Delawares, who scalped the chief, whom we left where he fell. Our dead men we carried on mules; but, after going about ten miles, we found it impossible to get them any farther through the thick timber; and, finding a secret place, we buried them under logs and chunks, having no way to dig a grave. It was only a few days before this fight that some of these same Indians had come into our camp; and, although we had only meat for two days, and felt sure that we would have to eat mules for ten or fifteen days to come, the colonel divided with them, and even had a mule unpacked to give them some tobacco and knives."

Two days after this battle, Fremont's party came suddenly upon a large village of Tlamaths, containing more than a hundred warriors. Carson was in advance with ten men. The Indians made a show of resistance; when he fearlessly charged them, killing some of the warriors and burning their village and fishing boats. "The women and children," observes Carson, "we did not interfere with." A second battle was fought on the same day, during which a chief advanced upon Carson with a bow and arrows. Carson levelled his rifle, but it missed, and the next moment the arrow would have pierced his breast had not Fremont, observing the danger, drove his war horse against the Indian and knocked him down. "The colonel and *Sacramento* saved me," observed Carson with some humour. Sacramento was the name of Fremont's horse.

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The following notice of Carson occurs in Mr. Ruxton's "Life in the West," just reprinted from the London edition by Messrs. Harper & Brothers of New York.

"Kit Carson, paragon of mountaineers!* small in stature, and slenderly limbed, but with muscles of wire, with a fair complexion, and quiet, intelligent features. To look at Kit none would suppose that the mild looking being before him was an incarnate devil in the Indian fight, and had raised more hair† from heads of redskins than any two men in the western country; and yet thirty winters had scarcely planted a line or furrow on his clean-shaven face. No name, however, was better known in the mountains, from Yellow Stone to Spanish Peaks, from Missouri to Columbia River; than that of Kit Carson, 'raised' in Boonlick county of Missouri state, and a credit to the diggins that gave him birth."

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* Since the time of which we speak, Kit Carson has distinguished himself in guiding the several United States exploring expeditions under Frémont, across the Rocky Mountains, and to all parts of Oregon and California; and for his services, the President of the United States presented the gallant mountaineer with the commission of lieutenant in a newly raised regiment of mounted riflemen, of which his old leader, Frémont is appointed colonel.

† "*To raise hair,*" is the expression used by the trappers and hunters in the western country for *scalping.*

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Battles of American Volunteers with Indians.

On the 29th of May, 1847, Major Edmonson, with one hundred and seventy-five men, was attacked by four hundred Mexicans and Apache Indians, at the Red River canon. The Americans laboured under much disadvantage, having dismounted for the purpose of crossing a deep miry morass, in which the horses sunk to the middle. In this situation they fought a host of savages for two hours, dealing destruction through their ranks, and endeavouring to

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bring their horses together for a charge. In the latter they failed, and, in order to prevent an entire slaughter of the animals, the major ordered a retreat. Meanwhile Lieutenant Elliott, with twenty-seven rangers, posted himself in full view of the Indians, and by daring manœuvering, united with great bravery, succeeded in covering the retreat of the main party. The horses were all shot or captured.

A still more severe battle was fought by Lieutenant Love, with a large party of Mexicans and Camanches near the Pawnee Fork. The particulars of this affair are so well described by an officer who shared its dangers, that we give them in his own words. The battle occurred June 26th, 1847.

On the 23d, we arrived at the Pawnee Fork, and there met two government trains of provision wagons destined for Santa Fé, and learned from them that the day previous the Indians charged on them as their cattle were grazing, wounding three men—one severely—and driving off from traders and a return train of government wagons under Mr. Bell, some seventy yoke of oxen, leaving twenty wagons and a considerable quantity of provisions and other property without the means of transportation. The wagons and property were burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the Indians. Next day, (the 24th,) we travelled up to the Fork and encamped, and on the 25th to this place, on which day I was in charge of the guard, and the night passed over without any alarm, although every vigilance and precaution was used. Next morning, the 26th, im-

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mediately after reveillé, Hayden's train, which was encamped about five hundred yards due west from the guard-tent, drove their oxen from the corell to graze. All were scarcely out, when a large band of Camanches and Mexicans emerged from a ravine called Coon creek, about two hundred yards west, and charged furiously on the teamsters and herdsmen, wounding three and driving off one hundred and thirty yoke of government oxen, and thirty yoke belonging to a trader who was accompanying them. One conspicuous Indian rode within carbine range. I fired and killed the horse from under him, and, as far as could be ascertained, wounded himself; however, he was soon behind another Indian. In the mean time the camp was armed, and some eighteen or nineteen mounted dragoons were ordered out under my command, for the purpose of retaking the cattle. When my command reached within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, I halted, and formed in extended line, expecting to rally on a body of teamsters who were out as footmen; then charged on the Indians, and forced them to retreat. As they were retreating, a large body of well-mounted Indians crossed the river between me and the camp on my left, and charged us in the rear with great fury, preventing us from rallying, and obliging us to cut our way through them. About this time I was shot, and charged on by several Indians. I made my sabre, however, drink blood, having killed one and wounded another. Every man in my little command fought bravely and manfully, and five of my poor fellows were killed,

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defending themselves to the last, and selling their lives at a dear rate, and six wounded—three more besides myself severely wounded. The killed were Arlidge, Deckhart, Short, Gaskill, and Blake. The wounded, myself, Vancaster, Lovelace, and Ward, severely, and Burk and Wilson slightly. The severe loss we met with I attribute to the almost unmanageable state of the horses, all being new in the service, and to the Indians being permitted to charge on us from behind. The enemy took off the cattle, scalped three men, and took off the horses, equipments, arms and ammunition, and the clothes of the dead. The Indians, when in a body, numbered about five hundred. I make no comments, I merely give you the facts as they occurred before me. The Indians were all armed with lances measuring from twelve to fifteen feet in length, bows and arrows, and a great many with rifles and muskets. There were some white men among them. Several of our men saw them as well as myself. The air was actually as dark as if a flight of birds were hovering over us, from the balls, lances, and arrows that were flying through the air. Twelve or fifteen of the enemy are known to have fallen—perhaps more—but were immediately carried off. Four of their horses were left dead on the ground. Since then, we remain here, merely changing positions for the purpose of pastime. To-morrow, I understand, we will proceed again on our route, arrangements being made to take all the trains along, with somewhat less team, however. The Indians have attacked every train that has gone

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out or come in this year, and are bound to attack every train that will follow. These Camanches, Pawnees, and Arrapahoes deserve a castigation that would ever after keep them quiet, and which they are sure some day to receive.

Lieutenant Love was in a most distressing situation. Never has man suffered, I believe, more in one day than he suffered. Here were twelve wagons, with six mules to each—provisions, and all the specie, that he could not by any possible means abandon, as another large force were ready to attack the camp if he were to go out with a large force; and yet he saw the awful situation in which we were placed, and could not give us the slightest aid or assistance. I am convinced that he acted prudently and wisely; for it has been his special care to take all the precautions that an experienced officer could take to save his men and animals ever since he commenced his march."

Such was the character of the Indian aggression on the route to New Mexico. The violence was, however, confined to the Camanches, and to a small portion of the Arrapahoes, and the band of Pawnees south of the Platte. This violence the United States government took effectual measures to quell, by placing a competent force under command of Colonel Gilpin, who had signally distinguished himself with Doniphan, in Chihuahua.

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Indian Cruelty to a Prisoner.

On the 18th of March, 1690, the town of Berwick, in Maine, was attacked by a body of French and Indians, under command of Hertel de Rouville and Whoop Hood, a sachem. After killing about thirty of the inhabitants and capturing fifty others, they hastily retreated, and, though pursued by a body of Englishmen, succeeded in escaping. One of their prisoners, named Rogers, was unable to keep pace with his captors; while lagging behind, loaded with a heavy pack, he threw it down and attempted to escape. After running some distance, he hid in a hollow tree; but hither he was traced and discovered. After being stripped and beaten, he was pushed forward on his journey until evening. They then halted and encamped, and, while preparing a feast, tied the prisoner's hands behind his back, fastened him to a stump, and began dancing and shouting around him. They then made a great fire near the unfortunate man, and, with savage malignity, bade him take leave of his friends, giving him at the same time a few moments *to pray*. They then moved the fire gradually forward, roasting him by degrees; when the agony of the sufferer had almost exhausted him, they withdrew the coals; thus increasing his misery, both by its length and by the alternations of torture. At intervals they cut slices of flesh from his perishing frame, laughed at his agonies, and answered his groans by insults and mockery. Meanwhile the

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Sufferings of Mr. Rogers.

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other captives were placed outside the fire that they might behold their companion's death. When the wretched man had expired, they seated his body on the coals, that at some future time his friends might be tortured by the sight.

A TATTOOED INDIAN.

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MANDAN MEDICINE LODGE.

Striking Instance of Indian Patriotism.

THE Indians are capable of the most extraordinary acts of self-sacrifice, under the influence of superstition or of patriotism. Mr. Catlin, in his interesting account of the Indians, has given us a narrative of the strange religious ceremonies of the Mandans in their Medicine Lodge, where they spent four days in a series of self-tortures and mutilations too horrible for us to relate, all of which was done from a principle of obedience to their peculiar superstitious notions.

The other tribes exhibit instances not less remarkable of self-sacrifice from patriotic motives.

Every Indian is proud of his connection with his tribe, jealous of its honour, and implacable when vindicating it. A striking instance of this occurred in Warren county, Illinois, which will remind the reader of an incident in Edward Third's siege of Calais. Four Indians of the Sac tribe had murdered some white men, and the War Department instructed

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the United States' agent to demand the murderers. Keokuck, the Indian chief, stated that they were out of his reach, but that he would consult with his tribe upon the course to be pursued. On calling the chiefs together, he stated the circumstances, together with his apprehensions that the Great Father would send an army into the nation to avenge his murdered children. On hearing this, four young men offered themselves to be delivered to the agent as the offenders. They were taken by Keokuck to the agent, who immediately threw them into prison to await their trial.

When the court convened, Keokuck appeared as a witness for the prosecution. He stated before the grand jury, that the prisoners were not the men who had committed the murder, they having fled from the tribe; but that he supposed the court would be satisfied, if any four of his young men were delivered up to justice. Of course the prisoners were immediately discharged.

AN INDIAN LODGE.

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MISSIONARY PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

Indian Sense of Propriety.

THE Indians are remarkable for their sense of propriety. In a deliberative assembly, they preserve the strictest decorum. The speakers address the assembly in a certain order, according to their rank. No speaker is ever interrupted, or coughed down, or called to order, as among civilized nations. This characteristic of the Indians has been of great service to the whites in their intercourse with them. It has obtained a patient hearing of our deputies in all negotiations and treaties; and it has procured for the numerous missionaries who have been sent among them a respectful attention. This sense of propriety in the Indians appears in the following anecdote.

History presents few instances of greater valour and mágnanimity than are displayed in the character of Opechanchanough, an Indian chief. Bold, artful, insinuating, skilled in dissimulation and intrigue, he for many years kept the settlers of Virginia in a state of continual alarm, and more than once menaced

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them with destruction. Although so decrepit by age as to be unable to walk, he commanded in person, and directed from the litter on which he was borne, the onset and retreat of his warriors in the dreadful massacre of 1641, which almost exterminated the colonists. The excessive fatigues of this campaign completed the wreck of his constitution. His flesh wasted away, his sinews lost their elasticity, and his eyelids hung so far over the balls as to obscure their sight. In this forlorn condition, bending under the weight of years, and worn out by the hardships of war, he was surprised, and carried captive to Jamestown. After some time he was shot by one of the soldiers appointed to guard him.

To the last moment his courage remained unbroken. It supported him in adversity and prosperity, in sickness and in death. Just before he expired "he heard," says the historian, "an unusual bustle in his prison; having ordered his attendant to lift up his eyelids, he discovered a number of persons crowding around him to gratify an unseasonable and cruel curiosity. The dying chief felt this indignity with a keenness of sensibility, the more violent as it was new and unforeseen. It was a burst of passion, a momentary ascendancy of nature over the habit of education, and its exhibition and effect must be acknowledged to correspond with the greatness of the occasion. Without deigning to notice the intruders, he raised himself from the earth, and with a voice and tone of authority, commanded that the governor should be immediately called in. When he made his

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appearance, Opechanchanough scornfully told him, "that had it been his fortune to take Sir William Berkely prisoner, he would not meanly have exposed him as a show to his people!"

What nobleness of spirit! What matchless heroism! At the age of one hundred years, blind, unable to stand, wounded and captive, his courage was unsubdued. The prospect of power and incentive of example are the usual sources of splendid actions; it remains for the truly great soul to preserve its equanimity in the gloom of dungeons and the embrace of death.

The exploits of this extraordinary man, in the vigour of life, are unknown to us. We saw him only for a short time on the edge of the horizon, but from the lustre of his departing beams, we may easily conceive what he was in his meridian blaze.

Personal Encounter with two Indians.

In 1779, a Mr. Morgan, of Ricket's Fort, West Virginia, was surprised in the woods by two Indians, who immediately gave chase. Being old and somewhat infirm, he faltered in the race, and was obliged to take refuge behind a tree: the Indians did the same, but one of them exposing his body, was shot by Morgan, and, after falling, stabbed himself. Morgan again fled; but his surviving antagonist gained rapidly upon him, and at length raised his gun to fire.

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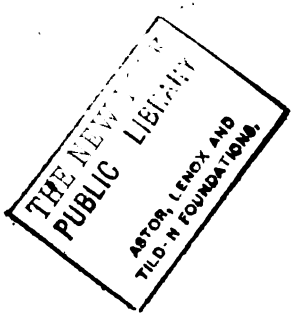

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Mr. Morgan's Adventure.

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Morgan adroitly stepped aside, and the ball passed him. Then each rushed to closer combat. Morgan, while striking with his gun, received the Indian's tomahawk, which cut off a finger, and knocked the gun from his grasp. Being an expert wrestler, he closed, and threw his antagonist; but he was speedily overturned, when the Indian, uttering the customary yell of triumph, began feeling for his knife. Its hilt was entangled in a woman's apron, which the savage had tied round his waist; and this apparently trivial circumstance saved the prostrate hunter. During the search, Morgan had seized his antagonist's fingers with his teeth, a position in which he used all becoming exertions to keep them. Meanwhile he assisted in the search for the knife. The Indian at length seized it, but so far toward the blade, that Morgan caught hold of the upper portion of the handle, and drew it through his adversary's hand, inflicting a deep wound. Both sprang erect, Morgan still holding on to the Indian's fingers and having his body within his grasp. He had therefore all the advantage, and while his foe was struggling to disengage himself, he plunged the knife to the hilt in his body. The daring old hunter returned to the fort in triumph.

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The Prophet of the Alleghany.

About fifty years ago, one of the missionaries to the Indians was on his way from Tuscarora settlement to the Senecas. As he was journeying along, in pious meditation, through the forest, a majestic Indian darted from its recesses and stopped his progress. His hair was somewhat changed with age, and his face marked with the deep furrows of time; but his eye expressed all the fiery vivacity of youthful passion, and his step was that of a warrior in the vigour of manhood.

"White man of the ocean, whither wanderest thou?" said the Indian.

"I am travelling," replied the meek disciple of peace, "towards the dwellings of thy brethren, to teach them the knowledge of the only true God, and to lead them to happiness and peace."

"To happiness and peace!" exclaimed the tall chief, while his eyes flashed fire. "Behold the blessings that follow the footsteps of the white man! Wherever he comes the red men of the forest fade away like the mists of morning. Our people once roamed in freedom through the woods, and hunted, unmolested, the beaver, the elk, and the bear. From the further side of the great water came the white man, armed with thunder and lightning. In war, he hunted us like wild beasts; in peace, he destroyed us by deadly liquors. Depart, dangerous man, and may the Great Spirit protect you on your journey

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homeward; but I warn you to depart!" The tall chief darted into the wood, and the good missionary pursued his way with pious resolution.

He preached the word of God, he taught them the name of our Saviour, and many of the poor Indians heard and believed. In the course of eighteen months, their devotion became rational, regular, and, as the missionary hoped, permanent.

But, alas! all at once the little church in which the good man used to teach his flock became deserted. No one came to listen with reverence to the pure doctrines which they once delighted to hear, and only a few idlers were seen on a Sunday morning, lounging about, and casting a wistful, yet fearful look, at their peaceful, but now silent mansion.

The missionary sought them out, and explained to them the sinfulness of those, who, having once known, abandoned the religion of the only true God. The poor Indians shook their heads, and told him that the Great Spirit was angry with them, and had sent a prophet to warn them against listening to new teachers; that he would soon come amongst them, when there would be a great meeting of the old men, and he would then deliver to the people the message the Great Spirit had intrusted him with. The zealous missionary, anxious to confront the impostor whom he had heard spoken of as the "Prophet of the Alleghany," and who was the brother of the famous Tecumseh, asked and obtained permission to appear at the council, when it was to be determined

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whether they should follow the religion of their fathers, or that of the white men.

The council-house not being large enough to contain so vast an assemblage of people, they met in a valley west of Seneca lake. This valley is embowered under lofty trees. On every side it is surrounded with high, rugged hills, and a little stream winds through it. It was a scene that no one could look on with indifference. On a smooth level, near the bank of the stream, and under the shade of a wide-spreading elm, sat the chief men of the tribe. Around the circle which they formed was gathered a crowd of wondering savages, with eager looks seeming to demand the true God at the hands of their wise men. In the middle of the circle sat the aged and way-worn missionary. A few gray hairs were scattered over his forehead; his hands were crossed on his breast; and, as he turned his hope-beaming eyes towards heaven, he seemed to be calling with pious fervour upon the God of truth, to vindicate his own eternal word by the mouth of his servant.

For several minutes there was deep silence in the valley, save the whispering of the wind in the trees, and the gentle murmuring of the stream. Then all at once the hum of many voices was heard through the crowd, for the prophet of the Alleghany was seen descending one of the hills. With hurried steps and furious looks he entered the circle; and the missionary saw with surprise the same tall chief who, two years before, had crossed him in the Tuscarora forest. The same deer-skin hung over his shoulders, the

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Tecumseh and the Prophet.

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same tomahawk glittered in his hand, and the same fiery and turbulent spirit shot from his eyes. He addressed the awe-struck savages, and the whole valley rung with the sound of his iron voice.

"*Red men of the woods!* hear what the Great Spirit says to his children who have forsaken him!

"There was a time when our fathers owned this island.* Their lands extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit made it for their use. He made the buffalo and the deer for their food; the beaver and the bear, too, he made, and their skins served us for clothing. He sent rain upon the earth, and it produced corn. All this he did for his Red children, because he loved them. But *an evil day* came upon us. The White men crossed the water and landed on this island—their numbers were small; they found friends, not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country, because of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their own religion. We took pity on them, and they sat down amongst us. Their numbers increased; they wanted more land—they wanted our country. They wanted to force their religion upon us, and to make us their slaves!

"*Red men of the woods!* have ye not heard at evening, and sometimes in the dead of night, those mournful sounds that steal through the deep valleys and along the mountain sides? These are the wailings

* The Indians of North America invariably call their country an "Island."

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of those spirits whose bones have been turned up by the plough of the White man, and left to the mercy of the rain and wind. They call upon you to avenge them, that they may enjoy their blissful paradise far beyond the blue hills!

"Hear me, O deluded people, for the last time!—This wide region was once your inheritance; but now the cry of revelry or war is no more heard on the shores of the majestic Hudson, or on the sweet banks of the silver Mohawk. The eastern tribes have long since disappeared—even the forests that sheltered them are laid low; and scarcely a trace of our nation remains, except here and there, the Indian name of a stream, or a village. And such, sooner or later, will be the fate of the other tribes; in a little while they will go the way that their brethren have gone. They will vanish like a vapour from the face of the earth: their very history will be lost in forgetfulness, and the places that now know them will know them no more. We are driven back until we can retreat no farther; our hatchets are broken; our bows are snapped; our fires are extinguished; *a little longer and the White man will cease to persecute us, for we shall cease to exist!*" The Prophet ended his speech, which was delivered with all the wild eloquence of real or fancied inspiration, and, all at once, the crowd seemed to be agitated with a savage feeling of indignation against the good missionary.

When this emotion had somewhat subsided, the mild apostle obtained permission to speak in behalf of Him who had sent him. Surely there never was

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a more touching and beautiful figure than that of this good man. He seemed to have already exceeded the term of years allotted to man by the Psalmist; and, though his voice was clear and his action vigorous, yet there was that in his looks which seemed to forbode that his pilgrimage was soon to close for ever.

With pious fervour he described to his audience the power and beneficence of the Creator of the universe. He told them of Christ's promise of eternal happiness to those who hear his word and do his will; and, when he thought that he had duly impressed their minds with this important part of his subject, he proceeded to set before his attentive audience the numerous advantages of civilization. He contrasted the wild Indian roaming through the desert in savage independence, now revelling in the blood of his enemy, and in his turn the victim of his cruel vengeance, with the peaceful husbandman, enjoying, in the bosom of his family, all the comforts of a cultivated life in this happy land; and he finished by a solemn appeal to Heaven, that his sole motive for coming amongst them was the love of his Creator and of his fellow-creatures.

As the benevolent missionary closed his address, Sagouaha, (*the Keeper awake,*) or, as he is usually called, Red Jacket, a Seneca chief of great authority, and one of the most eloquent of his nation, rose and enforced the exhortations of the venerable preacher. He pleaded the cause of religion and humanity, and concluded his speech with these remarkable words:—

"Friends and brothers! It was the will of the

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Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, so that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, so that we can hear the good words that have been spoken. For all these favours we thank the Great Spirit."

The council then deliberated for nearly two hours; at the end of which time, the oldest man arose and solemnly pronounced the result of their conference: "That for the future they would worship the God of the Christians; and that the missionary who had taught them his laws ought to be cherished as their greatest benefactor."

When this decision was pronounced by the venerable elder, the rage of the Prophet of the Alleghany became terrible. He started from the ground, seized his tomahawk, and, denouncing the vengeance of the Great Spirit upon the whole assembly, darted from the circle with wild impetuosity, and disappeared amongst the shadows of the forest.

Tecumseh.

TECUMSEH (the Shooting Star) was the son of Blackfish, and brother of the Prophet of the Alleghany. This noted warrior was first made known to the public as the leader of the Indians at the battle

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of Tippecanoe,* (November, 1811.) He burst suddenly into notice, but from that time, until his death, the attention of the American people was constantly turned towards him. He possessed all the courage, sagacity, and fortitude, for which the most distinguished Indian chiefs have been celebrated; and more than this, he was always disinterested and true to his word. He was an orator as well as a soldier, and by the persuasive power of his eloquence formed one of the most powerful confederacies amongst the Indians. His watchful mind was ever on the alert, his enmity never slumbered, and he was a stranger to personal fatigue. He was of an independent spirit, remarkably graceful in his address and reserved in his manner. He held the commission of Brigadier-General under King George III.

GENERAL HARRISON.

* A branch of the Wabash, in Indiana. In 1811, the English, with the Indians who fought in the British service, were defeated by the United States' troops on the banks of this river.

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It is said that at the last conference which General Harrison held at Vincennes, Indiana, with the Indians, Tecumseh, at the end of a long and animated speech, found himself unprovided with a seat. Observing the neglect, General Harrison ordered a chair to be placed for him, and requested him to accept it. "Your father," said the interpreter, "requests you to

COLONEL RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

take a chair." "My father!" replied the proud chief; "the Sun is my father, and the Earth is my mother;

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I will repose upon her bosom;" and, saying this, he sat himself on the ground, in the Indian manner.

Such was Tecumseh, who fell towards the close of the battle of the Thames,* in a personal combat with Colonel Johnson of Kentucky. He was a Shawnee.

Towards the close of the last century, Captain Thomas Brian of Kentucky was employed by the British government to survey certain lands in the central part of Ohio. Not being so fortunate as to find game for several successive days, his provisions became scant, and at length were entirely exhausted. He directed his hunter to make another attempt to procure subsistence, and to meet him and his party at a particular spot; at which, after the labours of the day were over, he proposed to encamp for the night. Towards evening the men became exhausted with hunger: they were in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness, and every circumstance conspired to cause the greatest dejection of spirits. After making painful exertions to reach the place appointed for their encampment, they had the mortification of learning from the hunter that he had again been unsuccessful. He declared that he had made every possible exertion, but all his attempts were of no avail, for the whole forest appeared to him entirely destitute both of birds and beasts! At this moment starvation seemed to await them; but Captain Brian, feeling his spirits roused by the thoughts of their desperate situ-

* The Thames is a river that falls into lake St. Clair, between lakes Huron and Erie.

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ation, thrust his staff into the earth, and ordered his men to prepare their camp and make a good fire, whilst he took the gun of the unsuccessful hunter and went forth in pursuit of game.

He had not left his party more than half an hour, when he was cheered by the sight of three deer, two of which he shot; and before he returned to the camp he had the good fortune to kill a bear. He immediately called for his men to assist him in carrying the game to the camp; and no one, except those who have been in a like situation, can conceive what the feelings are on such an occasion!

But miserable as the plight of the surveyor and his party had been, there were others not far off who were suffering still greater distress. Five Indians, who had been out on a hunting excursion, hearing the report of Captain Brian's gun, made immediately in that direction, and arrived at the camp at the same moment that he did. They soon explained their wretched situation, telling Brian that for the last two days their whole party had subsisted on one skunk! They described the absence of game, in the language of the hunter, "as if the whole forest was entirely destitute both of birds and beasts."

Captain Brian told them that he had now plenty for them and his own party too, and kindly welcomed them to his fire. He bid them help his men in flaying the bear and deer, which were now brought into the camp, and then to cook, cut, and carve for themselves. Their looks were expressive of the joy they felt for so unexpected a deliverance; nor did they

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spare the provision. Their hunger was such that as soon as one round was served, another and another were quickly devoured.

After all were satisfied, a fine, tall, and graceful young Indian stepped up to Captain Brian, (who was now reposing on account of great fatigue and severe rheumatism,) and informed him that the old man present was a chief; that he felt very grateful to the Great and Good Spirit for so signal an interposition in their favour; that he was about to make a prayer, and address the Great Spirit, and thank him: that it was the custom, on such occasions, for the Indians to stand up in their camp; and that his chief requested the captain and his men to conform, in like manner, by standing up in *their* camp. Brian replied, that his men should all conform, and order should be preserved; but as for himself, he felt too ill to rise any more that night; but he begged that this might not be considered out of any disrespect.

The old chief then rose, as did all around him; and lifting up his hands, commenced his prayer and thanksgiving with an audible voice. And a more beautiful address to the Deity, on such an occasion, surely never flowed from mortal lips! The tone, the modulation of his voice, the gestures, all combined to make a deep impression on his hearers. In the course of his thanksgiving he recapitulated the fearful situation in which they so recently had been; the horrors of starvation with which they were threatened, the vain attempts they had made to procure food, until He, the Great, the Good Spirit, had sent the white man forth

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and crowned his exertions with success, and so directed him and them to meet, and to find plenty. But who can describe the abundant overflowings of a grateful heart? He continued in this strain for about half an hour; when Brian's men, reflecting on their own recent situation, and beholding the pious gratitude of this "child of the forest," felt the same sensations, and were melted into tenderness—if not into tears.

The young Indian who so gracefully addressed Captain Brian in behalf of his chief was Tecumseh.

M'Dougal and the Indian.

Several years ago, a Scotchman and his wife, named M'Dougal, emigrated to America. Having but very little money, he purchased land where it was then sold for almost nothing, in a country thinly peopled, and on the extreme verge of civilization.

His first care was to construct a house and clear away some of the trees round it. This done, he spent his whole time, early and late, in making a garden and cultivating a few fields. By unwearied industry, and with the occasional help of older settlers, he by degrees acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and was, in a rough way, possessed of a comfortable independence.

His greatest discomforts were, distance from his neighbours, the church, market, and even the mill; but, above all, the complete separation from his

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friends; and this he would have felt still more had he been an idle man.

One day farmer M'Dougal, having a quantity of corn to grind, knowing that the distance was considerable and the road none of the smoothest, set out in the morning at sunrise, hoping he should reach home again before dark.

When the farmer was at home he always drove up the cows for his wife to milk, morning and evening; but now this care devolved on her, and the careful woman went out in quest of them. Not accustomed to go far from the house, she soon found herself in an unknown country, and, with neither pocket compass nor notched trees to guide, it is not to be wondered that she wandered long and wearily to very little purpose. Tall trees seemed to encompass her on every side, or where the view was more open, she beheld the distant blue hills rising one behind another; but no village spire or cottage chimney was there to cheer her on her way, and fatigued with the search, and despairing of finding the cattle, she resolved, while it was yet light, to retrace her steps homeward.

But this resolution was more easily formed than executed; she became completely bewildered; she knew not in which direction to turn, and at length, with tears in her eyes, and her mind agitated almost to distraction, she sunk on the ground. But she had not rested there many minutes before she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, on looking up, she beheld before her an Indian hunter.

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Although Mrs. M'Dougal knew that there were Indians living in the neighbourhood, she had never yet seen one, and her terror was very great. The Indian, however, knew her; he had seen her before, he knew where she lived, and he instantly guessed the cause of her distress. He could speak but a few words of English; but he made signs for her to follow him. She did so, and, after a few minutes' walk, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam. He invited her to enter, but not being able to persuade her to do so, he darted into the wigwam, and spoke a few words to his wife, who instantly appeared, and by the kindness of her manner induced the stranger to enter their humble abode. Venison was prepared for supper, and Mrs. M'Dougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, could not refuse to partake of the savoury meal.

Seeing that their guest was weary, the Indians removed from their place near the roof two beautiful deer skins, and, by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two apartments. Mats were then spread in both, and the stranger was made to understand that one division was for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she replied that she would sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the Indian and his squaw sadly. They looked at one another, and conversed softly in their own language; and at length, the squaw taking her guest by the hand, led her to her couch and became her bedfellow.

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In the morning she awoke, greatly refreshed, and anxious to depart without further delay; but this her new friends would not permit, until she had eaten of their corn cakes and venison. Then the Indian accompanied his guest, and soon conducted her to the spot where the cattle were grazing. These he drove from the wood, on the edge of which Mrs. M'Dougal descried her husband, who was equally delighted at seeing her, as her absence from home all night had caused him great uneasiness. They invited their Indian benefactor to their house, and, on his departure, presented him with a suit of clothes.

Three days after he returned, and endeavoured, partly by signs, and partly in broken English, to induce farmer M'Dougal to follow him into the forest; but he refused. Time was precious to him, who had to work hard for every thing he possessed, and the Indian repeated his entreaties in vain. The poor fellow looked grieved and disappointed; but a moment after, a sudden thought struck him. He hit on an expedient which none but an Indian hunter would have thought of.

Mrs. M'Dougal had a young child, which the Indian's quick eye had not failed to notice; and, finding that his eloquence was completely thrown away upon the parents, he approached the cradle, seized the child, and darted out of the house with the speed of an antelope. The father and mother instantly followed, loudly calling on him to return; but he had no such intention. He led them on, now slower, now

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faster, and occasionally turning towards them, laughing, and holding up the child to their view.

It is needless to go into all the details of this singular journey, further than to say that the Indian, instead of enticing them to his own wigwam, as they expected, halted at length on the margin of a most beautiful prairie, covered with the richest vegetation, and extending over several thousand acres. In a moment the child was restored to its parents, who, wondering what so strange a proceeding could mean, stood awhile panting for breath, and looking at one another with silent astonishment.

The Indian, on the other hand, seemed overjoyed at the success of his manœuvre, and never did a human being frisk about and gesticulate with greater animation. We have heard of a professor of signs, and, if such a person were wanted, the selection would not be a matter of difficulty, so long as any remnant exists of the aborigines of North America. All travellers agree in describing their gestures as highly dignified, and their countenances intelligent; and we have Mr. M'Dougal's authority for stating that the hero of this tale proved himself a perfect master of the art of eloquence. His broken English was nearly in these words:

"You think Indian treacherous; you think him wish steal the child. No, no; Indian has child of his own. Indian knew you long ago; saw you when you not see him; saw you hard working man. Some white men bad, and hurt poor Indian. You not bad; you work hard for your wife and child; but you

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Indian carrying off Mr. McDougal's Child.

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choose bad place; you never make rich there. Indian see your cattle far in forest; think you come and catch them; you not come; your wife come. Indian find her faint and weary; take her home; wife fear go in; think Indian kill her! No, no; Indian lead her back; meet you very sad; then very glad to see her. You kind to Indian; give him meat and drink, and better clothes than your own. Indian grateful; wish you come here; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; know you follow child. If Indian farm, Indian farm here. Good ground; not many trees; make road in less than half a moon; Indians help you. Indians your friends; come, live here."

M'Dougal immediately saw the advantage that such a change would be to him, and, taking the Indian's advice, the day was soon fixed for the removal of his log-house, along with the rest of his goods and chattels; and the Indian, true to his word, brought a party of his red brethren to assist in one of the most romantic removals that ever took place, either in the Old World or the New.

In a few days a roomy log-house was raised, and a garden marked out in the most fertile and beautiful part of the prairie. The Indians continued friendly and faithful, and the good understanding between them and the white settlers was a source of great comfort to both parties.

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Paugus and Chamberlain.

In old times, whenever war commenced between the English and French in Europe, their colonies in America were involved in its calamities, to an unknown and fearful extent; and wars were constantly going on in America in which the Indians fought sometimes on the side of the English against the French, and sometimes with the French against the English. Some chiefs and tribes were noted for being the firm and faithful friends of the white men, and others were known as their implacable foes. In the month of May, 1725, a memorable battle was fought between the English colonists commanded by Captain Lovewell, and the Pequakets, a tribe of Indians who then inhabited the State of New Hampshire. Amongst Lovewell's men, was a New Hampshire settler, named John Chamberlain. He was one of those rugged spirits who at that time moved from the thickly settled country near the coast, and penetrated into the wilderness. On his scouting expeditions to surprise the frontier settlers, the Indian passed his rude log-house, buried amongst trees and mountains. Around it were the haunts of the wild beasts of the forest. The smoky rafters of his hut were hung with gammons of the bear that had tumbled from the white pine at the sound of his unerring rifle; and at night he lay on the soft fur of the dun catamount.

He was tall—tall as the stateliest Indian. Strong? Two of them were hardly a match for him with their

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tomahawks against his heavy hatchet. Was he swift of foot? He could outrun the moose in full trot. Sagacious and eagle-eyed, he entrapped the Indian in his ambush, and surpassed him in that instinct which guides alike the savage and the wild beast through the wide and pathless forest.

The red men passed cautiously by the dwelling of John Chamberlain. As they watched in ambush for game, they would lie still and suffer him to go on unmolested, even if there were half a score of them; for they feared lest their rifles should miss what they deemed his charmed body, and bring down his vengeance upon them.

There is a beautiful lake in New Hampshire which is still called by the Indian name, Winnipisiogee. It is twenty-eight miles long and ten wide; the country around is hilly, and clothed with thick woods. On the shores of this lake there dwelt a powerful tribe of Indians called Pequakets. Paugus was their chief. He was a savage of great strength and stature: swift, cunning, and deadly with his rifle and his tomahawk; cruel and vengeful beyond the wonted vengeance of savages; the terror of man, woman, and child along the frontiers, and even of the towns that were further removed from the scenes of his violence.

Parties of armed men had penetrated through the woods to the shores of the Winnipisiogee, to discover the retreat of this terrible savage, and, if possible, to take him prisoner. But he was too sagacious, and always eluded their search. Once, indeed, when they had set his wigwam on fire, he was hidden so near

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the spot that he felt the heat of the flames, and saw the smoke curling over the tops of the trees under which he lay concealed.

In the skirmishes with the Indians, in which Chamberlain was often engaged, he had constantly endeavoured to single out Paugus as the foe most worthy of his rifle; nor was Paugus less willing to encounter the far-famed settler; but they had never chanced to meet. The time, however, was now at hand, when one of these mighty men must yield to the superior power or craft of his rival. The colonists, under Captain Lovewell, had marched out with the expectation of meeting Paugus and his men. They had already penetrated the woods to a considerable distance, and arrived at the place where they expected to find Indians. Early on the morning of the 7th of May, whilst at prayers, they heard a gun, and, starting up, they immediately prepared for an encounter; but no Indians were in sight, except a hunter, whom Ensign Wyman discovered carrying two black ducks in one hand and a gun in the other. There can be no probability that he thought of meeting an enemy; but no sooner was he seen by the colonists, than several guns were fired at him, but missed him. Seeing that certain death was his lot, the Indian resolved to defend himself as long as he could. He levelled his gun at his assailants, and Captain Lovewell was mortally wounded, whilst, almost at the same moment, Ensign Wyman, taking deliberate aim, killed the poor hunter.

The remainder of this day passed without further

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adventure, though the colonists were in constant apprehension of falling into some snare prepared by the wily Paugus. On the morning of the 8th, Mr. Frye, the chaplain, having assembled the men as usual before they resumed their day's march, commenced his prayer with these words: "We came out to meet the enemy; we have all along prayed God that we might find them; we had rather give up our lives to Providence, yea, and die for our country, than return home without seeing them, and be called cowards for our pains." The chaplain did not pray in vain; for about noon the colonial troops encountered an almost overwhelming body of Indians, who rose from their coverts and nearly encircled them, but seemed loath to begin the fight; for they were, no doubt, in hopes that the colonists, seeing their numbers, would yield without a battle. They, therefore, made towards them with their guns presented. They then held up ropes which they had provided for securing their captives, and asked them if they would have quarter. This only encouraged the colonists, who answered, "only at the muzzles of our guns;" and they rushed towards the Indians, firing as they pressed on, and, killing many, drove them back several rods. But they soon rallied and fired vigorously in their turn, and obliged the colonists to retreat, leaving several dead and others badly wounded. Lovewell, though mortally wounded the preceding day, had led his men until this time, but now fell to rise no more.

The fight continued very furious and obstinate till towards night, the Indians roaring and howling like

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wolves, barking like dogs, and making all sorts of hideous noises, as is their custom whilst engaged in battle; but before night they were completely defeated, whilst the loss of the colonists was very great, and, among others, the worthy chaplain, Jonathan Frye, was slain.

After the thickest and most desperate of the conflict was over, Chamberlain, weary with fighting, thirsty and faint with heat, retired to the edge of a lake (since known by the name of Lovewell's pond) to drink and to wash out his gun, which had grown so foul with frequent firing that at last he could not make it go off. He pushed his way through a copse of willows to a little beach by the pond, when, lo! from the thicket, at a short distance from him, appeared the stately figure of Paugus, covered with dust and blood, and making his way likewise to the water.

The warriors knew each other at a glance. Chamberlain's gun was useless, and he thought of rushing upon Paugus with his hatchet before he could level his rifle; but the Indian's gun was in the same condition with his own, and he, too, had come to the edge of the pond to quench his thirst, and hastily scour out his foul rifle. The condition of the rifles was instantly seen by the enemies, and they agreed to a truce while they washed them out for the encounter. Slowly and with equal movements they cleaned their guns, and took their stations on the beach. "Now, Paugus," cried Chamberlain, "I'll have you;" and, with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter, he loaded his rifle. "Na, na, me

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Paugus and Chamberlain.

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have you," replied Paugus; and he handled his gun with a dexterity that made the bold heart of Chamberlain beat faster, whilst he involuntarily raised his eyes to take a last look of the sun. They rammed their cartridges, and each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand. "I'll have you, Paugus," shouted Chamberlain again, as in his desperation he almost resolved to fall upon the savage with the butt end of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullets before he could load. Paugus trembled as he applied his powder horn to the priming. Chamberlain's quick ear heard the grains of his powder rattle lightly on the leaves which lay at his feet. Chamberlain struck his gun-breech violently upon the ground—the rifle *primed itself!* he aimed, and the bullets whistled through the heart of Paugus. He fell—and, as he went down, the bullet from the muzzle of his ascending rifle whizzed through Chamberlain's hair, and passed off, without avenging the death of its master, into the bordering wilderness.

The hunter, after he recovered the shock of this sudden and fearful encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage. The paleness of death had come over his copper-coloured forehead. He seized the rifle, the bullet pouch, and powder horn, and, leaving him on the sand, sought again the lessened ranks of the white men, as they wearily defended themselves against the savages. He shouted to them of the fall of Paugus. The Indians looked around them; the tall figure of their chief was nowhere to be seen: In grief and despair they ceased their fire, and fell

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back into the woods, leaving Wyman, with Chamberlain, and the small remains of the band of white men, to retrace their way to the distant settlement.

The spot on which this fight took place was fifty miles from any white inhabitants, and it was almost miraculous that any should have escaped death at the hands of Paugus and his courageous warriors. Those who survived did not leave the battle-ground till near midnight, and only fourteen lived to return to their friends. One man, named Solomon Keyes, having received three wounds, said he would hide himself, and die in a secret place, where the Indians could not find him to get his scalp. As he crawled upon the shore of Lovewell's pond, at some distance from the scene of action, he found a canoe, into which he rolled himself, and was drifted away by the wind. To his great joy and astonishment, he was cast ashore at no great distance from the fort at which Wyman's men shortly after arrived, and, gaining strength, was soon able to return home.

Fifty men from New Hampshire were immediately ordered to march to the scene of action, where they found and buried the dead. They found the bodies of only three Indians; the rest had undoubtedly been taken away by their comrades.

Thus terminated the expedition against the Pequakets; and, although the whites could scarcely claim the victory, yet the northern Indians received a blow from which they hardly recovered. Several songs were written upon the subject; but it must be confessed that they were much more circumstantial

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Papooses.

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than poetical, and it can hardly be expected that any cultivated reader should take sufficient interest in the subject to make him wish for even a specimen.

Indian Children.

The Indians have been frequently represented as almost devoid of natural affection, or indeed of feeling altogether; but this is a mistake, which probably arises from the great command over their feelings which they are in the habit of exercising, particularly when in the presence of strangers. Those persons who have had the best opportunities of knowing the real character of the Indians have remarked, amongst many other good traits, the great affection that they have for their children, and the respect which young people pay, not only to their own parents, but to all elderly people.

Before they can run alone, the little papoose is confined in a cradle which is carried on the mother's back while she is at her work, or set upright against the wall.

The children, both boys and girls, appear to be particularly under the care of their mother: she teaches them how to make leggins, moccasins, and many other things that have already been described; and if she be a good mother, as many of these poor squaws are, she is particular in keeping her daughters continually employed, so that they may have the re-

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putation of being industrious girls, which is a recommendation to the young men to marry them.

Corporal punishment is very seldom resorted to for the correction of children; but if they commit any fault, it is common for the mother to blacken their faces and send them out of the lodge: when this is done, they are not allowed to eat till it is washed off, and sometimes they are kept a whole day in this situation, as a punishment for their misconduct.

There is a considerable difference in the manners and characters of different tribes, some being brave, honourable, and generous, while others are noted for their treacherous disposition and filthy habits. In many tribes their families appear to be well regulated, and great pains are taken by the chiefs and principal men to impress upon the minds of the younger part of their respective nations what they conceive to be their duty.

When the boys are six or seven years of age, a small bow and arrows are put into their hands, and they are sent out to shoot birds around the lodge or village: this they continue to do five or six years, and then their father procures for them short guns, and they begin to hunt ducks, geese, and small game. In the winter evenings their father will relate to them the manner of approaching a deer, elk, or buffalo, and describe the manner of setting traps for different animals: when he is able, he will take them a hunting with him, and show them the tracks of wild beasts. To all these instructions the boys pay the most earnest attention.

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The Indians generally appear to be more afflicted at the loss of an infant, or young child, than of a person who has arrived at mature years; the latter, they think, can provide for himself in the country whither he has gone, but the former is too young to provide for himself.

The men appear ashamed to show any signs of grief at the loss of any relation, however dear he might have been to them; but the women do not attempt to conceal their feelings; and on the loss of either husband or child, they cut off their hair, disfigure their faces and limbs with black paint, and even with cuts, and burn all their clothes excepting a few miserable rags.

A striking display of the strong affection that an Indian feels for his child occurred some years since in a town in Maine. One of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, had received a grant of land from the State, and settled himself in a part of the country where several families were already settled. Though by no means ill-treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him; and he felt this keenly, when, at the death of his only child, none of his neighbours came near him to attend the funeral.

A few months afterwards he announced his intention of leaving the village; he called on some of the inhabitants, and expressed himself in the following manner:—"When white man's child die," said he, "Indian man be sorry; he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave

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alone—I can no live here." He gave up his farm, *dug up the body of his child*, and carried it with him two hundred miles, through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians.

Not long after the first English settlers had established themselves in Pennsylvania, during the winter a white man's child strayed away from his parent's house; and after having in vain been sought in every direction by the parents for a whole day and night, the father resolved to apply for assistance to one of his Indian neighbours, with whom he had always lived on friendly terms. He knew the superior facility with which the Indians, who are in the habit of constantly roaming the woods, can detect and distinguish objects of sight and sound.

Osamee, for that was the name of the friendly Indian, immediately went to the house of the parents, and looking attentively round it, soon discovered the little footsteps of a child and the direction which they had taken; and although the child's father could hardly discover the marks and signs by which he was guided, he followed the track with as much apparent ease and confidence as a civilized traveller would a turnpike road, and after tracing it for about three miles into the forest, he found the poor child lying under a tree, crying bitterly, and almost perishing with cold.

This little incident was the means of reconciling some of the white people to the near settlement of the Indians, of whom they had been in dread; but they now rather rejoiced in having such good neigh-

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Wanou and the English Officer.

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bours; and it would have been well for both parties if the good feelings shown by the Indians to the first settlers in some hundreds of instances had met with such a return as men calling themselves Christians were bound to make; but, alas! it was far otherwise.

Wanou and the English Officer.

An anecdote which has been preserved, concerning an old Mohegan Indian named Wanou, affords a striking example of the strong affection of a father towards his only son.

During the frequent wars which took place between the Indians and the white men, the former had defeated a party of English soldiers, and put them to flight. The retreat being without order, a young English officer, in attempting to escape, was pursued by two of the savages, and finding an escape impracticable, he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. He turned round to face his enemies, and a violent conflict commenced, in which he must have soon fallen; but just as one of his assailants was about to raise the fatal tomahawk over his head, an old Indian threw himself between the combatants, and the red men instantly retired with respect.

The old man took the young officer by the hand, dispelled his fears, and led him through the forest to his wigwam, where he treated him with the greatest kindness. He seemed to take pleasure in the youth's

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company; he was his constant companion; he taught him his language, and made the rude arts of his countrymen familiar to him. They lived happily together, though the thoughts of home would occasionally disturb the Englishman's tranquillity, and for a while his countenance appeared sorrowful. At these times Wa-nou would survey his young friend attentively, and while he fixed his eyes upon him, the tears would start into them.

On the return of spring, hostilities were recommenced, and every warrior appeared in arms. Wa-nou, whose strength was still sufficient to support the toils of war, set out with the rest, accompanied by his prisoner. The Indians having marched above two hundred miles, at length arrived within sight of the English camp. Wa-nou observed the young man's countenance whilst he showed him the camp of his countrymen. "There are thy brethren," said he, "waiting to fight us. Listen to me. I have saved thy life. I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow and arrows; to hunt the bear and the buffalo; to bring down the deer at full speed, and to outwit even the cunning fox. What wast thou when I first led thee to my wigwam? Thy hands were like those of a child; they served neither to support nor to defend thee; thou wert ignorant, but from me thou hast learnt every thing. Wilt thou be ungrateful, and raise up thine arm against the red men?"

The young Englishman declared with much warmth, that he would rather lose his own life than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends. The old warrior

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seemed to be overcome by some painful recollection; he covered his face with his hands, bowed down his head, and remained in that posture for some time; then making as it were a strong effort, he again looked at the young man, and said to him in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?"

"He was living," said the young man, "when I left my country."

"Oh, how fortunate he is still to have a son!" cried the Indian; and then, after a minute's silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father, but I am no longer so? I saw my son fall in battle; he fought bravely by my side; my son fell covered with wounds, and he died like a man! but I revenged his death; yes, I *revenged* it."

Wa-nou pronounced these words with great vehemence; his whole frame seemed agitated; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his chest heaved with deep sighs. By degrees he became more calm, and, turning towards the east where the sun had just risen, he said,—

"Young man, thou seest that glorious light—does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?"

"Yes," replied the Englishman, "I never look upon the rising sun without pleasure, or without feeling thankful to our great Father who created it."

"I am glad that thou art happy, but there is no more pleasure for me," said Wa-nou. A moment after, he showed the young man a shrub that was in full bloom.

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"Seest thou that beautiful plant?" said he. "Hast thou any pleasure in beholding it?"

"Yes, great pleasure," replied the young man.

"To me, it can no longer give pleasure," said the old man: and then, after embracing the young Englishman with great affection, he concluded with these words: "*Begone, hasten to thine own country, that thy father may still have pleasure in beholding the rising sun and the flowers of spring.*"

Burning of Hanna's Town.

HANNA'S Town, in Westmoreland county, is famous, in the early records of Pennsylvania, as the first place west of the Alleghanies where justice was dispensed according to the legal forms of the white man. The dignity of this venerable settlement may be conceived from the fact, that the court was established there coeval with the formation of the county, as well as from the no less authentic fact, that its thirty log cabins were then dignified by the title of houses. The court-house and jail were of the same frail material as the houses, as was likewise the fort. Here, amid difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge, of which modern barristers have little idea, much less experience, the legal gentlemen of that day struggled on to fame and affluence, and in a manner, too, which astonished the good people of that early county town. The first presiding justice was Robert Hanna, and

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Thomas Smith, afterwards a judge in the supreme court, was an occasional resident. The road which had been opened by General Forbes, while marching to Fort Pitt, passed through the town. The periodical return of the court brought together a hardy, adventurous, frank, and open hearted set of men from the Red stone, the George creek, the Yough'ogheny, the Monongahela, the "Catfish settlements," and from the region known as Old Westmoreland. On these occasions there was many a scene of joyous merriment; for such men, in such times, when they did meet, met joyously. But this bright scene was destined to be clouded and destroyed by the terrible scenes of one stormy day.

On the 13th of July, 1782, a party of the inhabitants were harvesting in the field of one O'Connor, about a mile and a half north of the village. That summer had been one of constant terror and distress, owing to the successful incursions of Indians upon the neighbouring frontier. Several families of Hanna's Town had abandoned their homes, and, with some from the adjoining settlements, had repaired to Miller's station, two miles to the south. While the reaping party were busily engaged, one of them, who had been near the woods, returned in great alarm, and reported that a number of Indians were approaching. Each threw down his sickle and ran for the town. Their arrival caused a scene of consternation and uproar. Many rushed toward the fort; some ran up and down seeking their wives or children; others assisted the aged. The jail door was

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flung open; men, women, and children stumbled and fell over each other in the eager race to gain a place of safety. Uncertainty as to the number and designs of the Indians, increased the apprehensions of them; and it was not until the entire population were involved in a state of inextricable confusion, that a few conceived the fortunate idea of sending out spies to ascertain something certain. Accordingly four young men, armed with rifles, set out on foot for O'Connor's field, by way of the Highlands; while Captain J——, who was accidentally in the town, pursued a more circuitous route on horseback. The captain, arriving first, found himself very unexpectedly before a large body of Indians, painted and armed in genuine savage style, and evidently bent upon the destruction of Hanna. He turned and fled. Meeting the four young men, he ordered them to fly, and then pushed on to aid the inhabitants in their retreat. David Shaw, one of the party on foot, and his three companions, were hotly pursued, but took refuge in a ravine which led from Crab-tree creek. The Indians, not aware that the town had been alarmed, refrained from firing, a circumstance to which the four young men owed the preservation of their lives. Shaw, on entering the town, found every thing desolate; but, on turning round, beheld the Indians with their tufts of hair flying in the wind, and their tomahawks brandished aloft in air. As they uttered the war-whoop, Shaw, with a courage bordering on rashness, levelled his rifle, took deliberate aim, and shot one of their number dead. He

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then rushed toward the fort, which he reached in safety. The Indians entered the town, and, exasperated at finding it deserted, fired the buildings. One of them dressed himself in a large coat, and paraded before the fort. He was shot down; but the garrison, fearful probably of an assault, did not venture to fire upon the main body. A young lady, named Jennet Shaw, was killed in the fort under circumstances peculiarly affecting. A child having run opposite the gate which contained apertures that occasionally admitted a ball, she followed it, and was instantly shot in the bosom.

Meanwhile, a party of the Indians had marched toward Miller's station. At that place a wedding had been held the day before, and a number of the surrounding settlers had collected at the bride's house. Among them was John Brownlee, renowned in the annals of frontier forage and scouting expeditions, and endeared to all by his courage, activity, and generosity. The Indians were acquainted with his character, and some of them had probably seen him before. When the savages approached, the bridal party were enjoying themselves in the principal mansion. Some men were mowing in a meadow, and the remaining inhabitants were occupied in their various pursuits. Sudden as a clap of thunder, the war-whoop broke over the settlement. Those in the meadow, and most of the others, made their escape. One man was carrying his child and assisting his mother. When they arrived at the top of a neighbouring hill, she exclaimed that the Indians were gaining upon them,

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and they would be murdered. The man put down his child, that he might more effectually assist his mother. He escaped, and Providence seemed to smile on his deed, for next morning, on returning to his cabin, he found the little one asleep in its bed—the only human thing left living amid the desolation. Probably the child had wandered back to the house, unobserved by the Indians, and laid itself on the well-known couch. At the principal mansion, the party were so agitated by the cries of women and children mingling with the savage war-whoop, that they remained a moment irresolute. Then one young man, of powerful frame, grasped a child of Brownlee's and rushed toward the fields. He was pursued by three or four savages; but gained upon them so much, that, on coming to a rye-field, he was able to take advantage of a thick copse to hide momentarily from his pursuers. Then, mounting the fence, he leaped far out into the rye and lay down. He heard the infuriated yells as the savages rushed by, and their low growls of disappointment when returning. He afterwards lived to a great age. Brownlee seized a rifle and rushed toward the door; but, while in the act of engaging with some Indians, he heard his wife exclaiming, "Jack, you won't leave me." He returned and sat down calmly by her. The whole party, including the bridegroom and bride, were made prisoners. While they were being carried away, Captain J—— was seen dashing toward the village on horseback. So eager was he to warn the settlement, that he did not notice the position of affairs until he was

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Retreat of the Indians with their Prisoners.

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within gun-shot. The Indians, certain of their prey, raised their pieces. He turned and fled, escaping a shower of balls, and reached the fort in safety.

The Indians now began their retreat. After proceeding about half a mile, the prisoners observed that four or five of those around Brownlee interchanged rapid sentences and looked frequently toward him. A little while after he stooped slightly to adjust the child on his back. A chief instantly tomahawked him. The child shared his fate. One of the women screamed at the sight, and the same bloody weapon, wielded by the same hand, clave her skull. Mrs. Brownlee looked on, in speechless horror. On the approach of evening, the marauders halted at Hanna's Town, regaled themselves on what they had stolen, and awaited the return of day to attack the fort. The fort was saved by a stratagem. At sunset, thirty sturdy backwoodsmen had assembled at George's farm, not far from Miller's, for the purpose of succouring the fort. Soon after dark they set out for the fort, some on horseback, and the remainder on foot, each armed with his well-loaded rifle. They approached the fort with proper circumspection; but, finding that the enemy were in the crab-tree bottom, they marched to the gate. The joy of the garrison at this unexpected succour may be imagined. After much consultation, they arrived at the opinion that the Indians would most probably attack the fort on the following morning. The garrison numbered fifty-five or sixty men, with forty-five rifles. The Indians were more than three hundred. In order to hide

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this disparity of numbers from the enemy, the horses were mounted by active men, and brought full trot over the bridge, which crossed the ditch surrounding the stockade. This was frequently repeated; and, at the same time, two old drums were newly braced, and, in company with a fife, were made to keep up music at intervals during the night. While marching and countermarching, the bridge was frequently crossed on foot by the whole garrison. These measures had the desired effect. The military music from the fort, and the trampling of men and horses, were borne, in the silence of night, over the low lands of the crab-tree, and struck terror into the bosoms of the savages. They fled with their prisoners about midnight, and on the following day were pursued to some distance.

On arriving in Canada, the Indians surrendered their prisoners to the British, where one of them, a young lady of much personal beauty, was subsequently married to an English officer. After the peace of 1783, the rest were released, and returned to Pennsylvania.

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The Lost Sister of Wyoming.

NUMEROUS instances are on record of Indians abandoning their wigwam, throwing off their habits and their religion, and becoming creditable members of civilized society. Examples of the opposite change are rare; yet some few have occurred. But it has oftener happened, that white children, when captured and brought up by the Indians, have forgotten early associations, or if too young to forget, have often disregarded the difference of colour, and become real Indians. Experience in these cases seems to prove that the adopted savage is harder to win back to civilization than are his dusky brethren; and if this be established, the comparative influence of natural and artificial society over the affections and happiness of man might form a very nice question for the philo-

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sophical inquirer. Whether the investigation would tend to disturb the complacency with which we regard our own superiority in this respect, must be left to the judgment of every reader.

In 1778, the family of Mr. Jonathan Slocum, near Wilkesbarre, (Campbell's Wyoming,) Pennsylvania, was attacked by Indians. Within were two girls aged nine and five years, a son of thirteen, a little boy of two and a half, and their mother. The men were working in the field, and two youths were in the porch, grinding a knife. One of these was shot and scalped with his own knife. The eldest sister seized the little boy and ran with him toward the fort. The Indians displayed unwonted humanity, chasing the girl merely to frighten her and enjoy the sight of her running. They then took the boy who had been turning the grindstone, young Slocum, and his sister Frances, and prepared to depart. Little Slocum was lame, and the Indians, instead of murdering him, set him down and departed. One of the party slung the little girl over his shoulder; and its face covered with tears, and half hidden by long curling hair, was the last object which met the mother's gaze.

Nothing was heard of the Indians or their captives for more than a month; but they then returned, murdered the aged grandfather, and shot a ball into the leg of the lame boy, which he carried to his grave. They again plunged into the woods, and came no more. Years passed away, and nothing was heard of the little girl and her fellow-captive. When the mother had died, and the remaining brothers grown

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to manhood, they resolved to ascertain, if possible, the fate of their sister. They made every inquiry, wrote letters to different tribes and agents, and travelled through the west and into the Canadas. All was vain; and for fifty-eight years the deep forests, true to their savage inhabitants, buried amid their solitudes the little captive's fate.

All this time Frances was living. She was introduced to the knowledge of civilized society by a circumstance purely accidental. The Honourable G. W. Ewing, United States agent to Indiana territory, while travelling on the banks of the Missiesiniwa, (about 1836) lost his way, was overtaken by night, and sought the shelter of a neighbouring wigwam. It belonged to a wealthy hunter, and was profusely stored with skins, arms, and provisions. The agent was kindly received, and after supper entered into conversation with the hostess. Ewing was soon surprised by observing that her hair was fine and flaxen-coloured, and that, under her dress, her skin appeared to be white. He received from her the astonishing story, that she was the daughter of white parents, that her name was Slocum, that when five years old she had been carried captive by Indians from a house on the Susquehanna. All else was forgotten.

On reaching home, the agent related his adventure to his mother. At her solicitation he wrote an account of it, which he sent to Lancaster for publication. Through some unaccountable neglect it lay in the office two years; but when it was published, it was in a few days seen by Mr. Slocum of Wilkesbarre,

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the little boy saved by the girl of thirteen, sixty years before. He immediately started for Indiana, accompanied by the sister who had saved him, at the same time writing to his brother to meet him at the wigwam. The little incidents connected with this most remarkable journey have been preserved with care, and may afford ground for pleasurable reflection. "I shall know my sister," said the lady, "because she lost the nail of her first finger. Your brother hammered it off in the blacksmith's shop when she was four years old." On entering the cabin, they beheld an Indian woman, apparently seventy-five years old, painted and jewelled. Yet her hair was as the agent had described it, and her skin beneath her dress appeared white. They obtained an interpreter and began to converse. We may imagine the feelings of the little party, while they listened to the Indian woman's tale. The incidents of the assault and capture—too well known already—were disclosed with a faithfulness which left no room for doubt. "How came your nail gone?" inquired the sister. "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop." "What was your name then?" She did not remember. "Was it Frances?" She smiled on hearing the long-forgotten sound, and promptly answered, "Yes." All were now satisfied that they were of one family, and yet there was little joy in that meeting. There was a sadness, not merely through remembrance of the past, but of a kind present, deep, painful; for though the brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak, and the sister was

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sobbing in anguish, yet there sat the poor Indian sister, motionless and passionless. No throb disclosed that the chords of her bosom were touched; for there were in her bosom no fine chords to be touched.

Frances's story may be told in a few words. The party which had conducted the attack against her father's house was composed of Delawares. With this tribe she remained until grown up, when she married one of their chiefs. He died or ran away, when she became united to a Miami. She had two daughters, both of whom grew up and married Indians. They all lived in one cabin, rode the same horses, and at night slept in the same manner—which was on the ground, wrapped in a blanket.

The brothers and sister tried to persuade their sister to return with them, and, if she desired it, to bring her children. They offered to give her a happy home on the banks of the Susquehanna. She answered that she had always lived with the Indians; that they had always been kind to her; that she had promised her late husband, on his death-bed, never to leave them, and that promise she was resolved to keep. Sad and sorrowful the three generous relatives retraced their steps, leaving their sister in the wilderness.

The "Indian sister" died in 1847. Although to her last days, her manners and customs were those of the Indian, yet there was something in her appearance which seemed to raise her above her companions. Her household displayed taste and neatness, and owing to her economy in her domestic affairs, her tent

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was always stocked with plenty. She was admired alike by the red and the white man. Her grave is on a beautiful knoll near the confluence of the Mississinewa with the Wabash,—a spot chosen by herself, and which had been her place of residence for thirty years.

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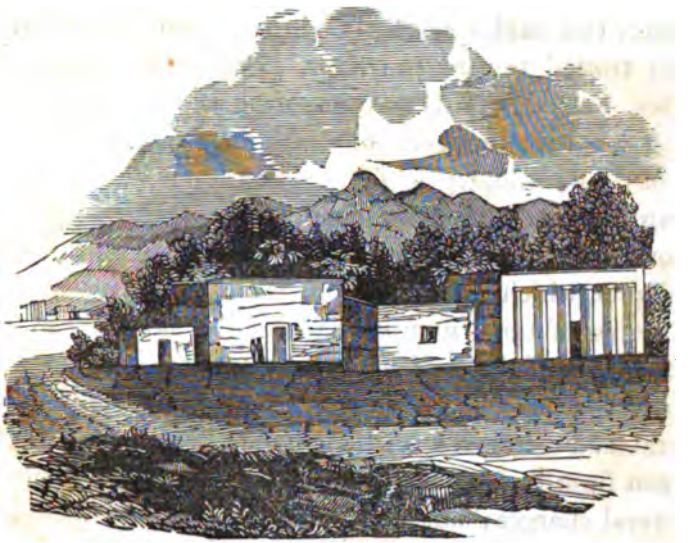

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

Disaster of a Party of Missouri Traders.

In December, 1832, twelve missionaries left Santa Fé, and proceeded by way of the Canadian river toward Independence. Their mules were laden with about ten thousand dollars in specie. On reaching the river, they beheld a large party of Camanche and Kiawa Indians approaching. Both parties halted, and the traders, while eyeing their antagonists, prepared for defence. Instead of charging, the Indians approached, one by one, in the most friendly manner, and stationed themselves so as to surround the traders. The latter, becoming alarmed, moved forward with some speed, at which the Camanches

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mounted their horses and quietly jogged on after them. After both parties had proceeded a short distance, two mules suddenly started from the others and trotted toward the river. One of the missionaries, named Pratt, went to bring them back. At that moment the work of death began. Pratt was shot dead; and, as he fell, every Indian rushed forward toward the little band. The traders leaped from their horses and poured in a volley upon the assailants, which drove them to their former position. Another of their number had fallen; but they took advantage of the Indians' repulse to form a barricade with the packs of their mules. Behind this they scratched a trench with their hands, which protected them from their enemies' fire. The Camanches made several charges; but they were each time repulsed, although in a short time all the mules and horses belonging to the party were killed or wounded. Thus foiled, the Indians changed their tactics, and converted the assault into a siege. The situation of the ten traders was now deplorable. Food they could obtain from the slain animals; but they were on a dry, sandy spot, destitute of water, and deprived of every means of obtaining it. To die by thirst was more dreadful than the certainty of death by the Indians, and, after remaining thirty-six hours in a state of siege, they resolved upon a *sortie* by night. The animals being killed, it was impossible to carry away all the money. Each man, therefore, took as much as he could carry, and the remainder was buried. Then the little party emerged silently from their

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hiding-place, passed through the lines of the sleeping savages, and hurried on their march. At every step they expected to hear the heavy sound of pursuit; but what must appear most extraordinary, they saw no more of the Camanches.

But the sufferings of these men were not yet at an end. Their provisions and ammunition gradually wasted. For a while they sustained themselves upon bark and roots. Their feet were burnt and torn by the heated sands or rocks, and, finally, they lost their route. Disputes ensued: five took one direction and five another. After enduring intense sufferings, one of these parties arrived among the Creek settlements on the Arkansas river, where they were kindly received and nursed until they had recovered. Of the other five, three found graves in the wilderness. The remaining two, after enduring intense sufferings, succeeded in reaching the United States. Of course, all their money had been abandoned along the way, and it was afterwards ascertained that the Camanches had dug up the portion which was buried.

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THE MOOSE.

Hunting the Moose.

THE Moose* (*Cervus alces*) inhabits the northern parts of the continents of Europe and America. On the American it has been found as far north as that country has been fully explored; its southern range once extended to the shores of the great lakes, and throughout the New England States. At present it is not heard of south of the State of Maine, where it is becoming rare.

* It is in Europe frequently called the Elk; but the elk, (*Cervus Canadensis,*) red deer, wapiti, or stag, is distinguished from the moose by the most striking characters.

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The male moose often exceeds the largest horse in size; the females are considerably smaller, and differently coloured. The hair of the male is long and soft; it is black at the tip, within it is of an ash colour, and at the base pure white. The hair of the female is of a sandy-brown colour, and in some places, particularly under the throat and belly, it is nearly white at the tip, and altogether so at the base.

Dense forests and closely shaded swamps are the favourite resorts of these animals, as there the most abundant supply of food is to be obtained with the least inconvenience. The length of limb and shortness of neck, which in an open pasture appear so disadvantageous, are here of essential importance, in enabling the moose to crop the buds and young twigs of the birch, maple, or poplar; or, should he prefer the aquatic plants which grow most luxuriantly where the soil is unfit to support other animals, the same length of limb enables him to feed with security and ease. When obliged to feed on level ground, the animal must either kneel or separate his fore legs very widely. In feeding on the sides of acclivities, the moose does so with less inconvenience, by grazing from below upwards, and the steeper the ground the easier it is for him to pasture. Yet, whenever food can be procured from trees and shrubs, it is preferred to that which is only to be obtained by grazing.

In the summer, the moose frequents swampy or low grounds, near the margins of lakes and rivers, through which they delight to swim, as it frees them for the time from the annoyance of insects. They

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are also seen wading out from the shores, for the purpose of feeding on the aquatic plants that rise to the surface of the water. At this season they regularly frequent the same place in order to drink, of which circumstance the Indian hunter takes advantage to lie in ambush, and secure the destruction of the deer. During the winter, the moose, in families of fifteen or twenty, seek the depths of the forest for shelter and food.

The moose is generally hunted in the month of March, when the snow is deep and sufficiently crusted with ice to bear the weight of a dog, but not of a moose. Five or six Indians, provided with knapsacks and snow-shoes, containing food for about a week, and all necessary implements for making their "camp" at night, set out in search of a moose yard. When they have discovered one, they collect their dogs and encamp for the night, in order to be ready to commence the chase at an early hour, before the sun softens the crust upon the snow, which would retard the dogs and facilitate the escape of the deer. At daybreak the dogs are laid on, and the hunters, wearing large snow-shoes, follow as closely as possible. As soon as the dogs approach a moose, they assail him on all sides, and force him to attempt his escape by flight. The deer, however, does not run far, before the crust on the snow, through which he breaks at every step, cuts his legs so severely that the poor animal stands at bay, and endeavours to defend himself against the dogs by striking at them with his fore-feet. The arrival of the hunter within a convenient

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Hunting the Moose

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distance soon terminates the combat, as a ball from his rifle rarely fails to bring the moose down.

I will now close the account of the moose with an anecdote I once heard of a hunter.

The hounds had been put into the woods for the purpose of scenting a deer—a business with which they were well acquainted, whilst the hunter placed himself in a convenient spot, suitably near the deer's *run-away*, so as to be able to bring it down at a shot, as it fled at the noise of the dogs from the mountain to the river. The spot he selected to wait in ambush was on a certain flat, very near the foot of the steep hill. This flat was about three-quarters of a mile in length: at one end was the hill by which our hunter stood; at the other, a steep bank along the edge of the river. The hunter had chosen his position well; he had narrowly examined the contents of his rifle, and made sure that the priming was in good order; he had rubbed the edge of the flint on his hat to make it brighter—all was in readiness, and he stood in a listening attitude, with his ear turned towards the hill, and his mouth slightly open to assist his hearing.

He had not waited in his hiding-place long, when the distant cry of the hounds struck his ear. He now knew that but a few minutes would pass before a deer would be seen bounding along in the path of their *run-away*, for his dogs had given tokens of the chase by their yells. He was not deceived; he heard plainly the rapid, but heavy bounds of a deer, which in an instant after he perceived, as it broke over the

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brow of the hill, with its majestic antlers thrown back over its neck. Now comes the decisive moment; one leap more and his noble breast is exposed to death, within a few yards of the fatal gun which has already been brought to the hunter's cheek, while his eye looked steadily along the smooth barrel. The trigger was touched—a blaze, and the death-ring struck sharp and shrill on the still air. The fugitive, a noble buck, fell, and the hunter, in a moment, to secure his victim, having dropped his gun and drawn his knife, sprung across his back in order to cut his throat.

But, behold! the ball had struck one of his horns only near the root, which stunned the animal and caused it to fall. He recovered his feet again before the hunter had time to wound him with his knife, and, finding his enemy on his back, he rose and sprung off with the speed of an arrow; while the hunter, having full occupation for his hands in holding fast by the horns, found no time to invade his throat. So, clinging with his feet under the belly of the deer, he was borne away at a fearful rate the whole length of the flat, till he came to the steep bank of the river, at which place he had no sooner arrived, than, with his rider, the deer plunged with a tremendous leap into the deep water.

Here a scuffle ensued between the hunter and the deer; the deer endeavouring to push him under water with his fore-feet, while the hunter was striving to hold its head, and at the same time cut its throat. This he soon accomplished, and, swimming ashore,

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drew his prize after him, declaring to his companions, who had witnessed the sport, and were now assembled on the river's bank, that he had had "a most glorious ride."

This man's name was John M'Mullen, and he is well remembered even now by many of the old inhabitants along the Susquehanna.

The Rifleman of Chippewa.

THE Chippewas are a numerous people inhabiting the country north of Lake Superior, and about the source of the Mississippi. They are divided into several tribes, and are distinguished by the number of blue or black lines tattooed on their cheeks and foreheads.

Travellers have always described them as "the most peaceable tribes of Indians known in North America." They are not remarkable for their activity as hunters, and this no doubt is owing to the ease with which they can procure both game and fish.

In their pursuit of deer, they sometimes drive them into the small lakes, and then spear them from their canoes; or shoot them with the bow and arrow, after having driven them into enclosures constructed for the purpose. Snares made of deer sinews, too, are frequently used for catching both large and small game: and as these occupations are not beyond the strength of the old men and boys, they take a share

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in these toils, which among most of the tribes are left exclusively to the squaws.

In person, the Chippewas are not remarkable; they are generally robust, their complexions swarthy, their features broad, and their hair straight and black, which is the case in most of the Indian tribes. But they have not that piercing eye, which so generally animates the Indian countenance.

The aspect of the women is more agreeable than that of the men; they wear their hair of a great length, and pay much attention to its arrangement, greasing it with bear's oil, and plaiting it with considerable taste.

They appear to be more attentive to the comforts of dress, and less anxious about its exterior, than some of their red brethren. Deer and fawn skins, dressed with the hair on, so skilfully that they are perfectly supple, compose their shirt or coat, which is girt round the waist with a belt, and reaches half way down the thigh. Their moccasins and leggins are generally sewn toget er, and the latter meet the belt to which they are fastened. A ruff or tippet surrounds the neck, and the skin of the deer's head is formed into a curious sort of cap.

A robe made of several deer skins sewn together is thrown over the whole; this dress is sometimes worn single, but in winter it is always made double, the hair forming both the lining and the outside.

Thus attired, a Chippewa will lay himself down on the snow and repose in comfort; and if in his wanderings across the numerous lakes with which his

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country abounds, he should fall short of provision, he has only to cut a hole in the ice, when he seldom fails of taking a black-fish, or a bass, which he broils over his little wood fire with as much skill as a French cook.

At the time of the French and Indian wars, the American army was encamped on the Plains of Chippewa. Colonel St. Clair, the commander, was a brave

COLONEL, AFTERWARDS GENERAL ST. CLAIR.

and meritorious officer, but his bravery sometimes amounted to rashness, and his enemies have accused him of indiscretion. In the present instance perhaps he may have merited the accusation, for the plain on which he had encamped was bordered by a dense forest, from which the Indian scouts could easily pick off his sentinels without in the least exposing themselves to danger.

Five nights had passed, and every night the sentinel who stood at a lonely out-post in the vicinity of the forest had been shot; and these repeated disasters struck such dread among the remaining soldiers,

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that no one would come forward to offer to take the post, and the commander, knowing it was only throwing away men's lives, let it stand for a few nights unoccupied.

At length a rifleman of the Virginian corps volunteered his services for this dangerous duty; he laughed at the fears of his companions, and told them he meant to return safe and drink his commander's health in the morning. The guard marched up soon after, and he shouldered his rifle and fell in. He arrived at the place which had been so fatal to his comrades, and bidding his fellow soldiers "good night," assumed the duties of his post. The night was dark, thick clouds overspread the firmament, and hardly a star could be seen by the sentinel as he paced his lonely walk. All was silent except the gradually retreating footsteps of the guard: he marched onwards, then stopped and listened till he thought he heard the joyful sound of "All's well"—then all was still, and he sat down on a fallen tree and began to muse. Presently a low rustling among the bushes caught his ear; he gazed intently towards the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but he could see nothing save the impenetrable gloom of the forest. The sound drew nearer, and a well-known grunt informed him of the approach of a bear. The animal passed the soldier slowly, and then quietly sought the thicket to the left. At this moment the moon shone out bright through the parting clouds, and the wary soldier perceived the ornamented moccasin of a savage on what an instant before he believed to be a bear! He could

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The Rifleman of Chippewa.

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have shot him in a moment, but he knew not how many other such animals might be at hand; he therefore refrained, and having perfect knowledge of Indian subtilty, he quickly took off his hat and coat, hung them on a branch of the fallen tree, grasped his rifle, and silently crept towards the thicket. He had barely reached it, when an arrow, whizzing past his head, told him of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

He looked carefully round him, and on a little spot of cleared land he counted twelve Indians, some sitting, some lying full length on the thickly strewn leaves of the forest. Believing that they had already shot the sentinel, and little thinking there was any one within hearing, they were quite off their guard, and conversed aloud about their plans for the morrow.

It appeared that a council of twelve chiefs was now held, in which they gravely deliberated on the most effectual means of annoying the enemy. It was decided that the next evening forty of their warriors should be in readiness at the hour when the sentinel should be left by his comrades, and that when they had retired a few paces, an arrow should silence him for ever, and they would then rush on and massacre the guard.

This being concluded, they rose, and drawing the numerous folds of their ample robes closer round them, they marched off in Indian file* through the

* One behind the other, and every man in succession setting his foot *exactly* in the track of the leader, so that whether there are fifty men, or only one, cannot be discovered by their footsteps.

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gloomy forest, seeking some more distant spot, where the smoke of their nightly fire would not be observed by the white men.

The sentinel rose from his hiding-place and returned to his post, and taking down his hat, found that an arrow had passed clean through it. He then wrapt himself in his watch-coat, and returned immediately to the camp; and without any delay demanded to speak to the commander, saying that he had something important to communicate.

He was admitted, and when he had told all that he had seen and heard, the Colonel bestowed on him the commission of lieutenant of the Virginia corps, which had been made vacant by the death of one of his unfortunate comrades a few nights back, and ordered him to be ready with a picket guard, to march an hour earlier than usual to the fatal out-post, there to place a hat and coat on the branches, and then lie in ambush for the intruders.

The following evening, according to the orders given by Colonel St. Clair, a detachment of forty riflemen, with Lieutenant Morgan at their head, marched from the camp at half-past seven in the evening towards the appointed spot, and having arranged the hat and coat so as to have the appearance of a soldier standing on guard, they stole silently away and hid themselves among the bushes.

Here they lay for almost an hour before any signs of approaching Indians were heard. The night was cold and still, and the rising moon shone forth in all her beauty. The men were becoming impatient of

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GENERAL MORGAN.

their uncomfortable situation, for their clothes were not so well adapted to a bed of snow as the deer-skin robes of the hardy Chippewas.

"Silence!" whispered Lieutenant Morgan—"I hear the rustling of the leaves."

Presently a bear of the same description as had been seen the night before, passed near the ambush; it crept to the edge of the plain—reconnoitred—saw the sentinel at his post—retired towards the forest a few paces, and then, suddenly rising on his feet, let fly an arrow which brought the sham sentinel to the

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ground. So impatient were the Virginians to avenge the death of their comrades, that they could scarcely wait till the lieutenant gave the word of command to fire—then they rose in a body, and before the Chippewas had time to draw their arrows or seize their tomahawks, more than half their number lay dead upon the plain. The rest fled to the forest, but the riflemen fired again, and killed or wounded several more of the enemy. They then returned in triumph to relate their exploits in the camp.

Ten chiefs fell that night, and their fall was, undoubtedly, one principal cause of the French and Indian wars with the English.

Lieutenant Morgan rose to be a captain, and at the termination of the war returned home, and lived on his own farm till the breaking out of the American war. And then, at the head of a corps of Virginia riflemen, appeared our hero, the brave and gallant Colonel Morgan, better known by the title of General, which he soon acquired by his courage and ability.

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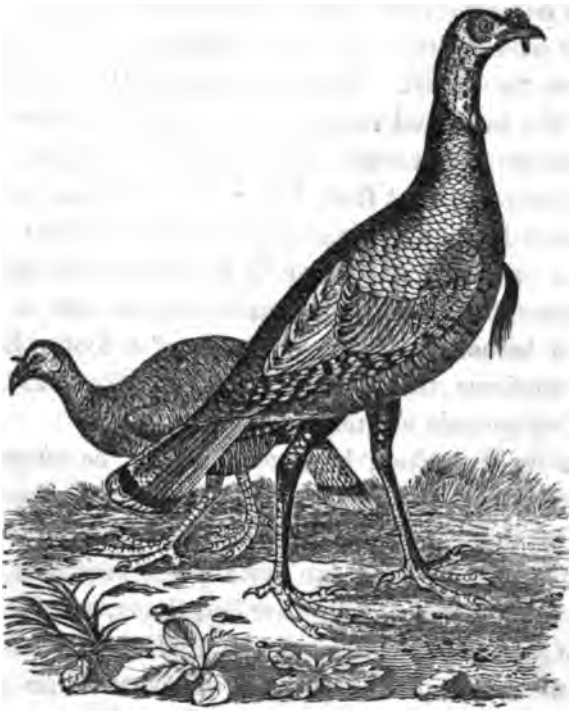

WILD TURKEY.

The Indian and the Wild Turkey.

THE male bird of the wild turkey, or gobbler, is a noble bird, and his plumage is resplendent with the brightest gold-tinged bronze, varying, as he changes position, to blue, violet, and green. Each feather is terminated with a deep black band, and has also a bronze or copper-coloured lustre. The feathers from the tail make excellent wings for "hare's ears," and "deep purple" artificial flies are quite as good

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as the mallard's coat, and infinitely better than those of the domestic bird used for the same purpose.

The wild turkey-cock has a long pendent tuft of hair on its breast. This, as well as the carnucles about the head and neck, comes to perfection and arrives at the greatest size and length in the third year. Audubon says, that from fifteen to eighteen pounds may be taken as a fair average of their weight; but that he once saw a gobbler in the Louisville market which weighed thirty-six pounds, and the tuft of hair on the breast measured upwards of a foot. Bonaparte confirms this account, and remarks that birds of thirty pounds are not rare.

The wild turkey, however he may be surprised when feeding in patches of maize or buckwheat in the clearance, is the most difficult bird possible to find in the woods, as they run with great swiftness, and are most watchful. They are bad flyers, and for that reason go up to the tops of the highest trees before they will attempt the passage of rivers of no great width; and even then the weakest birds are often sacrificed in the attempt. The lumberers on the Mississippi, Ohio, and other broad streams, are so well aware of their proceedings, that, when they hear the row, the strutting, the gobbling, and all the other devices practised by the oldest birds to instil courage into the funking part of the community, they take up a position in the neighbourhood, and, so soon as the turkeys make up their mind, and have screwed their courage up for a start, they contrive to bag great quantities which have fallen into

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the water. After mounting the highest trees they can find, they stretch out their necks once or twice, as if to take breath; and, at a given signal, all start together for the nearest point on the opposite side, descending constantly until they reach it.

In the love-making season, there is no end to the strutting and puffing of the male, for the purpose of winning the admiration of his mate; and his splendid tail is then spread in the form of a fan—a habit pursued on the same occasion both by the ruffed and pinnated species of grouse. After the season of incubation, the males cease to gobble, and are easily killed; but at this time they are of no value, being meagre and covered with vermin. In the breeding season, however, they are often decoyed within shot, by blowing through the large bone of the turkey's wing, cut off at one end, and which, if skilfully performed, produces exactly the plaintive sound of the female. When this practice is followed, the hunter proceeds cautiously and alone, and places himself under "a roost." As the light appears, he may find himself directly under a flock of turkeys; but, if not, he must wait until he hears the gobble. Then, says a Yankee writer, in "The Spirit of the Times,"* the first sound from the old gobblers the hunter answers by the plaintive note of the female, and the male bird is ready to search out a mistress with becoming gallantry. "Pup, pup," lisps the hunter; "Gobble, gobble," utters the proud bird; and here the interest of the hunt commences. Then is to be seen the

* The "Bell's Life" of the New World, published in New York.

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alluring on of the gobbler, his strutting and prancings, and a thousand gallant airs, for his lady-love. Anon his suspicions get the better of his love, and the coward is plainly visible in his suddenly contracted body and air of ready flight. The hunter warily plies his music, and the bird comes on, until the sure rifle finds the beautiful bird in its range. This, however, requires to be practised with skill, for the cautiousness of the wild turkey is wonderful, surpassing that of the deer or any other game whatever; and nothing but stratagem and the most intimate knowledge of its habits will command success.

"We once knew an Indian," says the above-quoted writer, "who gained a living by bringing game into a town in the West, who always boasted exceedingly if he could add a wild turkey to his common load of deer; and, as the demand for birds was greater than he could supply, he was taunted by the disappointed epicures of the village for want of skill in hunting. To this charge he would always reply with great indignation, saying that the quality of venison which he brought to market was sufficient proof of his being a good hunter. 'Look here,' he would angrily say; 'I see deer on the prairie; deer look up and say, May be Indian, may be stump, and deer eats on. Come little nearer, deer look up again and say, May be Indian, may be stump; and first thing deer knows he dead. I see wild turkey great way off; creep up very slowly; turkey look up and say first time he see me, Dat rascal Indian any how, and off he goes. No catch turkey; *he cunning too much.*'"

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The Indian and the Bear.

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The Indian and the Bear.

THE animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry—something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him in these words:—"Harkee, bear! you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage and died like a brave warrior. But you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct."

I was present at the delivery of this curious invective. When the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he said to it. "Oh," said he, in answer, "the bear understood me very well. Did not you observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?"

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Attack on Haverhill.

On the 29th of August, 1708, this unfortunate village, then consisting of about thirty houses, was attacked by a party of French and Indians. At break of day the inhabitants aroused themselves just in time to find that the enemy were upon them. A Mrs. Smith was the first victim. She was shot while fleeing from her house to a neighbouring garrison. The foremost party then attacked the house of the Rev. Benjamin Rolfe, which was then garrisoned by three soldiers. Leaping from the bed, he placed himself against the door, and called to the soldiers, who were in an opposite room, for assistance. This manly garrison, after closing the intervening door, answered by running through the rooms wringing their hands. The Indians then fired two balls through the door, one of which wounded Rolfe in the elbow. They then pressed against it with united strength; and, finding his efforts useless, he rushed precipitately through the house and out at the back door. He was pursued, overtaken, and tomahawked. The house was then plundered. Mrs. Rolfe was found and murdered; while the youngest child, torn from her dying grasp, was dashed against a stone. A female slave, named Hagar, leaped from her bed, carried two of the children, one six, the other eight years old, to the cellar, and covered them with tubs. She then hid herself behind a barrel. The Indians entered the cellar, plundered it of every thing valuable, passed

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Attack on Haverhill.

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and repassed the tubs, took meat from the barrel, and drank milk from the pans; yet the children and their faithful protectress escaped unnoticed. A girl named Anna Whittaker concealed herself in an apple-chest under the stairway, and escaped unharmed. The three soldiers, destitute of either the sagacity or courage of slaves and children, threw themselves in tears before the Indians, and were tomahawked.

A second party attacked the family of Thomas Hartshorne. The father, with two sons, attempted to escape, but were immediately shot dead. A third son was tomahawked at the door. The mother, with all her younger children, was now alone. With astonishing presence of mind, she left her infant in a bed in the garret, lest its cries might defeat her plans, and then hurried with her remaining family to the cellar. As usual, the Indians subjected each room to a rigid scrutiny, but failed to find the mother. Her infant they threw out of the garret window. When all was over, it was found on a pile of clap-boards, completely stunned by the fall. It lived, however, to become a man of uncommon strength and stature, a circumstance which gave rise to the joke that he had been *stunted* by the Indians.

Meanwhile, similar attacks were made in different parts of the village. Lieutenant John Johnson was shot while standing in the door with his wife. She fled through the house into the garden, carrying her infant with her, but was overtaken and murdered. Her last thoughts were those of a mother: in the agonies of death she could fall so as to cover her

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child with her body without hurting it; and, when the massacre was over, it was taken unharmed from her cold bosom. The wife of Captain Samuel Wainwright was more fortunate. A party killed her husband at the first fire. Some soldiers in the house were preparing to defend it, when Mrs. Wainwright fearlessly unbarred the door and invited the Indians in. The kindness displayed in her voice and manner, and the alacrity with which she waited upon them, completely paralyzed the Indians. Entering cautiously, they refrained from violence; but, after some time, asked for money. She retired to bring it, but did not return. We must admire the stratagem of a helpless woman, who could thus amuse the infuriated murderers of her husband, until the whole family had had time to escape. The money-beggars were not long in ascertaining how matters stood, and their rage and disappointment amounted to actual fury. Their efforts to force a way into the soldiers were, however, vain; and after attempting to fire the house, they were forced to retreat. Two of their number were afterwards killed in a field.

The wife of Mr. Swan also displayed a coolness and courage which does honour to her sex. When the Indians approached the house, the husband and wife placed themselves against the door, which was so narrow that two could scarcely enter abreast. The assailants, after their first rush had failed, changed their tactics—one placing his back against it while the other pushed him. The door began to give way, and Mr. Swan, who was no way remarkable for

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strength, and still less for heroism, intimated to his wife that "it would be better to let them in." She had no such idea. The door was now partially open, the front Indian crowding himself in, and the other pushing lustily after; but the woman, seizing her iron spit, which was nearly three feet long, drove it through the body of the foremost foe. At so unlooked-for a welcome, his speed suddenly slackened; he and his companion left hastily, and the family was saved.

Another Indian party set fire to the back part of the meeting-house, a new and an elegant building. But at this time a man, named Davis, went behind Rolfe's barn, which was near the church, struck it violently with a large club, called on men by name, gave the word of command, as though ordering an attack, and shouted with a loud voice, "Come on; we will have them." The party in Rolfe's house supposing the military had come, retired precipitately; and, about the same time, Major Turner arrived with a company of soldiers, when the whole body of Indians commenced a disorderly retreat. They did not retire unmolested. Captain Samuel Ayer, a fearless man, collected a small party and pursued. He was soon joined by a similar force under his son, and overtook the Indians as they were entering the woods. A battle ensued, in which the latter were defeated, and several of the prisoners were recovered.

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Mohaspeela.

Mr. Catlin gives the following narrative of a thrilling adventure, which took place while he was exhibiting a party of Iowa Indians at his exhibition rooms in London :—

The night of this memorable day I had announced as the last night of the Indians at the Egyptian Hall, arrangements having been effected for their exhibitions to be made a few days in Vauxhall Gardens

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before leaving London for some of the provincial towns. This announcement, of course, brought a dense crowd into the Hall, and in it, as usual, many of my old friends, to take their last gaze at the Indians.

The amusements were proceeding this evening as on former occasions, when a sudden excitement was raised in the following manner. In the midst of one of their noisy dances, the war-chief threw himself, with a violent jump and a yell of the shrill war-whoop, to the corner of the platform, where he landed on his feet in a half-crouching position, with his eyes and one of his forefingers fixed upon something that attracted his whole attention in a distant part of the crowd. The dance stopped—the eyes of all the Indians, and of course those of most of the crowd, were attracted to the same point; the eyes of the old war-chief were standing open, and in a full blaze upon the object before him, which nobody could well imagine, from his expression, to be any thing less exciting than a huge panther, or a grisly bear, in the act of springing upon him. After staring a while, and then shifting his weight upon the other leg, and taking a moment to wink, for the relief of his eyes, he resumed the intensity of his gaze upon the object before him in the crowd, and was indulging during a minute or two in a dead silence, for the events of twenty or thirty years to run through his mind, when he slowly straightened up to a more confident position, with his eyes relaxed, but still fixed upon their object, when, in an emphatic and ejaculatory tone,

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he pronounced the bewildering word of Bobasheela! and repeated it, Bobasheela? "Yes, I'm Bobasheela, my good old fellow! I knew your voice as soon as you spoke, though you don't understand English yet." Chee-au-mung-ta-wangish-kee, Bobasheela. "My friends, will you allow me to move along towards that good old fellow?—he knows me." At which the old chief (not of a *hundred*, but) of *many* battles, gave a yell and a leap from the platform, and took his faithful friend Bobasheela in his arms, and, after a lapse of thirty years, had the pleasure of warming his cheek against that of one of his oldest and dearest friends—one whose heart, we have since found, had been tried and trusted, and as often requited, in the midst of the dense and distant wildernesses of the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri. While this extraordinary interview was proceeding, all ideas of the dance were for the time lost sight of, and, while these veterans were rapidly and mutually reciting the evidences of their bygone days of attachment, there came a simultaneous demand from all parts of the room for an interpretation of their conversation, which I gave as far as I could understand it, and as far as it had then proceeded, thus:—The old Sachem, in leading off his favourite war-dance, suddenly fixed his eye upon a face in the crowd, which he instantly recognised, and, gazing upon it a moment, decided that it was the well-known face of an old friend, with whom he had spent many happy days of his early life on the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers in America. The old chief, by appealing to this gentleman's familiar

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Indian cognomen of Bobasheela, brought out an instant proof of the correctness of his recognition; and, as he held him by both hands to make proof doubly strong, he made much merriment among the party of Indians, by asking him if he ever "floated down any part of the great Mississippi river in the night, astride of two huge logs of wood, with his legs hanging in the water?" To which Bobasheela instantly replied in the affirmative. After which, and several *medicine* phrases and masonic grips and signs had passed between them, the dance was resumed, and the rest of the story, as well as other anecdotes of the lives of these extraordinary personages, postponed to the proper time and place, when and where the reader will be sure to hear them.

The exhibition for the evening being over, Bobasheela was taken home with the Indians to their lodgings to smoke a pipe with them; and, having had the curiosity to be of the party, I was enabled to gather the following further information: This Bobasheela, (Mr. J. H., a native of Cornwall,) who is now spending the latter part of a very independent bachelor's life among his friends in London, left his native country as long ago as the year 1805, and, making his way, like many other bold adventurers, across the Alleghany mountains in America, descended into the great and almost boundless valley of the Mississippi, in hopes, by his indefatigable industry and daring enterprise, to share in the products that must find their way from that fertile wilderness valley to the civilized world.

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In this arduous and most perilous pursuit, he repeatedly ascended and descended in his bark canoe—his pirogue or his Mackinaw boat—the Ohio, the Muskingum, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Arkansas, the Missouri, and Mississippi rivers; and, among the thousand and one droll and amusing incidents of thirty years spent in such a sort of life, was the anecdote which the war-chief alluded to, in the unexpected meeting with his old friend in my exhibition-room, and which the two parties more fully related to me in this evening's interview. The good-natured Mr. H. told me that the tale was a true one, and the awkward predicament spoken of by the war-chief was one that he was actually placed in when his acquaintance first began with his good friend.

Though the exhibition had kept us to a late hour, the greetings and pleasing reminiscences to be gone over by these two reclaimed friends, and, as they called themselves, "brothers" of the "Far West,' over repeatedly charged pipes of k'nick k'neck, were pleasing, and held us to a most unreasonable hour at night. When the chief, among his rapid interrogations to Bobasheela, asked him if he had preserved his *she-she-quoin*, he gave instant relief to the mind of his friend, from which the lapse of time and changes of society had erased the recollection of the chief's familiar name, She-she-quoi-me-gon, by which his friend had christened him, from the circumstance of his having presented him a *she-she-quoin*, (or mystery rattle,) the customary badge bestowed when any

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one is initiated into the degree of "doctor" or "brother."

From the forms and ceremonies which my good friend Bobasheela had gone through, it seems (as his name indicates) that he stood in the relationship of brother to the chief; and, although the chief's interrogations had produced him pleasure in one respect, one can easily imagine him much pained in another, inasmuch as he was obliged to acknowledge that his sacred badge, his *she-she-quoin*, had been lost many years since, by the sinking of one of his boats on the Cumberland river. For his standing in the tribe, such an event might have been of an irretrievable character; but for the renewed and continued good fellowship of his friend in this country, the accident proved to be one of little moment, as will be learned from various incidents recited in the following pages.

In the first evening's interview over the pipe, my friend Mr. H., to the great amusement of the party of Indians, and of Daniel and the squaws, who had gathered around us, as well as several of my London friends, related the story of "floating down the Mississippi river on two logs of wood," &c., as follows:

"This good old fellow and I formed our first acquaintance in a very curious way, and, when you hear me relate the manner of it, I am quite sure you will know how to account for his recognising me this evening, and for the pleasure we have both felt at thus unexpectedly meeting. In the year 1806, I happened to be on a visit to St. Louis, and thence proceeded up the Missouri to the mouth of the

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'Femme Osage' to pay a visit to my old friend Daniel Boone, who had a short time before left his farm in Kentucky and settled on the banks of the Missouri, in the heart of an entire wilderness, to avoid the constant annoyance of the neighbours who had flocked into the country around him in Kentucky. The place for his future abode, which he had selected, was in a rich and fertile country, and forty or fifty miles from any white inhabitants, where he was determined to spend the remainder of his days, believing that, for the rest of his life, he would be no more annoyed by the familiarity of neighbours. I spent several weeks very pleasantly with the old pioneer, who had intentionally built his log-cabin so small, with only one room and one bed for himself and his wife, that even his best friends should not break upon the sacred retirement of his house at night; but, having shared his hospitable board during the day, were referred to the cabin of his son, Nathan Boone, about four hundred yards distant, where an extra room and an extra bed afforded them the means of passing the night.

"The old hunter and his son were thus living very happily, and made me comfortable and happy while I was with them. The anecdotes of his extraordinary life, which were talked over for amusement during that time, were enough to fill a volume. The venerable old man, whose long and flowing locks were silvery white, was then in his 78th year, and still he almost daily took down his trusty rifle from its hooks in the morning, and in a little time would bring in a

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saddle of venison for our breakfast, and thus he chiefly supported his affectionate old lady and himself, and the few friends who found their way to his solitary abode, without concern or care for the future. The stump of a large cotton wood tree, which had been cut down, was left standing in the ground, and being cut square off on the top, and his cabin being built around it, answered the purpose of a table in the centre of his cabin, from which our meals were eaten. When I made my visit to him, he had been living several years in this retired state, and been perfectly happy in the undisturbed solitude of the wilderness, but told me several times that he was becoming very uneasy and distressed, as he found that his days of peace were nearly over, as two Yankee families had already found the way into the country, and one of them had actually settled within nine miles of him.

"Having finished my visit to this veteran and his son, I mounted my horse, and, taking leave, followed an Indian trail to the town of St. Charles, some thirty or forty miles below, on the north banks of the Missouri. I here visited some old friends with whom I had become acquainted on the lower Mississippi in former years, and intending to descend the river from that to St. Louis by a boat, had sold my horse when I arrived there. Before I was ready to embark, however, an old friend of mine, Lieutenant Pike, who had just returned from his exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, had passed up from St. Louis to a small settlement formed on the east bank of the

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Mississippi, and a few miles below the mouth of the Missouri, to attend a wedding which was to take place on the very evening that I had received the information of it, and, like himself, being intimately acquainted with the young man who was to be married, I resolved to be present if possible, though I had had no invitation to attend, it not being known to the parties that I was in that part of the country. The spot where the wedding was to take place being on the bank of the river, and on my route to St. Louis, I endeavoured to procure a canoe for the purpose; but, not being able to get such a thing in St. Charles at that time for love or money, and still resolved to be at the wedding, I succeeded in rolling a couple of large logs into the stream, which lay upon the shore in front of the village, and, lashing them firmly together, took a paddle from the first boat that I could meet, and, seating myself astride of the two logs, I pushed off into the muddy current of the Missouri, and was soon swept away out of sight of the town of St. Charles. My embarkation was a little before sundown, and, having fifteen or twenty miles to float before I should be upon the waters of the Mississippi, I was in the midst of my journey overtaken by night, and had to navigate my floating logs as well as I could among the snags and sandbars that fell in my way. I was lucky, however, in escaping them all, though I sometimes grazed them as I passed, and within a few inches of being hurled to destruction. I at length entered the broad waters of the Mississippi, and a few miles below, on the left

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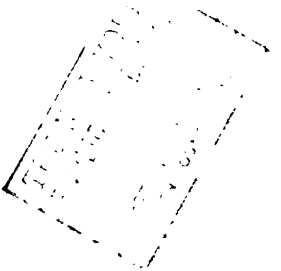

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Bobasheela's Adventure on the Mississippi.

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bank, saw the light in the cabins in which the merry circle of my friends were assembled, and with all my might was plying my paddle to propel my two logs to the shore. In the midst of my hard struggle, I discovered several objects on my right and ahead of me, which seemed to be rapidly approaching me, and I concluded that I was drifting on to rocks or snags that were in a moment to destroy me. But in an instant one of these supposed snags silently shot along by the side of my logs, and, being a canoe with four Indians in it, and all with their bows and war-clubs drawn upon me, they gave the signal for silence, as one of them, a tall, long-armed, and powerful man, seized me by the collar. Having partially learned several of the languages of the Indian tribes bordering on the Mississippi, I understood him as he said in the Iowa language, 'Not a word! if you speak you die!' At that moment, a dozen or more canoes were all drawn close around my two logs of wood, astride of which I sat, with my legs in the water up to my knees. These canoes were all filled with warriors with their weapons in their hands, and, no women being with them, I saw they were a war-party, and preparing for some mischief. Finding that I understood their language and could speak a few words with them, the warrior who still held me by the collar made a sign to the other canoes to fall back a little while he addressed me in a low voice. 'Do you know the white chief who is visiting his friends this night on the bank yonder where we see the lights?' To which I replied, 'Yes, he is an old

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friend of mine.' 'Well,' said he, 'he dies to-night, and all those wigwams are to be laid in ashes. Stet-e-no-ka was a cousin of mine, and Que-tun-ka was a good man and a friend to the white people. The pale faces hung them like two dogs by their necks, and the life of your friend, the white warrior, pays the forfeit this night, and many may be the women and children who will die by his side!' I explained to him as well as I could that my friend, Lieutenant Pike, had had no hand in the execution of the two Indians; that they were hung below St. Louis when Lieutenant Pike was on his way home from the Rocky Mountains. I told him also that Lieutenant Pike was a great friend of the Indians, and would do any thing to aid or please them; that he had gone over the river that night to attend the wedding of a friend, and little dreamed that among the Indians he had any enemies who would raise their hands against him.

"'My friend,' said he, 'you have said enough; if you tell me that your friend, or the friend or the enemy of any man, takes the hand of a fair daughter on that ground to-night, an Iowa chief will not offend the Great Spirit by raising the war-cry there. No Iowa can spill the blood of an enemy on the ground where the hands and the hearts of man and woman are joined together. This is the command of the Great Spirit, and an Iowa warrior cannot break it. My friend, these warriors you see around me with myself had sworn to kill the first human being we met on our war-excursion. We shall not harm you;

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so you see that I give you your life. You will, therefore, keep your lips shut, and we will return in peace to our village, which is far up the river, and we shall hereafter meet our friends, the white people, in the great city,* as we have heretofore done, and we have many friends there. We shall do no harm to any one. My face is now blackened, and the night is dark, therefore you cannot know me; but this arrow you will keep—it matches with all the others in my quiver, and by it you can always recognise me; but the meeting of this night is not to be known.' He gave me the arrow, and with these words turned his canoe, and, joining his companions, was in a moment out of sight. My arrow being passed under my hat-band, and finding that the current had by this time drifted me down a mile or two below the place where I designed to land, and beyond the power of reaching it with my two awkward logs of wood, I steered my course onward toward St. Louis, rapidly gliding over the surface of the broad river, and arrived safely at the shore in front of the town at a late hour in the night, having drifted a distance of more than thirty-five miles. My two logs were an ample price for a night's lodging and breakfast and dinner the next day; and I continued my voyage in a Mackinaw boat on the same day to Vide Pouche, a small French town about twenty miles below, where my business required my presence. The wedding party proceeded undisturbed, and the danger they had been in was never made known to them, as I promised the war-

* St. Louis.

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chief, who gave me, as the condition of my silence, the solemn promise that he would never carry his feelings of revenge upon innocent persons any farther.

"Thus ends the story of 'floating down the Mississippi river on the two logs of wood,' which the war-chief alluded to in the question he put to me this evening. On a subsequent occasion, some two or three years afterwards, while sitting in the office of Governor Clark, the superintendent of Indian affairs in St. Louis, where he was holding 'a talk' with a party of Indians, a fine-looking fellow, of six feet or more in stature, fixed his eyes intently upon me, and, after scanning me closely for a few moments, advanced, and, seating himself on the floor by the side of me, pronounced the word 'Bobasheela,' and asked me if ever I had received an arrow from the quiver of an Indian warrior. The mutual recognition took place by my acknowledging the fact, and a shake of the hand, and an amusing conversation about the circumstances, and still the facts and the amusement all kept to ourselves. This step led to the future familiarities of our lives in the various places where the nature of my business led me into his society, and gained for me the regular adoption as Bobasheela (or brother) and the badge (the *she-she-quoin*, or mystery rattle) alluded to in the previous remarks, and which, it has been already stated, was lost by the sinking of one of my boats on the Cumberland river."

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Remarkable Escape from the Indians.

In the autumn of 1695 a party of Indians attacked the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and succeeded in capturing two youths; Isaac Bradley, aged fifteen years, and Joseph Whitaker, aged eleven. Without attempting further violence, the Indians quickly retreated, passed through the adjoining forests, and reached their tribes on the shores of Lake Winnepiseogee. The prisoners were treated with kindness, and became members of a family in which were two or three Indian children. They soon learned the Indian language; a circumstance which so pleased the tribe, that it was resolved to carry them to Canada in the ensuing spring. To the elder boy, who was of an active and enterprising disposition, this resolution was full of terror. Already a deep and unbroken wilderness, pathless mountains, and swollen rivers, lay between him and home; and should he and his companion be carried still further north, there was but little likelihood of their ever again reaching home. Isaac determined to attempt an escape, before the return of spring. Night and day, while apparently asleep, or while apparently cheerful in obeying the commands of his master, he adopted and rejected various plans, which might effect the wished-for purpose. Anxiety of mind brought on a raging fever, from which he narrowly escaped with life. The gloomy winter of a New England forest came on; month after month slowly glided away; the spring

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returned, and still the two boys were prisoners. But the nearness of the dreaded calamity quickened the ingenuity of the captive youth; he matured his plan and appointed a night in April for its execution.

The attempt was made at midnight. Isaac lay awake until his Indian companions were sunk in sleep, and every thing was hushed around. He then arose and glanced timidly around. A thick darkness had settled on the face of nature, scattered only when the moon broke through the passing clouds. This attempt was a desperate one, and he felt it so; but his spirit had been trained among those of the early settlers of Plymouth and Massachusetts. Stepping softly among his tawny bed-fellows, he secured his master's guns, moosemeat, and bread, which he carried to a neighbouring thicket of bushes. He then attempted to awake his companion, but with a success which convinced him that to persevere in the attempt would ruin his purpose. He therefore left the wigwam and hurried to the place where were concealed the arms and provisions, but before he was able to reach it, he was alarmed by the noise of footsteps, and perceived that he was followed. It was by his fellow captive. They speedily secured their booty, and then, without chart or compass, struck into the woods in a southerly direction, aiming for the settlement of Haverhill. After running all night, they stopped at daylight near a hollow log, into which they both crept.

Here, in the course of the morning, they were tracked by their master's dogs. Behind them the In-

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dians were in full pursuit. In this extremity the boys spoke kindly to the animals, which, knowing their voices, ceased to bark. They then threw to them some moosemeat, which the animals devoured greedily.

The pursuers now arrived, but passed without noticing the dogs; and at night Isaac and his companion left the log, and hurried away in another direction. After consuming their small stock of bread, they gathered roots and buds. Next day they again concealed themselves; but they travelled the third day and night without resting. In this manner they journeyed five days, living partly on roots and partly upon a pigeon and a turtle, which they were obliged to eat raw. On the sixth day, they struck into an Indian path, and followed it till night, when they suddenly came within sight of an encampment, within which a number of their enemies were seated round a fire. They precipitately retraced their steps, until, at the appearance of morning, they reached a small stream, by which they sat down. They were now in a pathless and seemingly interminable forest, surrounded by savages, hungry, destitute, and lacerated with thorns and rocks. It is no wonder that, under such circumstances, these unhappy boys felt their hearts sink within them, as they leaned one upon the other, and mingled their tears with the ripples of the careless stream.

Still the elder boy did not despair. Knowing that the stream must eventually lead to a large body of water, he encouraged his companion, and after refreshing themselves, both again pushed forward, following

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the course of the rivulet. On the eighth morning Joseph lay down in despair. His limbs were mangled, his body was emaciated. Isaac begged him to proceed; he dug roots for him to eat, and brought water to quench his thirst. He represented the certainty of death, should he remain there. It was vain; and leaving his companion to his fate, he, with weary steps and a bleeding heart, pursued his lonely journey. Suddenly he came in sight of a small building. Inspired by hope, he hurried to his companion, urged him to another trial, and rubbed his stiffened limbs until they could once more sustain their accustomed weight. They started together, Isaac sometimes leading, sometimes carrying his companion; until, after toiling all day, they reached Saco Fort.

This is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary escapes from Indians that we have on record. During nine days, two youths, one scarcely emerged from childhood, had travelled through an immense forest, subsisting on a little bread, on buds and berries, and on a raw turtle and a pigeon, without seeing the face of a friend or warming themselves near a fire. When they arrived at Fort Saco, they were lacerated by thorns, exhausted by sickness, and emaciated to skeletons. When Isaac regained his strength, he started for Haverhill, and arrived safely at his father's dwelling. Joseph had more to suffer. For a long time he lay at Saco, suffering under a raging fever. His father, when Isaac returned, went to the fort, and as soon as possible brought home his long lost son.

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Massacre at Mimms's Fort.

THE following account of the destruction of Mimms's Fort and the adjoining defences, by the Southern Indians, previous to their removal to the west, is extracted from the journals of the year 1813:

A few days before the attack, some negroes of Mr. McGirt's, who lived in that part of the Creek country inhabited by half-breeds, had been sent up the Alabama to his plantation for corn. Three of them were taken by a party of Indians. One escaped, and brought down news of the approach of the Indians. The officer gave but little credit to him, but they made some further preparation to receive the enemy. On the next day, Mr. James Cornels, a half-breed, and some white men, who had been out on the late battle ground, and discovered the trail of a considerable body of Indians going towards Mr. McGirt's, came to the fort and informed the commanding officer of their discovery. Though their report did not appear to receive full credit, it occasioned greater exertions, and on Saturday and Sunday considerable work was done to put the fort in a state of defence. Sunday morning, three negroes were sent out to attend the cattle, who soon returned with an account that they had seen twenty Indians. Scouts were sent out to ascertain the truth of the report. They returned and declared that they could see no signs of Indians. One of the negroes belonging to Mr. Random was whipped for bringing what they deemed a false report. He was

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sent out again on Monday, and saw a body of Indians approaching, but, afraid of being whipped, he did not return to Mimms's, but to Pierce's fort; but before his story could be communicated, the attack was made. The commanding officer called upon Mr. Fletcher, who owned another of the negroes, to whip him also. He believed the boy, and resisted two or three applications; but at length they had him actually brought out for the purpose, when the Indians appeared in view of the fort. The gate was open. The Indians had to come through an open field a hundred and fifty yards wide before they could reach the fort, and yet they were within thirty steps of the fort at eleven o'clock in the morning, before they were noticed. The sentry then gave the cry of "Indians!" and they immediately set up a most terrible war-whoop, and rushed into the gate with inconceivable rapidity, and got within it before the people of the fort had any opportunity of shutting it. This decided their fate. Major Beasly was shot through the belly, near the gate. He called to the men to take care of the ammunition and to retreat to the house. He went himself to a kitchen, where it is supposed he must have been burnt

The fort was originally square. Major Beasly had it enlarged, by extending the lines of two sides about fifty feet and putting up a new side, into which the gate was removed. The old line of pickets stood, and the Indians, upon rushing into the gate, obtained possession of this additional part, and through the port-holes of the old line of pickets fired on the people who held the interior. On the opposite side of the

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Massacre at Mimms's Fort.

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fort, an offset or bastion was made round the back gate, which, being open on the outside, was also taken possession of by the Indians, who, with the axes which lay scattered about, immediately began to cut down the gate. There was a large body of Indians, though they did not probably exceed four hundred. Our people seemed to sustain the attack with undaunted spirit. They took possession of the port-holes in the other lines of the fort, and fired on the Indians who remained in the field. Some of the Indians got on the block-house at one of the corners, but after firing a good deal down upon the people, they were dislodged; they succeeded, however, in setting fire to a house near the pickets, from which it was communicated to the kitchen, and from thence to the main dwelling-house. They attempted to do it with burning arrows, but failed. When the people of the fort saw that the Indians retained full possession of the outer court, that the gate continued open, that their men fell very fast, and that their houses were in flames, they began to despond. Some determined to cut their way through the pickets and escape.

Of the number of white men and half-breeds in the fort, it is supposed that not more than twenty-five or thirty escaped, and of these many were wounded: the rest, and almost all the women and children, fell a sacrifice either to the arms of the Indians or the flames. The battle terminated about an hour or an hour and a half before sunset.

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American Forces attacked by Camanches.

The Mexican war afforded the Camanche Indians favourable opportunities to capture or destroy portions of the American trains, that followed in the rear of our different armies. Sometimes small parties of volunteers or adventurers encountered some of the Camanche bands, and, though generally successful, not unfrequently met with considerable loss. The famous "guerilla warfare," so dreaded in the civil contentions of Mexico, was in part sustained by half-civilized, half-savage Camanches, who, armed with lasso, gun, and tomahawk, and accompanied by white men, half-savage, half-civilized like themselves, spread terror and desolation wherever they came. It was reserved for the American volunteer to dissolve the halo of fear which had so long hung over the name of Camanche, and to prove to the world that he was not invincible.

At daylight of July 26th, 1847, a party of Americans on the Arkansas river, three hundred miles from Fort Leavenworth, was attacked by the Camanches. The party were escorting a large government train. The dragoons, being mounted, made a vigorous charge, the infantry, with a few horsemen, remaining to guard the camp. A desperate struggle ensued, in which three hundred Camanches exerted every effort of savage strength and ingenuity to surround a little band of opponents, whom they outnumbered six to one. Five of the Americans were killed, three

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severely wounded, two slightly, and one hundred and thirty-five yoke of cattle driven off or butchered. The loss of the Indians was not ascertained, as they carried off their dead and wounded. In one week, this band of Camanches, assisted by rancheros and guerillas from northern Mexico, destroyed United States property to the amount of ten thousand dollars.

Death of Captain Smith, a Santa Fe Trader.

The trading parties between Independence and Santa Fé are frequently attacked by Indians, more, it would seem, from a thirst for plunder than from cruelty or revenge. Some instances of the latter kind are, however, on record; and one of these, the murder of the trader Captain Smith, was long remembered by the border men as an inducement to revenge. Smith had long been known as a Rocky mountain hunter, and his feats of daring in the great western wilderness formed subjects for admiration and astonishment to many a forlorn "trapping" party, as it pursued its way over the prairies. In 1831, he joined a company under Captain Sublette, destined for Santa Fé. Each man of this company appears to have been profoundly ignorant of the route, and of the hardships to be encountered in a long journey through the deserts of New Mexico. After many days travelling, they seem to have lost their road; their water was exhausted, and around them was an arid waste,

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destitute of both stream and vegetation. In this dreadful condition, Smith left the party and followed a buffalo track, with the hope of thereby arriving at some brook or pond. For many miles he fearlessly pursued his way, until what he imagined to be a small stream broke upon his sight. He hurried forward as fast as his weakened condition would admit, but on reaching the bank, he found nothing but a dry, sandy bed, whose reflections glared intolerably upon his bewildered vision. Unable to bear his raging thirst any longer, he threw himself into the channel and scooped up the sand with his hands. As he dug deeper, it seemed to get moist, and at the distance of more than a foot below the surface, water began to ooze gradually through the sand. He sunk his face into it, and sucked the grateful liquid from the ground. He had escaped one mode of death only to die by another. A party of Camanches had followed his track, and, seizing the moment when he was thus unguarded, they discharged a flight of arrows upon him and rushed to closer conflict. Smith fought desperately, killing two or three of his enemies; but was at length overpowered and killed.

Adventure with a Party of Yutas.

The Eutaw or Yuta Indians inhabit the northwestern part of New Mexico and California. They are renowned for bravery and for their custom of migrating in large parties, especially during the spring

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and fall. They are almost constantly at war with some of the neighbouring tribes, and, when unsuccessful, will often gratify their vindictive feelings upon parties of the whites. A case of this nature occurred in 1837. A considerable number of the Yutas encountered half a dozen Shawnees, near the head waters of the Arkansas. The Shawnees had come upon a friendly visit; but the Yutas soon contrived to quarrel with them, and finally made a charge. The Shawnees boldly gathered around their goods, discharged their arrows upon the enemy, and succeeded in effecting their escape without loss. Several of the aggressors were killed.

Immediately after this affair, a party of about thirty-five traders, under Mr. Josiah Gregg, arrived near the battle-ground. On halting, in order to pass the night, they were surprised at seeing a large number of Indians enter their camp and move freely with themselves to every position. They were the defeated Yutas, who, incensed at their late discomfiture, were now prepared to perform any outrage upon friend or foe. Suddenly a young chief sprang upon a horse belonging to one of the traders, and galloped off at full speed. Gregg's force was too small to engage the Indians, but he resolved to present a bold front, and accordingly demanded, in peremptory language, the restoration of the horse. Its effect disappointed him. The Indians laughed at the message, and, gathering in small groups, frowned contemptuously upon their opponents. Gregg then declared his determination to obtain redress by force. The In-

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dians immediately grasped their arms, uttered the war-whoop, and sprang upon their horses. Their valour was accompanied with due caution. The women and children were removed to an adjoining precipice, and the warriors collected in order of battle. By this time they had observed that a part of the trading force were Mexicans; and with true Indian cunning they prepared to take advantage of it. A young warrior left his ranks and riding up to within a short distance, exhorted his "Mexican friends" to desert the Americans. This was accompanied with the assurance that they should be well treated, while to the Americans no quarter was to be shown. The Mexicans treated the invitation with scorn, and both parties now prepared for a struggle. During the preliminary season of suspense, an aged squaw unexpectedly rode up, and addressing the chiefs exhorted them to remember the ties of friendship existing between the Yutas and the Americans, and to reject the council of a few impetuous youths, who were clamorous for war. This strange mediation was favourably received; both parties relaxed their military bearing; the stolen horse was restored, and the adventure terminated by a social smoke between the traders and their strangely acquired friends.

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Hunting Buffaloes by Stratagem.

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Hunting the Buffalo by Stratagem.

THE western territories, especially the portions near the Rocky Mountains, abound in wolves, of which the most numerous and formidable is a white species, which attains a great size, and is considered a good match for the largest dog. These animals prowl about in flocks of fifty or sixty, attacking any solitary animal that may fall within their reach. The buffalo is their favourite prey; and they always follow in the hunter's track to glean what he leaves, or to kill some unfortunate bull, which may chance to secrete himself from man. But, when the buffaloes are herded together, they have little fear of the wolf, and will permit him to approach very near them. Of this sense of security the Indian hunter frequently takes advantage. Covering himself with a white wolf's skin, he creeps across the prairie, and discharges his arrows among the unsuspecting herd with fatal effect. Of course, the fattest and most tender are selected on these occasions; and sometimes a warrior will destroy as great a number in this manner as when engaged with the whole tribe in the chase. The method may remind the reader of the manner in which the negroes of southern and western Africa hunt and destroy the ostrich.

Another equally effective method of hunting the buffalo is, by driving him into snow banks in the winter season. In these regions, the snow is often three or four feet deep, being blown from the tops and

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sides of hills. At such times, the buffaloes assemble on the hill tops; but, on being attacked, they rush down and endeavour to pass through the snow, but sink in it to their flanks. Here they fall an easy prey to the hunter, who, on his snow shoes, glides with ease and celerity over the glazed crust of snow. The buffalo's skin is in winter much esteemed on account of its long fur; but, with improvident thoughtlessness, the carcass is left to be eaten by the wolves.

Wonderful Escape of Tom Higgins.

Among a party of young men who formed themselves into a little corps called Rangers, expressly for the protection of the western frontier, was one named Tom Higgins. He was a native of Kentucky, and a capital specimen of the genuine backwoodsman. In the month of August, he was one of a party of twelve men who were posted at a small stockade between Greenville and Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence, and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. On the 30th of the month, Indians were observed in the neighbourhood, and at night they were discovered prowling around the fort, but no alarm was given.

Early on the following morning, the lieutenant moved out with his little party mounted on horseback to reconnoitre the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn-field adjoining the fort, they struck

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across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel thicket, in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly around them to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was the lieutenant; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was a sultry morning, the day was just dawning, a heavy dew had fallen during the night, the air was still and damp, and the smoke from the guns hung in a cloud over the spot. Under cover of this cloud, Higgins's companions had escaped, supposing all who were left to be dead. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell on its knees, but rose again. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, but, finding that the wound had not disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle, for he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat. Yet, before he did this, he wished, as he said, "to have one pull at the enemy."

For this purpose he looked round for a tree, from behind which he might fire in safety. There was but one, and that was a small elm; but, before he could reach it, the cloud of smoke, partially rising, disclosed to his view a number of Indians, none of whom, however, discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces of him, loading his gun; at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, fired, and the Indian fell. Still concealed by the smoke, Higgins reloaded

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his gun, mounted his horse, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with,

"Tom, you won't leave me?"

On looking round, he discovered one of his comrades, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he instantly replied, "No, I'll not leave you, come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and, taking his companion in his arms, proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly for his life, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse, taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins with his wounded friend on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and, setting Burgess gently down, he told him, "Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians to keep them off," instructing him, at the same time, to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed.

History does not record a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Tom Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded companion; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

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The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him; and, as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and hazel thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring, unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable, that, if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might have easily effected his escape. But Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins foresaw, that, if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He, therefore, resolved to deviate from his course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved warily along through the smoke and bushes, hoping, when he emerged, to retreat at full speed. But, just as he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near him, and two more on the other side, in the direction of the fort.

Confident in his own courage and activity, Tom felt undismayed; but, like a good general, he determined to separate the foe and fight them singly. Making for a ravine not far off, he bounded away; but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which until now he had hardly noticed.

The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned to fire; but the Indian would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim, and Tom knew that he could not afford to

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fire at random. The other two were closing on him, and he found that, unless he could dispose of the first, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, and resolved to receive a fire. The Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and, just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly turned his side towards him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which otherwise would have pierced his body.

Tom fell, but rose again and ran; the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then, with the two others, pursued. Higgins had again fallen, and, as he rose, they all three fired, *and he received all their balls!*

He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their rifles, advanced on him with spears and knives. They repeatedly charged upon him; but, upon his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back, till at last the largest of them, thinking, probably, from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, attacked him boldly, when Higgins, taking a steady aim, shot him dead. With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, with two Indians before him and a whole tribe a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion! He had slain the most dangerous of his foes, and he felt but little fear of the others. He, therefore, faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop and rushed on him.

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"They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded," said he; "but when they knew it was empty, they were better soldiers."

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately for Tom, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, which had been hastily prepared for the occasion, and which bent whenever the points struck a rib, or encountered one of his tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hands in warding off their thrusts, the wounds they made were not deep. His whole front, however, was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in proof of his valour.

One of them now drew his tomahawk. The edge sunk deep into Higgins's cheek—passed through his ear—laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The two Indians rushed on; but Tom, instantly recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands. At length he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian endeavoured to pull it from him, helped him to rise. Now, holding his rifle like a club, he rushed on the nearest of his foes and dashed his brains out, in doing which he broke the stock to pieces, and retained only the barrel in his hand.

The remaining Indian, though wounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but though our hero's strength was rapidly failing, his courage was not exhausted, and the savage began to retreat towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom in the

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meanwhile searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus both, though bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the combat.

By this time the smoke, which hung between the combatants and the main body of Indians, had passed away, and a number of the latter having crossed the hazel thicket were in full view. It seemed, therefore, that nothing could save our valiant ranger; but relief was at hand.

The little garrison at the fort had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. They were only six in number, and among them was one heroic woman—a Mrs. Pursley. When she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, she urged the men to go to his rescue; but the rangers objected, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. Mrs. Pursley declared that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, and, snatching a rifle out of her husband's hand, she jumped on a horse and sallied out; while the men, ashamed to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop towards the place of combat.

A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were advancing toward him with savage yells; his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted from loss of blood, had fallen and fainted; his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any thing else, was looking for his rifle.

The rangers reached the battle-ground first. Mrs. Pursley rode up to Tom and offered him her gun; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him

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up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their escape, and the Indians retired to the woods.

After being carried into the fort, Tom remained insensible for some days. His life was preserved only by extreme and continued care. His friends extracted all the balls except two, which remained in his thigh. One of these gave him great pain at times for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a skilful physician had settled within a day's ride of him, and Tom determined to go and see if he could help him.

The physician willingly undertook to extract the bullet; but on condition that he should receive the exorbitant sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. When he reached home, he found that the exercise of riding had so much chafed the part that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could now be plainly felt.

He requested his wife to hand him a razor. With her assistance, he deliberately laid open his thigh until the edge of the razor touched the bullet. Then inserting both his thumbs into the cut, he "*flirted it out*," as he said, "*without costing a cent.*"

The other ball remains in his limb yet; but gives him no trouble except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the *best kind of a man* to handle him.

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March of the Sioux.

THE Crow and Sioux Indians, like most tribes who subsist by hunting, are obliged to move frequently from place to place; and the manner in which they perform one of the migrations is both singular and amusing. The appointment of the time of starting is left in a great measure to the chief. A few hours before it arrives, he sends criers through the village, announcing his determination to move, and at the same time places the signal, always observed on such occasions, at his wigwam. The whole village is now in commotion. Provisions, household goods, and clothing are bundled together; dogs and horses are yoked to burdens twice their own size; children are slung in sacks, and placed on their mothers' backs; and each one is speedily loaded with the burden, never a very inconsiderable one, which he is to bear to the new settlement. The usual order of arrangement is as follows:—The poles of a lodge are divided into two bunches. The little ends of each bunch are fastened upon the shoulders of a horse, leaving the other ends to drag upon the ground on each side. Behind the horse a cross-piece connects the bunches and keeps them in their place. On the bunches are placed the lodge or tent rolled up, sundry huge articles of household stuffs, and three or four women and children. To lead each horse, which, under the circumstances, would appear absolutely necessary, a woman goes before holding the bridle, and carrying on her shoulders a load similar in size to that

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March of the Sioux.

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of the horse. Occasionally the animal carries another woman upon his back, in whose arms is a young papoose affectionately embracing a favourite dog. In this manner, five or six hundred wigwams, with all their furniture, are moved many miles at once. The cavalcade is drawn out to an immense distance, the men mounted on good horses, numbering more than a thousand, and the number of *canine* assistants at least five times that number. Each dog has to bear part of the general burden. Two poles about fifteen feet long are placed upon his shoulders, in the same manner as the lodge poles are attached to the horses, leaving the larger ends to drag upon the ground behind him. On these is placed a bundle, with which he trots off, keeping up with the caravan until night, and only stopping when there seems prospect of a battle with some of his companions.

The Murderer's Creek.

THERE is a little stream which runs into that most beautiful of all rivers, the noble Hudson, that still bears the name of the *Murderer's Creek*, though few perhaps can tell why it was so called. About a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or incorporated with some more powerful nation of the west. Three or four hundred yards from the mouth of this little river, a white

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family of the name of Stacey had established itself in a log-house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacey had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian, called Naoman, who often came to his house, and partook of his hospitality. The family consisted of Stacey, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, the former five, and the latter three years old.

The Indians never forgive injuries nor forget benefits.

One day Naoman came to Stacey's log-house in his absence, lighted his pipe and sat down. He looked unusually serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacey's wife asked him what was the matter,—if he were ill? He shook his head, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day he came, and behaved in the same manner. Stacey's wife began to think there was something strange in all this, and acquainted her husband with the matter as soon as he came home. He advised her to urge the old man to explain his conduct, in case he should come again, which he did the following day. After much importunity, the old Indian at last replied to her questions in this manner. "I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies: why should I speak?" "But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten bread with us a hundred times, and my children have sat on your knees as often. If you have any thing on your mind, tell it me now." "It will

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cost me my life if it is known, and you white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman. "Try me, and you will find that I can," said she. "Will you swear by the Great Spirit that you will tell none but your husband?" "I have no one else to tell." "But will you swear?" "I do swear by our Great Spirit, that I will tell none but my husband." "Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?" "No, not though your tribe should kill me for not telling." Naoman then proceeded to tell her, that owing to the frequent encroachments of the white people on their land at the foot of the mountains, his tribe had become exceedingly angry, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach; that she must send for her husband, and inform him of the danger, and as secretly and speedily as possible, take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick, and cause no suspicion," said Naoman, as he departed.

The good wife instantly sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out; and meanwhile Stacey recollected his gun, which he had left behind. He went to his house and returned with it. All this took a considerable time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of his tribe, who therefore now paid particular attention to

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the movements of Stacey. One of the young Indians, who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take the boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm.

Five stout Indians immediately collected, and ran down to the river, where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacey, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained upon him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him that if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet with no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle, till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards from the opposite shore, and carried back with shouts and yells of triumph.

The first thing the Indians did when they got ashore, was to set fire to Stacey's house. They then dragged him, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among them, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief men of the council expressed their opinion that some of the tribe had been guilty of treason, in apprizing Stacey, the white man, of their designs, whereby they took alarm, and had wellnigh escaped. They proposed that the prisoners should be examined in order to discover who was the traitor. The old men assented to this, and one of them who spoke English began by interrogating Stacey, and interpreted what

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was said to the others. Stacey refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while two Indians stood threatening the children with their tomahawks, in case she did not confess.

She attempted to evade the truth, by pretending that she had a dream the night before, which had warned her to fly, and that she had persuaded her husband to do so. "The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to the white faces," said one of the old Indians. "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces; speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them ready to execute their cruel orders.

"Wilt thou name that red man," said the old Indian, "who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times." The mother made no answer. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor woman looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? I ask you for the third and last time." The agony of the mother was more and more intense: again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A moment's delay was made for her reply. She was silent. The tomahawks were raised over the heads of her children, who besought their mother to release them.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were instantly turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he, in a tone of

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authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. Chiefs, I am the traitor. I have eaten the bread, warmed myself at the fire, and shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I who told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will: I am ready to fall."

A yell of indignation resounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank of earth on which he sat, shrouded his dark countenance in his buffalo robe, and calmly awaited his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman, by the blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the heroic firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished—how, it is needless to say; but the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the beautiful little stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called the *Murderer's Creek*.

The Scalp-Dance.

THE scalp-dance, says Mr. Catlin, is given as a celebration of a victory; and among the Sioux, as I learned while residing with them, danced in the night, by the light of their torches, and just before retiring to bed. When a war-party returns from a war excursion, bringing home with them the scalps of their enemies, they

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The Scalp Dance.

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generally "dance them" for fifteen nights in succession, vaunting forth the most extravagant boasts of their wonderful prowess in war, while they brandish their war weapons in their hands. A number of young women are selected to aid (though they do not actually join in the dance) by stepping into the centre of the ring, and holding up the scalps that have been recently taken, while the warriors dance (or rather *jump*) around in a circle, brandishing their weapons, and barking and yelping in the most frightful manner, all jumping on both feet at a time, with a simultaneous stamp and blow, and thrust of their weapons, with which it would seem as if they were actually cutting and carving each other to pieces. During these frantic leaps, and yelps, and thrusts, every man distorts his face to the utmost of his muscles, darting about his glaring eyeballs and snapping his teeth, as if he were in the heat, and actually breathing through his inflated nostrils the very hissing death, of battle! No description that can be written could ever convey more than a feeble outline of the frightful effect of these scenes enacted in the dead and darkness of night, under the glaring light of their blazing flambeaux; nor could all the years allotted to mortal man in the least obliterate or deface the vivid impress that one scene of this kind would leave upon his memory.

The precise object for which the scalp is taken is one which is definitely understood, and has already been explained; but the motive, or motives, for which this strict ceremony is so scrupulously held

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by all the American tribes over the scalp of an enemy, is a subject as yet not satisfactorily settled in my mind. There is no doubt but one great object in these exhibitions is public exultation; yet there are several conclusive evidences that there are other and essential motives for thus formally and strictly displaying the scalp. Among some of the tribes, it is the custom to bury the scalps after they have gone through this series of public exhibitions, which may in a measure have been held for the purpose of giving them notoriety, and of awarding public credit to the persons who obtained them, and now, from a custom of the tribe, are obliged to part with them. The great respect which seems to be paid to them while they use them, as well as the pitying and mournful song which they howl to the *manes* of their unfortunate victims, as well as the precise care and solemnity with which they afterwards bury the scalps, sufficiently convince me that they have a superstitious dread of the spirits of their slain enemies, and many conciliatory offices to perform to ensure their own peace—one of which is the ceremony above described.

Adventures of an Indian Woman.

THE life of an Indian woman, even though she may be the favourite wife of a great chief, is always fraught with toil and drudgery. The men will go through great fatigue in war or in hunting, but any

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thing like regular work they scorn. Scooping out canoes, building their huts, dressing the skins of animals, and cultivating the earth, are labours which fall to the lot of the squaw; but, what is still worse, they are obliged to carry all the heavy burdens without any assistance from their husbands. An Indian hunter, setting out in the morning before sunrise, traverses the country for many miles in search of deer, and, as he goes along, he once in a while breaks down a bush to serve as a mark for his wife, whose business it is to find the game he has killed and carry it home, and, as the animals sometimes lie at a great distance from each other, and she can carry but one at a time, the toil she then encounters is truly grievous.

In fishing and snaring birds, the women are very successful, and, uniting much art with insurmountable patience, they catch great numbers of geese and ducks, which migrate to the lakes at certain seasons of the year. To snare these birds in their nests requires a considerable degree of art, and, as the natives say, a great deal of cleanliness; for they have observed that, when the snares have been set by those whose hands were not clean, the birds would not go into the nest.

Even the goose, though so simple a bird, is notoriously known to forsake her eggs, if they have been breathed on by the Indians.

The smaller species of birds, which make their nests on the ground, are by no means so delicate, and of course less care is necessary in snaring them. It has been observed that all birds which build on the

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ground, go into their nest on one particular side, and out of it on the opposite. The Indians, being accurate observers of nature, are well aware of this fact, and always set their snares on the side on which the bird enters the nest; and, if care be taken in setting them, seldom fail of seizing their object. For small birds, such as larks and many others of equal size, the Indians generally use two or three of the long hairs out of their own head; but for larger birds, particularly swans, geese, and ducks, they make snares of deer sinews, twisted like pack-thread, and occasionally of a small thong cut from a dressed deer-skin.

We may believe that women so trained are not very delicate, or easily daunted by any difficulties that may befall them; and, in proof of this, I will relate an anecdote as it was told by an English gentleman who travelled among the northern Indians many years ago:—

On the 11th of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they observed the track of a strange snow-shoe,* which they followed, and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found she understood their language, they brought

* Snow-shoes are from three to four feet in length, and more than a foot wide in the middle; they are sharp-pointed at both ends, the frames are made of birch-bark, and they are netted cross and cross with thongs of deer-skin, leaving a hole just big enough to admit the foot. These shoes, being large and light, enable the Indians to travel over the snow with great facility

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her with them to our tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians two summers ago, and last summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she escaped from them, with the intention of returning to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided ever since the beginning of autumn.

From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been nearly seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered. She was also in good health and condition, and was certainly by far the finest looking Indian woman that I have ever seen in any part of America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, proving indeed the truth of the old proverb, that "necessity is the mother of invention." When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were

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all expended in making snares and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together with great dexterity and success. The rabbits and squirrels which she caught in her snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter.

It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much further, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to give the whole of her garb a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like netting-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing nets; and they are greatly preferable to those made by the northern Indians.*

* The northern Indians make their fishing-nets with small thongs cut from raw deer-skins, which, when dry, appear very good; but, after being soaked in water some time, grow so soft and slippery that,

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Five or six inches of an iron hoop made into a knife, and the shank of an iron arrow-head, which served her as an awl, was all the metal this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphureous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which, at length, communicated to some touch-wood; but, as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction in the manner practised by the Esquimaux and other uncivilized nations; because, if she had, the above-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

When the Athapuscow Indians took this woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every one in the tent except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they destroyed were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, between four and five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her undiscovered in the night; but,

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when large fish strike the net, the meshes are very apt to slip and let them escape. Besides this inconvenience, they are very liable to rot, unless they be frequently taken out of the water and dried.

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when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives, (which was not far distant,) they began to examine her bundle, and, finding the child, one of the women took it from her and immediately killed it.

This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust towards those Indians, that, notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as well as he did his wife, and was, as she said, remarkably kind to her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want than live in ease and abundance among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant.

In a conversation with this woman soon afterwards, she told us that her country lies so far to the westward that she had never seen iron, or any other kind of metal, till she was taken prisoner. All of her tribe, she observed, made their hatchets and ice-chisels of deer's horns, and their knives of stones and bones. She told us that their arrows were shod with a kind of slate, bones, or deer's horns; and the instruments which they employed to make their wooden utensils were nothing but beavers' teeth. Though they had frequently heard of the useful materials which the tribes to the east of them were supplied with from the white men, so unwilling were they to draw nearer for the sake of trading in iron, that, on the contrary, they retreated further back, to avoid the Athapuscow Indians, who made terrible slaughter among them both in winter and summer.

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An Indian Lodge.

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An Indian Lodge.

THE Blackfeet and the Crows, (says Catlin,) like the Sioux and Asinneboins, have nearly the same mode of constructing their wigwam or lodge; in which tribes it is made of buffalo skins sewed together, after being dressed, and made into the form of a tent; supported within by some twenty or thirty pine poles of twenty-five feet in height, with an apex or aperture at the top, through which the smoke escapes and the light is admitted. These lodges, or tents, are taken down in a few minutes by the squaws, when they wish to change their location, and easily transported to any part of the country where they wish to encamp; and they generally move some six or eight times in the course of the summer, following the immense herds of buffaloes as they range over these vast plains, from east to west and north to south. The objects for which they do this are twofold: to procure and dress their skins, which are brought in, in the fall and winter, and sold to the Fur Company for white man's luxury, and also for the purpose of killing and drying buffalo meat, which they bring in from their hunts, packed on their horses' backs, in great quantities; making pemican and preserving the marrow-fat for their winter quarters, which are generally taken up in some heavy-timbered bottom, on the banks of some stream, deep imbedded within the surrounding bluffs, which break off the winds and make their long and tedious winter

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tolerable and supportable. They then sometimes erect their skin-lodges among the timber, and dwell in them during the winter months; but more frequently cut logs and make a miserable and rude sort of log-cabin, in which they can live much warmer and better protected from the assaults of their enemies, in case they are attacked; in which case a log-cabin is a tolerable fort against Indian weapons.

The Crows, of all the tribes in this region, or on the Continent, make the most beautiful lodges. They construct them as the Sioux do, and make them of the same material; yet they oftentimes dress the skins of which they are composed almost as white as linen, and beautifully garnish them with porcupine quills, and paint and ornament them in such a variety of ways as renders them exceedingly picturesque and agreeable to the eye. I have procured a very beautiful one of this description, highly ornamented, and fringed with scalp-locks, and sufficiently large for forty men to dine under. The poles which support it are about thirty in number, of pine, and all cut in the Rocky Mountains, having been some hundred years, perhaps, in use. This tent, when erected, is about twenty-five feet high, and has a very pleasing effect, with the Great or Good Spirit painted on one side, and the Evil Spirit on the other.

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Silouee.

THERE cannot be a more unprincipled and vicious set of men than the whites who dwell on the boundaries between civilized men and the Indians; they rob, murder, and betray them. And in return, taking a dreadful revenge for many unprovoked attacks, the Indians frequently destroy, not only their persecutors, but their whole families with them.

Virginia, so named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, was first settled by English colonists about two hundred and fifty years ago. On one particular occasion, Colonel Bird was employed by the English government to transact some business with a tribe of Cherokee Indians. It unfortunately happened that a short time before he went among them, some white people had seized two Indians who had given them some trifling offence, and had most unjustly put them to death; and the Indians, naturally made angry at such an outrage, determined upon taking revenge whenever an opportunity should offer.

The wished-for opportunity was now presented by the appearance of Colonel Bird among them, and private consultations were held by their aged men as to the most effectual means of getting him into their power, and making him the sacrifice.

Their unfriendly intentions were soon perceived by Colonel Bird, who, although he was by no means deficient in courage, felt that he had just cause of alarm; for he knew he was in their power, without

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means either of escape or defence. On retiring to rest, he could not help reflecting that before morning he might be scalped, or, what was worse, retained a prisoner to be tortured for their savage amusement. Several nights were passed in sleepless anxiety, and in vain endeavours to contrive some plan of escape.

Among the neighbouring Cherokees was one named Silouée. Besides being a chief, he was also a celebrated *pow-wow*, or, as we should say, a wizard, or a conjuror. This man had known Colonel Bird for a considerable time, and had even eaten with him at his table. Silouée therefore felt a friendship for the colonel, and almost every night came to his tent, and appeared anxious to relieve him. He told him not to be alarmed, and even assured him that the Indians should not injure him. This assurance comforted Colonel Bird in some degree; but, as Silouée was only one among many chiefs, he feared that his influence would not be sufficient to protect him from the violence of the revengeful savages.

At length a general council of the chiefs and old men of the tribe was held, and, contrary to Silouée's expectation, it was determined that Colonel Bird should be put to death in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. It was in vain that Silouée earnestly pleaded for his friend, urging that he had no hand in the murder of their two countrymen. The unanimous decision was against him.

Two warriors were now despatched to Colonel Bird's tent, to execute the cruel sentence that had been pronounced against him. Silouée insisted on

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accompanying them. On reaching the tent, Silouée rushed in before them, threw himself on the bosom of his friend, and, as soon as the two warriors approached, he exclaimed, "This man is my friend; before you take him, you must kill me."

Overawed by the magnanimous determination of Silouée, the warriors returned to the council and related to their brethren what they had seen. Indians entertain the greatest respect for a *faithful friend.* The consultation was renewed. The noble conduct of Silouée touched their better feelings, and altered their purpose. They could not put to death a white man who was the friend of Silouée; they, therefore, released Colonel Bird, and bid him go to his home in peace. Silouée was his guide and protector, and not till they came in sight of Colonel Bird's tent did he leave him. As they parted, Silouée's last words to his friend were, "When you see poor Indian in fear of death from cruel white men, remember Silouée."

The strong tendency to superstition in the Indian mind furnishes a powerful inducement to the more bold and crafty among them to assume the character of pow-wows, medicine-men, and even prophets.

Every thing among the Indians of great efficacy and power—in short, every thing that is inexplicable—is a "medicine," and "medicine-men" are held in almost as great respect as the warriors and braves. "Medicine-men" are a sort of jugglers, and they affect much mystery in preparing and administering their nostrums. Incredible stories are related of their powers and performances, many of which we pre-

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sume never took place, except in the imaginations of the ignorant hunters and trappers who were imposed on by the dexterity of these audacious quacks.

A *medicine* is also a charm which every Indian, who has arrived at the age of manhood, carries about him. It is usually the dried skin of some animal, such as a beaver, an otter, a fox, weasel, raven, or some other bird; but, whatever it may be, it is preserved by them with the most superstitious care. In no instance have they been tempted to sell a "medicine" to the white man, however great the price offered; and at their death it is invariably buried with its owner.

Some years after Colonel Bird's life had been saved by Silouée, he became a Virginian planter, and took up his residence near the James river, where he cultivated tobacco. Silouée, we have already stated, was a *pow-wow;* he retained his friendship for Colonel Bird, of whom he was now a near neighbour. Like many of his nation, he had, by his intercourse with white men, acquired a great taste for "strong waters," as they call intoxicating spirits, and the dignity of the chief was often clouded over by drunkenness. On one occasion, Colonel Bird had gone to another part of the country, forty or fifty miles distant, on business, and had left the care of his plantation to an overseer. The tobacco had obtained some size, and a long drought coming on, there was a prospect of the crop being much injured. One day, when Silouée came to the plantation, the overseer expressed great regret that the tobacco was taking so much

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harm; "indeed," continued he, "it will be entirely lost, if we have not rain soon."

"Well," said the Indian, "what will you give me if I bring you rain?"

"*You* bring rain?" said the overseer, laughing.

"Me can," said the Indian. "Give me two bottles rum—only two, and me bring rain enough."

The overseer cast his eyes towards the heavens, but could discern no appearance that foretold rain. To gratify the Indian, he promised to give him the two bottles of rum when Colonel Bird arrived, in case the rain should come speedily and save the crop of tobacco.

Silouée now fell to pow-wowing with all his might, making grimaces, contorting his body, and uttering strange, unintelligible ejaculations.

It was a hot, close day, and it so happened that towards evening, the sky, which had been clear for some weeks, clouded over, and the appearance of the heavens was strongly in favour of rain. Before midnight, thunder was heard, and heavy showers of rain watered the colonel's plantation thoroughly; while it was remarked that the showers were so partial that the neighbouring plantations were left almost as dry as they were before. The Indian waited quietly till the rain was over, and then walked away. A few days after, the colonel returned to the plantation, and, when Silouée heard of his arrival, he went immediately to visit him.

"Master Bird," said he, "me come for my two bottles rum."

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"Your two bottles of rum," exclaimed the colonel, pretending not to know any thing of the matter; "pray, do I owe you two bottles of rum?"

"You do," replied the Indian.

"How so?" inquired the colonel.

"Me bring you rain—me save your crop," said the Indian.

"You bring rain," said the colonel; "no such thing."

"Me did," persisted the Indian; "me loved you; me tell overseer give two bottles rum, and then me bring rain. Overseer say he would; me bring cloud, then rain; now me want rum."

"You saw the cloud," said Colonel Bird; "you are a sad cheat."

"Me no cheat," said the Indian; "me *saw* no cloud; me *bring* cloud."

"Well, well," said the colonel, "you are an old friend, and you shall have the rum, since you beg so hard for it. But mind you, it is not for the *rain*. The Great Spirit sent the rain, not you."

"Well," said the Indian, "*your* tobacco had rain upon it—why others have *none?* Answer *that*, colonel, if you can."

Although the North American Indians have never been found idolaters; yet, like all ignorant people, they are exceedingly superstitious. Some of their superstitions, connected with religious beliefs, are very curious, as they bear so much resemblance to the Mosaic account of the Creation and the Deluge as to leave hardly a doubt of their having some tradition

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of those events; but, from the art of writing being totally unknown among them, the wonder is that any similarity in the account should have been preserved through so many ages.

As might be expected, different tribes have their own peculiar superstitions; but all agree in the belief in one All-wise, Supreme Being, whom they call the Great Spirit, or Master of Life; that he created the world and all good things, and that he rewards good actions, both in this world and in a future life.

Their heaven, or place of reward, they imagine to be a delightfully warm country, where game of all kinds is very abundant, and where corn and fruits grow without the trouble of cultivation.

Their imagined place of punishment is a climate of extreme cold; barren, and covered with eternal snows. The torments of this freezing place they describe as the most excruciating; but they also believe that those who go there will suffer for a time proportioned to their transgressions, and that they will then be admitted into the land of happiness.

Some of the Indian tribes observe an annual religious ceremony, for which great preparations are made beforehand. On the appointed morning there appears at a distance a man whom they recognise by the name of Nu-mock-muck-a-nah, which means, the first or only man. He slowly and with great gravity enters the village, telling the assembled people that he is just arrived from the West. His body is painted red; he is dressed in the skins of white wolves; his head-dress is made of ravens' feathers, and in his

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hand he carries an enormous pipe. At his approach, the medicine-lodge, which till then had been most scrupulously kept shut, is thrown open, and the floor is seen strewn with green willow branches and the most fragrant herbs that can be collected. It is likewise whimsically ornamented with buffalo and human sculls.

The first man now proceeds to every lodge or wigwam that composes the village, and demands from each a knife, an axe, or some such tool; and these are readily given to be sacrificed; "for, with these things," say they, "the *great canoe* was built."

These articles are then deposited in the medicine-lodge, with profound veneration, until the ceremonies are all over, and they are then sacrificed by being thrown into the water.

At sunrise, on the following morning, Nu-mock-muck-a-nah opens and enters the medicine-lodge; a number of young men follow him, who, after lying on the floor in perfect silence and fasting till their strength is almost exhausted, voluntarily submit to the most cruel tortures, during which several annually perish; but those who survive are recompensed by having acquired the honourable title of "Braves," and the hope of this distinction enables them to endure the most agonizing pain without flinching.

The *conductor of the ceremonies* now enters the lodge. He is painted yellow, and wears a cap of buffalo skin; he receives the great pipe from the *first man*, who immediately leaves the lodge and returns to the West, not to make his appearance again till the next annual celebration.

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During the first three days, there is a great variety of dances and curious songs and ceremonies performed in front of the medicine-lodge, by persons fantastically dressed and painted for the occasion. They are performed round an elevated mound of earth, about six feet in diameter, and as many in height, on the top of which is placed with the greatest veneration a model of "*the great canoe.*"

The principal actors in this scene are *eight persons,** variously painted and nearly naked, but all carrying wreaths of willow in their hands; the season when this interesting ceremony takes place being uniformly as soon as this tree is in full leaf; for the Indians say that "*the twig which the dove brought to the great canoe had leaves upon it.*" They consider this bird as sacred, and never attempt to destroy it.

On the third day, in the midst of all this dancing and festivity, the village appears to be suddenly thrown into the utmost confusion by the approach of a man who is seen running about apparently in great trouble. He is naked and painted black, with the exception of his face, which is frightfully daubed with red and white. He is called by the Indians the "*Evil Spirit.*" He runs from lodge to lodge, and behaves with the greatest rudeness to all whom he meets; but he is constantly frustrated in his evil designs by the *conductor*, who thrusts his great pipe between him and those whom he assails. At length he is fairly driven out, and the village is again restored to tranquillity.

* The numbers of persons who went into the ark.

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A Buffalo Hunt.

THE buffalo hunt is, next to an Indian battle, the most intensely exciting scene which may be witnessed among the wilds of the West. To the buffalo, the Indian looks for food, for clothing, and for religious and household implements. The hunting of that animal he regards as a duty as well as a pleasure; and when once it is rumoured through a village that a herd of buffaloes is in sight, then warriors who have faced death in a hundred forms bring out their swiftest horses and spring upon them; and when the whole party rushes across the field to engage the bellowing herd, a scene is presented for which it would be vain to look for a parallel, not merely amid the tame formalities of civilized life, but even among the deserts and cane-brakes of Africa or the jungles of India.

The Indians have several methods of attacking buffaloes. The most exciting, as well as most dangerous one, is that in which they surround the herd for

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A Buffalo Hunt

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the purpose of destroying it. The hunters, well mounted on their buffalo horses, and armed with bows and arrows or long lances, divide themselves into two columns, take opposite directions, and at the distance of a mile or more draw gradually around the herd, and having formed a circle, close upon their prey at regular distances. On perceiving the danger, the herd run in the opposite direction, but the horsemen rush in full speed to their front, and by brandishing their weapons and yelling, they turn the dense mass in an opposite direction. Here they are met and foiled in a similar manner. By this means, the hunters soon unite their parties, thus forming a continuous line around the herd. By this time the buffaloes are wheeling about in a crowded and confused mass, wounding and climbing upon each other. Then the work of death commences. Galloping round and round, the fierce hunters drive their arrows and lances to the hearts of their trembling victims. Sometimes the animals, infuriated by deadly wounds, plunge furiously forward, and, bearing down horse and rider, gore and crush the former, while the Indian escapes by running. Sometimes the herd suddenly divides into two; and the horsemen, blinded by clouds of dust, are wedged in among the crowding beasts, when their only chance of escape is to leap over the backs of the herd, leaving the horses to their fate. Occasionally a buffalo selects a particular horseman and pursues him at full speed, until, when stooping to lift the horse upon his horns, he receives in the side the warrior's shaft. Some of the Indians, when pursued, throw

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their buffalo robe over the horns and eyes of the infuriated animal, and dashing by its side, drive their weapon to its heart. Others suddenly dash off upon the prairies in pursuit of the few who have separated from the throng. These are soon brought down. In a few minutes the hunt is changed into a desperate battle, and gradually the whole mass of buffaloes sink in death.

A new scene immediately succeeds the work of carnage. The hunters, leading their horses by the bridle, move among the dead and dying animals, and drawing the weapons from their sides, claim their prey by the private marks on the arrows. "Among the poor affrighted creatures (says an eye-witness to one of these scenes) that has occasionally dashed through the ranks of their enemy, and sought safety in flight upon the prairie, I saw them stand a while looking back, when they turned, and as if bent on their own destruction, retraced their steps and mingled themselves and their deaths with those of the dying throng. Others had fled to a distance on the prairies, and for want of company had stood and gazed on until the battle scene was over, when they fell easy victims to the pursuer's weapons."

After all the animals have been claimed, the warriors hold a council, and, after smoking a few pipes, ride into their village to announce the result. Of course every thing is there in commotion, and soon long processions of dogs and women issue forth, skin and cut up the prey, and return amid loud acclamations to their homes.

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Sufferings of Captain Bard's Family.

THE cruelty of the Indians to their captives taken in war is proverbial. A detail of the tortures which they formerly inflicted upon such, would shock and sicken the modern reader. Happily these atrocities are now much less common than formerly, even among the tribes which still retain their primitive strength and independence. The silent, but powerful influence of association or intercourse with the whites has not failed to produce a gratifying effect; while the comparatively small number of wars among different tribes tends to render them more friendly in peace, more humane in war. But when the entire tract from the Alleghanies to the Pacific swarmed with fierce and populous tribes, embroiled in endless wars with each other, and possessing nothing in common, save hatred to the English settlers, the sufferings endured by the unfortunates who fell into Indian hands were indeed dreadful. Perhaps no States suffered more than Virginia and Pennsylvania. The history of our western counties, Alleghany, Westmoreland, Bedford, and others, is one continuous narrative of massacre, conflagration, and devastation.

The family of Richard Bard resided on the Carroll tract, in Adams county. On the 13th of April, 1758, his house was attacked by nineteen Delaware Indians. Bard and his wife, two children, a servant boy, and Lieutenant Potter, a relative, were within. As the foremost Indians rushed in, one of them aimed a blow

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at Potter with a large cutlass; this he dodged and wrested the weapon from the owner. Bard snapped a pistol, which alarmed the savages, and they retreated from the house. But the odds were so great that Bard, fearing they would fire the house, surrendered. Two other men and a boy were taken in a field, and the Indians, having plundered the house and fired the adjoining mill, set out on their return.

By this time the neighbourhood had become alarmed, and a party of white men were forming to pursue the savages. Aware of this, the latter hurried their retreat toward the Alleghanies. Now the sufferings of the prisoners began. At a little distance from the house, Potter was killed and scalped; soon after the smaller child was tomahawked and scalped. One of the men found in the field shared a like fate. The remaining prisoners were hurried through forests and over mountains, and subjected to every extreme of toil and hunger. A council was held to determine upon Bard's fate. At its close one half of his face was painted red, to indicate that the warriors were equally divided respecting his fate. Toward evening he was employed with his wife in picking a turkey. At this time some of the Indians were lying down, and others amusing themselves with articles of dress. Bard resolved on attempting an escape, and communicated the design to his wife. Soon after being sent to a spring for water, he effected his purpose, while Mrs. Bard amused the Indians with one of her gowns. After an unsuccessful search, they proceeded to fort Duquesne and thence down the river to Kuskusky.

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Here the Indians pulled and scratched the faces of Mrs. Bard and her children, and then beat them in an unmerciful manner. Daniel McManimy, one of the captured men, was detained outside the town. The Indians surrounded him, beat him with sticks and tomahawks, tied him to a post, tortured him with burning coals and scalped him. They passed red-hot gun barrels over his body, and stabbed him with bayonets heated to fusing until he expired.

After this tragedy the Indians separated Mrs. Bard from her children, and carried her into one of their councils. Two squaws approached and struck her on the face; but this insult was condemned by the warriors as a breach of decorum. A chief took her by the hand, and delivered her to two Indians as a substitute for a deceased sister. She lived as such about a month, and was then taken to the head waters of the Susquehanna. The journey was so fatiguing that she was taken sick, and remained so nearly two months. She remained in captivity two years and five months, when she was ransomed, together with her children, by Mr. Bard. He, after effecting his escape, had wandered about from one settlement to another, in quest of his wife; and on more than one occasion narrowly escaped death from the Indians. He afterwards lived on friendly terms with one of the Indians who had acted as brother to his wife.

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Blackbird.

Among the first tribes of the Great Oregon Territory, which established friendly intercourse with the United States traders, were the Omahas. The boast of these Indians was a chief named Blackbird, who was a steadfast friend of the white men and the terror of the neighbouring hostile tribes. Such were his skill, courage, and success in war, that friends and foes regarded him as enchanted. He delighted in trials of strength or agility, in which he always came off victorious. In addition to these qualities, he possessed a secret which rendered him more than human in the eyes of his barbarous followers. This was an acquaintance with the properties of arsenic, which he had obtained from a white trader. Whenever he was displeased with an Indian, he prophesied his death before a certain day, and the sure accomplishment of the prophecy rendered Blackbird an object of terror and reverence.

On one occasion the Poncas made an incursion into Blackbird's territory, and carried away a number of women and horses. He immediately collected his warriors and pursued them. The Poncas sheltered themselves behind a rude embankment, but their persevering enemy, gaining a good position, poured upon them a well-directed fire, which did fearful execution. The Ponca chief despatched a herald with the calumet, but he was immediately shot; a second herald experienced the same treatment. The chief-

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tain's daughter, a young maiden of much personal beauty, then appeared before the stern foe, dressed with exquisite taste, and bearing the calumet. Blackbird's heart softened, he accepted the sacred emblem, and concluded a peace with his enemy. The pledge given and received was the beautiful Ponca maiden, as wife to the fierce chieftain of Omaha.

For the first time the heart of Blackbird felt the genial influence of love. He loved the young creature who had saved her tribe, with all the ardour of untutored nature. But he was still a savage, and sometimes ungovernable bursts of rage would transport him beyond all bounds of affection or decency. In one of these, his beloved wife unwittingly offended him. He instantly drew his knife and laid her dead with a single blow. The dreadful deed calmed him in a moment. For a little while he looked at the beautiful corpse in stupid grief, and then, with his head wrapped in his robe, he sat down beside it. He ate no food, spake no word for three days. The remonstrances of his people were received with silence, and no one dared to uncover his face. At length one of them brought in a small child, and placed the foot of the unhappy warrior on its neck. Blackbird was moved by the significant appeal, and throwing aside his robe, he arose and delivered an oration.

The Omaha tribe were greatly thinned by smallpox, and to this loathsome disease their great chieftain fell victim. His dying request was bold and fanciful. Near the source of the Missouri is a high solitary rock, round which the river winds in a nearly

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circular direction, and which commands a view of the adjacent country for many miles around. There Blackbird had often sat to watch for the canoes of the white traders, and there it was his dying request to be buried. He was to be mounted upon his horse, completely armed, so as to overlook his lands, and watch for the coming boat of the white men. His orders were obeyed; and on that same high promontory, over the tomb of the Indian warrior was raised his national banner, capped with the scalps which he had taken in battle. Of course the Indians regard the rock with superstitious reverence, and have their own stories of the scenes which occasionally take place on and around it.

Indian Pipe-Dance.

This ceremony seems to be peculiar to the Assinneboin Indians. A small fire is made on a hard-trodden pavement in front of the village, and round this the dancers, generally young men, collect—each seated upon a buffalo robe spread on the ground. The presiding genius is a chief, sometimes a medicine-man, who, with a long pipe in his hand, seats himself by the fire, and smokes with a fervour and perseverance worthy the dignity of an Indian ceremony. Occasionally he harmonizes the surrounding uproar by a song uttered in half-strangled gutturals, intelligible only to himself. Meanwhile, an equally august per-

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Indian Fipe Dance.

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sonage beats on a drum, modifying its music by a song, wholly independent of the pipe-smokers. In a little while, one of the young men leaps from the ground, and, while singing in time with the taps of the drum, leaps about off of one foot and on to the other in the most violent manner. In this way he goes round the circle several times, brandishing his fists in the face of each one seated, and at length jerking one of them forcibly to his feet. Both now dance and sing, until at length another is dragged out, who, in his turn, drags another. The whole party then join in frightful yells, and gesticulations so violent that the earth seems to shake under their feet. Meanwhile, the master of ceremonies sits with the utmost coolness, puffing clouds of smoke, and merrily grunting his inimitable song. The dance usually lasts nearly an hour, and closes with piercing yells and barkings, like those uttered by frightened dogs.

Escape from Torture.

A RENOWNED Muscoghee warrior, named Old Scrapny, was taken prisoner by the Shawanoe warriors and condemned to the fiery torture. After beating him with their customary barbarity, he was tied to a stake and subjected to the most exquisite sufferings. These he bore with entire unconcern; at the same time returning the taunts of his persecutors

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with all the scorn of an Indian warrior. He called them squaws and old women; told them that his fame in his own nation, which was great, had all been achieved at their expense; that they knew not how to die, and he longed to teach them. He confessed that, through some impurity or other, he had forfeited the protection of the Great Spirit, and deserved to die; but that he still retained virtue sufficient to enable him to punish himself much more effectually than they could. This he engaged to prove, if they would release him and hand him one of the hot gun-barrels out of the fire. The proposal was rendered more bold by his manner of making it; and the curiosity of the Indians being excited, they agreed to grant him an opportunity.

He was not slow in furnishing an exhibition of his skill. No sooner had he laid hold of the gun-barrel, then, brandishing it from side to side, he forced his way through the armed but astonished multitude, leaped down a high, steep precipice into the river, dived through it, ran over a small island, passed another bank, amid a shower of bullets from the garrison at New Windsor, and gained a thick bramble bush, where he remained secure. From this he soon after started; and, though numbers of his eager enemies were in pursuit, he succeeded in reaching his own tribe. He was ever afterwards a terrible scourge to the Shawanoes.

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Perilous Adventure of Captain Brady.

In the days when there were more red men than white in western Pennsylvania, little parties, each under a favourite leader, were frequently sent into the woods as rangers, to guard against surprise. One of these, commanded by Captain Samuel Brady, was sent into "French Creek country," in Butler county. On reaching the waters of Slippery Rock, a branch of the Beaver, he discovered an Indian trail, and pursued it until dark. On the following morning, he recommenced the pursuit, and came up with the Indians while they were seated at breakfast. He immediately fired. Suddenly he also received a fire from the rear; and now perceived, for the first time, that he had himself been pursued by a second party of Indians. He was now between two parties. The battle cry of those in the rear was fiercely answered by those in front. Two of his men fell at the first fire, and his own tomahawk was shot from his side. There being no chance of successful defence, Brady's men fled in all directions. The captain was well known to the Indians as one of their most dangerous foes, and, thirsting for revenge, they passed by his men so as to secure him. The country was unknown to him, and he unconsciously took the road to the creek, the channel of which ran between deep and precipitous banks, twenty-three feet apart. Sure of securing their enemy, the Indians uttered a yell

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of triumph as, throwing down their guns, they seized their tomahawks and bent forward to the chase.

The captain had, long before this, resolved, as a rule of conduct, never to be captured by the Indians. On observing the creek, he comprehended at a glance what was his only chance of escape, and, summoning his every effort, he sprang toward the opposite shore. A moment after, the Indians arrived to see their prey on the bank coolly loading his rifle. "Brady make good jump," exclaimed the chief, as he darted away in a zigzag course to avoid the captain's fire. Soon after, Brady met his remaining three men at a place previously appointed, and the little party set out for Pittsburgh. Three Indians had been seen to fall by their first fire.

Story of Indian Revenge.

NARRATIVES of revenge and bloodshed should be interesting to an enlightened mind only so far as, by illustrating human nature, they may be rendered effectual in reforming it. The morbid mind, which can dwell upon scenes of horror only for the purposes of curiosity and amusement, might, if divested of the restraints of civilized society, join the untutored savage in his war-whoop and scalp-dance. The intrinsic difference between the wild red man and the educated white man lies not so much in the training of the head as of the heart; and, while we condemn

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the former for his cruelty and thirst for revenge, it would be well for us to beware of imbibing an appetite of mere curiosity for the narratives in which such characteristics are set forth.

In September, 1823, an Indian, named Abraham Antone, was executed for murder in Madison county, New York. The history of this individual is a picture of some of the darkest passions of human nature. He never forgot an injury, and never failed to avenge one. When angry, his appearance was frightful. One evening, on entering his wigwam, he found his child, about five months old, crying. Snatching it from the mother's arms, he buried it in a bed of hot coals, accompanying the action with expressions which made even the Indian mother tremble. In 1810, his daughter Mary became attached to a young man, member of another tribe, but who soon left her for a more agreeable partner. Nature had bequeathed to Mary a portion of her father's disposition. She visited her rival, stabbed her to the heart, and was executed at Smithfield. A gentleman, named Jacobs, who had been active in her arrest, was the principal witness against her. Antone threatened to kill him, and Jacobs, knowing that such a promise from his enemy was never compromised, left the county. Thus foiled, the Indian changed his tactics, acknowledged the injustice of his former threat, and invited his victim to return. He did return, and had an interview with Antone, while hoeing corn with a number of men in a field. The Indian grasped his hand, exclaiming "How d'ye do, brother," and stabbed him three times

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under the ribs with a long knife, which he held in his sleeve. Before the bystanders could recover from their horror, he uttered a loud yell and bounded away. That night a party of Indians set out in pursuit of him. He had encamped in a thick copse of underbrush, and was provided with dogs to give alarm if any one approached. In his rear he had, with much labour, cut a path in the almost impassable thicket. The plan completely succeeded—Antone fleeing through the narrow path at the first alarm and effecting his escape. Soon after a party of about thirty white men and Indians traced him to a second hiding-place; but again he succeeded in escaping. After this he went constantly armed with a rifle, two or three knives, and, as was supposed, a brace of pistols. Besides, he was generally accompanied by his two sons, well armed, and one or two of his brothers. On one occasion two large Indians, having ascertained that Antone was alone, repaired to his camp for the purpose of capturing him. He was making a broom; but, hearing a rustling at the entrance of the thicket, he quickly seized his rifle, and, as the foremost entered, pointed it toward him, declaring that if he advanced a step further he would shoot him dead. They stopped, and, after parleying for some time, withdrew. His rifle was *unloaded!* The adventure increased his recklessness. He boasted of having scared two Indians with an empty rifle, and at length passed through the towns and villages in open day.

At his trial he pleaded not guilty. The witnesses

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against him were principally Indians; but their testimony was given with carefulness and precision, and the evidence was conclusive. His counsel rested the defence on the ground that New York had no criminal jurisdiction over the Indian tribes within her territory; but this the court overruled, and Antone was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, September 12, 1823. In his character, the evils of savage life and of civilized society were blended, while, apparently, he was destitute of the manly virtues of the one, and of the softening influence of the other.

Mandan Bull Dance.

THE Bull Dance is one of the great religious ceremonies of the Mandans, preparatory to the cruel ordeal through which their young men pass before they are admitted to the dignity of braves. These religious rites are held annually, and the inhabitants of each village look forward to their return with deep interest. The occasion brings together men, women, and children, and such is the effect of superstition, that the stoutest warriors tremble on account of the evil influence which at that time is supposed to pervade the air. The great mystery lodge is opened, strown with herbs and boughs and adorned with groupes of buffalo and of human skulls. During the first day a mysterious personage, known as the *First*

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or *only man*, passes from one lodge to another, relating the sad catastrophe which had happened on the earth's surface by the overflowing of the waters, and affirming "that he was the only person saved from the universal calamity; that he landed his big canoe on a high mountain in the west, where he now resides, that he had come to open the medicine lodge which must needs receive a present of some edged tool from the owner of every wigwam, that it may be sacrificed to the water, for if this is not done there will be another flood, and no one will be saved, as it was with such tools that the big canoe was made." The tool is always given, and deposited in the medicine lodge. During the night, no one is able to ascertain where this strange being sleeps; all living things are kept within doors, and dead silence reigns throughout the village. On the following morning he again appears, followed by the young men who are candidates for torture, and who, with their leader, enter the medicine lodge. Here they remain for four days, fasting and praying to the Great Spirit. During this period they are cut off from intercourse with the villages, and meanwhile, the Bull Dance takes place outside. The ceremony is thus described by Catlin

"This very curious and exceedingly grotesque part of their performance, one of the avowed objects for which they held this annual fête; and to the strictest observance of which they attribute the coming of buffaloes to supply them with food during the season—is repeated four times during the first day, eight times on the second day, twelve times on the third day, and

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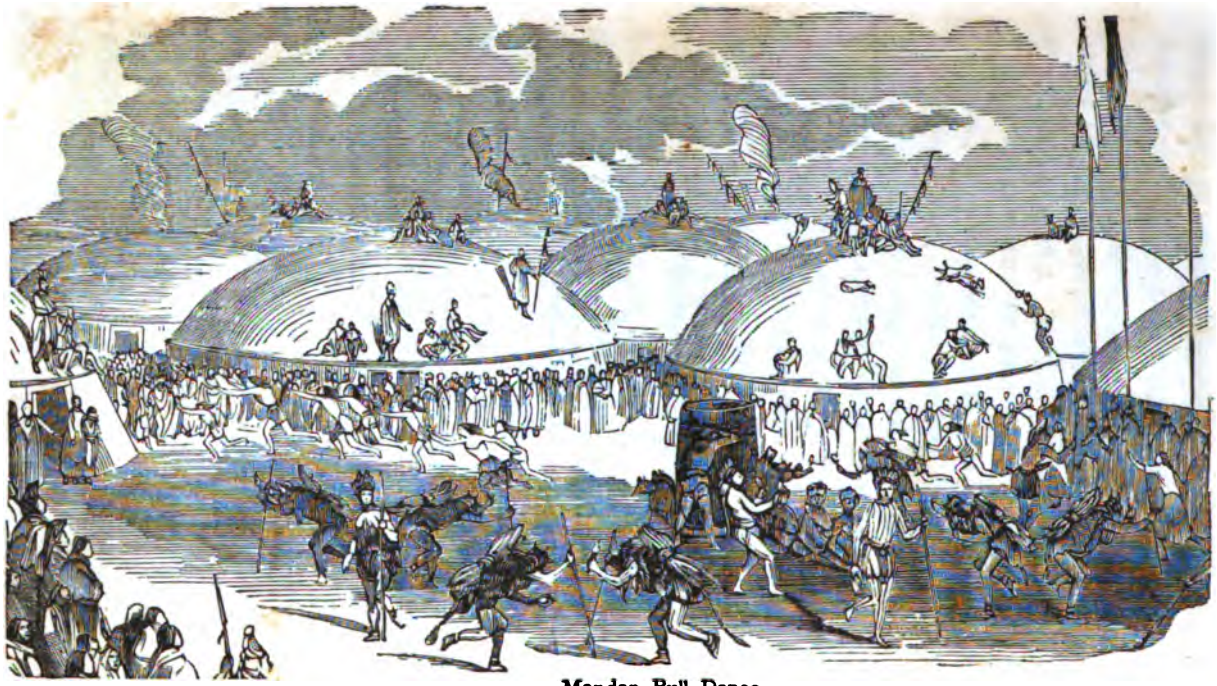

Mandan Bull Dance.

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sixteen times on the fourth day; and always around the curb, or '*big canoe*,' of which I have before spoken.

"The principal actors in it were eight men, with the entire skins of buffaloes thrown over their backs, with the horns and hoofs and tails remaining on; their bodies in a horizontal position, enabling them to imitate the actions of the buffalo, whilst they were looking out of its eyes as through a mask.

"The bodies of these men were chiefly naked, and all painted in the most extraordinary manner, with the nicest adherence to exact similarity; their limbs, bodies, and faces, being in every part covered, either with black, red, or white paint. Each one of these strange characters had also a lock of buffalo's hair tied around his ancle—in his right hand a rattle, and a slender white rod or staff, six feet long, in the other; and carried on his back, a bunch of green willow boughs, about the usual size of a bundle of straw. These eight men, being divided into four pairs, took their positions on the four different sides of the curb or big canoe, representing thereby the four cardinal points; and between each group of them, with the back turned to the big canoe, was another figure, engaged in the same dance, keeping step with them, with a similar staff or wand in one hand and a rattle in the other, and (being four in number) answering again to the four cardinal points. The bodies of these four young men were chiefly naked, with no other dress upon them than a beautiful kelt or quartz-quaw, around the waist, made of eagles' quills and ermine, and very splendid head-dresses made of the same

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materials. Two of these figures were painted entirely black with pounded charcoal and grease, whom they called the 'firmament or night,' and the numerous white spots which were dotted all over their bodies, they called 'stars.' The other two were painted from head to foot as red as vermilion could make them; these they said represented the day, and the white streaks which were painted up and down over their bodies, were 'ghosts which the morning rays were chasing away.'

"This most remarkable scene, then, which is witnessed more or less often on each day, takes place in presence of the whole nation, who are generally gathered around, on the tops of the wigwams or otherwise, as spectators, whilst the young men are reclining and fasting in the lodge as above described. On the first day, this '*bull dance*' is given *once* to each of the cardinal points, and the medicine-man smokes his pipe in those directions. On the second day, *twice* to each; *three times* to each on the third day, and *four times* to each on the fourth. As a signal for the dancers and other characters (as well as the public) to assemble, the old man, master of ceremonies, with the medicine-pipe in hand, dances out of the lodge, singing (or rather crying) forth a most pitiful lament, until he approaches the big canoe, against which he leans, with the pipe in his hand, and continues to cry. At this instant, four very aged and patriarchal looking men, whose bodies are painted red, and who have been guarding the four sides of the lodge, enter it and bring out the four sacks of water,

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which they place near the big canoe, where they seat themselves by the side of them and commence thumping on them with the mallets or drum sticks which have been lying on them; and another brandishes and shakes the *eeh-na-dees* or rattles, and all unite to them their voices, raised to the highest pitch possible, as the music for the *bull dance*, which is then commenced and continued for fifteen minutes or more in perfect time, and without cessation or intermission. When the music and dancing stop, which are always perfectly simultaneous, the whole nation raise the huzza! and a deafening shout of approbation; the master of ceremonies dances back to the medicine-lodge, and the old men return to their former place; the sacks of water, and all rest as before, until by the same method they are again called into a similar action.

"The supernumeraries or other characters who play their parts in this grand spectacle are numerous and well worth description. By the side of the big canoe are seen two men with the skins of grizzly bears thrown over them, using the skins as a mask, over their heads. These ravenous animals are continually growling and threatening to devour every thing before them, and interfering with the forms of their religious ceremony. To appease them, the women are continually bringing and placing before them dishes of meat, which are as often snatched up and carried to the prairie, by two men whose bodies are painted black and their heads white, whom they call bald eagles, who are darting by them and grasping their

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food from before them as they pass. These are again chased upon the plains by a hundred or more small boys, who are naked, with their bodies painted yellow and their heads white, whom they call *Cabris* or antelopes; who at length get the food away from them and devour it; thereby inculcating (perhaps) the beautiful moral, that by the dispensations of Providence, his bountiful gifts will fall at last to the hands of the innocent.

"During each and every one of these dances, the old men who beat upon the sacks and sing, are earnestly chanting forth their supplications to the Great Spirit, for the continuation of his influence in sending them buffaloes to supply them with food during the year; they are administering courage and fortitude to the young men in the lodge, by telling them, that 'the Great Spirit has opened his ears in their behalf—that the very atmosphere all about them is peace—that their women and children can hold the mouth of the grizzly bear—that they have invoked from day to day O-ke-hee-de (the evil spirit)—that they are still challenging him to come, and yet he has not dared to make his appearance!'

"But alas! in the last of these dances, on the fourth day, in the midst of all their mirth and joy, and about noon, and in the height of all these exultations, an instant scream burst forth from the tops of the lodges! —men, women, dogs and all, seemed actually to howl and shudder with alarm, as they fixed their glaring eye-balls upon the prairie bluff, about a mile in the west, down the side of which a man was seen des-

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cending at full speed towards the village! This strange character darted about in a zig-zag course in all directions on the prairie, like a boy in pursuit of a butterfly, until he approached the piquets of the village, when it was discovered that his body was entirely naked, and painted as black as a negro, with pounded charcoal and bear's grease; his body was therefore everywhere of a shining black, except occasionally white rings of an inch or more in diameter, which were marked here and there all over him; and frightful indentures of white around his mouth, resembling canine teeth. Added to his hideous appearance, he gave the most frightful shrieks and screams as he dashed through the village and entered the terrified group, which was composed (in that quarter) chiefly of females, who had assembled to witness the amusements which were transpiring around the 'big canoe.'

"This unearthly-looking creature carried in his two hands a wand or staff of eight or nine feet in length, with a red ball at the end of it, which he continually slid on the ground a-head of him as he ran. All eyes in the village, save those of the persons engaged in the dance, were centred upon him, and he made a desperate rush towards the women, who screamed for protection as they were endeavouring to retreat; and falling in groups upon each other as they were struggling to get out of his reach. In this moment of general terror and alarm there was an instant check! and all for a few moments were as silent as death.

"The old master of ceremonies, who had run from

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his position at the big canoe, had met this monster of fiends, and having thrust the *medicine-pipe* before him, held him still and immovable under his charm! This check gave the females an opportunity to get out of his reach, and when they were free from their danger, though all hearts beat yet with the instant excitement, their alarm soon cooled down into the most exorbitant laughter and shouts of applause at his sudden defeat, and the awkward and ridiculous posture in which he was stopped and held. The old man was braced stiff by his side, with his eye-balls glaring him in the face, whilst the medicine-pipe held in its mystic chains his *Satanic* Majesty, annulling all the powers of his magical wand, and also depriving him of the power of locomotion! Surely no two human beings ever presented a more striking group than these two individuals did for a few moments, with their eye-balls set in direst mutual hatred upon each other; both struggling for the supremacy, relying on the potency of their medicine or mystery. The one held in check, with his body painted black, representing (or rather assuming to be) his sable majesty, O-kee-hee-de, (the evil spirit,) frowning vengeance on the other, who sternly gazed him back with a look of exultation and contempt, as he held him in check and disarmed under the charm of his sacred mystery-pipe.

"When the superior powers of the medicine-pipe (on which hang all these annual mysteries) had been thus fully tested and acknowledged, and the women had had requisite time to withdraw from the reach of this fiendish monster, the pipe was very gradually with-

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drawn from before him, and he seemed delighted to recover the use of his limbs again, and power of changing his position from the exceedingly unpleasant and really ridiculous one he appeared in, and was compelled to maintain, a few moments before; rendered more superlatively ridiculous and laughable, from the further information, which I am constrained to give, of the plight in which this demon of terror and vulgarity made his *entrée* into the midst of the Mandan village, and to the centre and nucleus of their first and greatest religious ceremony. * * * *

"In this plight he pursued the groups of females, spreading dismay and alarm wherever he went, and consequently producing the awkward and exceedingly laughable predicament in which he was placed by the sudden check from the medicine-pipe, as I have above stated, when all eyes were intently fixed upon him, and all joined in rounds of applause for the success of the magic spell that was placed upon him; all voices were raised in shouts of satisfaction at his defeat, and all eyes gazed upon him; of chiefs and of warriors—matrons and even of their tender-aged and timid daughters, whose education had taught them to receive the *moral* of these scenes without the shock of impropriety, that would have startled a more fastidious and consequently sensual-thinking people.

"After repeated attempts thus made, and thus defeated in several parts of the crowd, this blackened monster was retreating over the ground where the buffalo-dance was going on, and having swaggered against one of the men placed under the skin of a

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buffalo and engaged in the 'bull dance,' he started back, and placed himself in the attitude of a buffalo.

"After this he paid his visits to three others of the eight, in succession, receiving as before the deafening shouts of approbation which pealed from every mouth in the multitude, who were all praying to the Great Spirit to send them buffaloes to supply them with food during the season, and who attribute the coming of buffaloes for this purpose entirely to the strict and critical observance of this ridiculous and disgusting part of the ceremonies.

"During the half hour or so that he had been jostled about amongst men and beasts, to the great amusement and satisfaction of the lookers-on, he seemed to have become exceedingly exhausted, and anxiously looking out for some feasible mode of escape.

"In this awkward predicament he became the laughing-stock and butt for the women, who being no longer afraid of him, were gathering in groups around, to tease and tantalize him; and in the midst of this dilemma, which soon became a very sad one—one of the women, who stole up behind him with both hands full of yellow dirt—dashed it into his face and eyes, and all over him, and his body being covered with grease, took instantly a different hue. He seemed heart-broken at this signal disgrace, and commenced crying most vehemently, when another caught his *wand* from his hand, and broke it across her knee. It was snatched for by others, who broke it still into bits, and then threw them at him. His power was

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now gone—his bodily strength was exhausted, and he made a bolt for the prairie—he dashed through the crowd, and made his way through the piquets on the back part of the village, where were placed for the purpose, an hundred or more women and girls, who escorted him as he ran on the prairie for half a mile or more, beating him with sticks, and stones, and dirt, and kicks, and cuffs, until he was at length seen escaping from their clutches, and making the best of his retreat over the prairie bluffs, from whence he first appeared." With this the bull dance terminated.

Singular Scene in an Indian Council.

An institution among the Indians, similar to one among the ancient Jews, rendered it the duty of the nearest relative of a murdered man to pursue and punish the murderer. If he was a member of another tribe, one from its number was chosen to satisfy the demands of justice. Such an atonement being requisite to the happiness of the deceased warrior in the world of spirits, was considered more as a religious duty than an act of revenge. The following anecdote forcibly illustrates this custom, together with an innovation of it rarely permitted among Indians.

About the year 1780, an Indian had been murdered in Westmoreland county, New York, by some unknown white man. The chiefs met in council at Oneida, to determine what was to be done. One of

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the early settlers in the county was a Mr. Dean, who feeling curious, perhaps alarmed, at the proceedings around him, continued, through the friendship of an Indian, to obtain knowledge of their consultations. It by no means satisfied him; since from the office he held (judge of county courts) and his high standing among the white men, the chiefs urged that he was the proper one to make atonement. But he had been adopted by them as a son, and many of the warriors argued that this circumstance would nullify the virtue of the sacrifice. For several days the matter was debated without being decided. His friendly informant apprized him of all that was done, and he continued to hope for the best. An effort to escape would have exposed him, with his wife and children, to certain destruction. He adopted the precaution of concealing from his family all knowledge of his situation, and as the council remained in session his hopes of escape brightened. They were vain. One night after retiring to rest, he heard the war-whoop, and then for the first time intimated to his wife that he feared a party was approaching to take his life. After exhorting her to remain quiet with the children, he went to an adjoining chamber, admitted the Indians and seated them in the outer room. They numbered eighteen, and were the principal men of the tribe. After a short interval, the senior chief arose and informed the judge that they had come to sacrifice him for their dead brother, and that he must prepare to die. To this disagreeable piece of information he replied at length, affirming that as he was

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an adopted son of the tribe, it would be wrong to require his blood for the wrong committed by a wicked white man, that he was not ready to die, that he could not leave his wife and children unprovided for, &c. The council listened with profound gravity and attention, and after he had finished, one of the chiefs replied. The debate continued a long while, but evidently little to the judge's favour. When about resigning himself to his doom, the noise of footsteps was heard, and suddenly a squaw entered. She was wife to the senior chief and the foster parent of the unfortunate white man. Though her entrance into a solemn council was entirely repugnant to all Indian notions of propriety, yet she was permitted to take her place in silence. Immediately after, another squaw entered, and she was as soon followed by another. Each of the three stood closely wrapped in a blanket, but said nothing. After a long pause, the presiding warrior bade them be gone. The wife replied that the council must change its determination, and leave her adopted son, the good white man, alone. The command was repeated. Suddenly each of the women, throwing aside her blanket, brandished a knife and declared that if the sentence were executed, she would plunge it into her bosom. So strange a scene amazed even Indians; they regarded the unheard of procedure of a woman's interfering with a national council as an interposition of the Great Spirit. The will of their deity was implicitly obeyed, the decree reversed on the spot, and the judge dismissed with honour.

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Narrative of an Escape from the Indians.

The following is a narrative of Major Moses Van Campen, a member of the American army during the Revolution, and quarter-master to General Sullivan during the expedition of that officer against the Indian towns of the Genesee, in 1779. He distinguished himself in several skirmishes at Newtown and Hog Back Hill, and with his brother was famous in the border wars of the Susquehanna. The account of his captivity is given in his own words:—

On the return of the army, I was taken with the camp fever, and was removed to the fort which I had built in '78, where my father was still living. In the course of the winter I recovered my health, and my father's house having been burnt in '78 by the party which attacked the before-mentioned fort, my father requested me to go with him and a younger brother to our farm, about four miles distant, to make preparations for building another and raising some grain. But little apprehension was entertained of molestations from the Indians this season, as they had been so completely routed the year before. We left the fort about the last of March, accompanied by my uncle and his son, about twelve years old, and one Peter Pence. We had been on our farms about four or five days, when, on the morning of the 30th of March, we were surprised by a party of ten Indians. My father was lunged through with a war-spear, his throat was cut, and he was scalped; while my brother was

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tomahawked, scalped, and thrown into the fire before my eyes. While I was struggling with a warrior, the fellow who had killed my father drew his spear from his body and made a violent thrust at me. I shrank from the spear; the savage who had hold of me turned it with his hand, so that it only penetrated my vest and shirt. They were then satisfied with taking me prisoner, as they had the same morning taken my uncle's little son and Pence, though they killed my uncle. The same party, before they reached us, had touched on the lower settlements of Wyoming, and killed a Mr. Upson, and took a boy prisoner of the name of Rogers. We were now marched off up Fishing creek, and in the afternoon of the same day we came to Huntington, where the Indians found four white men at a sugar camp, who fortunately discovered the Indians and fled to a house. The Indians only fired on them and wounded a Captain Ransom, when they continued their course till night. Having encamped and made their fire, we, the prisoners, were tied and well secured, five Indians lying on one side of us and five on the other. In the morning they pursued their course, and, leaving the waters of Fishing creek, touched the head-waters of Hemlock creek, where they found one Abraham Pike, his wife and child. Pike was made prisoner; but his wife and child they painted, and told Joggo, squaw, go home. They continued their course that day, and encamped the same night in the same manner as the previous. It came into my mind that sometimes individuals performed wonderful actions

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and surmounted the greatest danger. I then decided that these fellows must die, and thought of the plan to despatch them. The next day I had an opportunity to communicate my plan to my fellow-prisoners. They treated it as a visionary scheme for three men to attempt to despatch ten Indians. I spread before them the advantages that three men would have over ten when asleep; and that we would be the first prisoners that would be taken into their towns and villages after our army had destroyed their corn; that we should be tied to the stake and suffer a cruel death. We had now an inch of ground to fight on, and if we failed it would only be death, and we might as well die one way as another. That day passed away, and, having encamped for the night, we lay as before. In the morning we came to the river, and saw their canoes. They had descended the river and run their canoes upon Little Tunkhannock creek, so called. They crossed the river and set their canoes adrift. I renewed my suggestion to my companions to despatch them that night, and urged them to decide the question. They agreed to make the trial; but how shall we do it? was the question. Disarm them, and each take a tomahawk and come to close work at once. There are three of us; plant our blows with judgment, and three times three will make nine, and the tenth one we can kill at our leisure. They agreed to disarm them, and after that, one take possession of the guns and fire, at the one side of the four, and the other two take tomahawks on the other side and despatch them. I observed

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that would be a very uncertain way. The first shot fired would give the alarm; they would discover it to be the prisoners, and might defeat us. I had to yield to their plan. Peter Pence was chosen to fire the guns; Pike and myself to tomahawk. We cut and carried plenty of wood to give them a good fire. The prisoners were tied and laid in their places. After I was laid down, one of them had occasion to use his knife; he dropped it at my feet; I turned my foot over it and concealed it; they all lay down and fell asleep. About midnight I got up and found them in a sound sleep. I slipped to Pence, who rose; I cut him loose and handed him the knife; he did the same for me, and I in turn took the knife and cut Pike loose. In a minute's time we disarmed them. Pence took his station at the guns. Pike and myself with our tomahawks took our stations. I was to tomahawk three on the right wing, and Pike two on the left. That moment Pike's two awoke, and were getting up. Here Pike proved a coward and lay down. It was a critical moment. I saw there was no time to be lost; their heads turned up fair; I despatched them in a moment, and turned to my lot as per agreement, and, as I was about to despatch the last on my side of the fire, Pence shot and did good execution. There was only one at the off wing that his ball did not reach. His name was Mohawke, a stout, bold, daring fellow. In the alarm he jumped off about three rods from the fire. He saw it was the prisoners who made the attack, and, giving the war-whoop, he darted to take possession of the guns.

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I was as quick to prevent him; the contest was then between him and myself. As I raised my tomahawk, he turned quick to jump from me. I followed him and struck at him; but, missing his head, my tomahawk struck his shoulder, or rather the back of his neck. He pitched forward and fell; at the same time my foot slipped, and I fell by his side. We clinched; his arm was naked; he caught me round my neck. At the same time I caught him with my left arm around the body, and gave him a close hug; at the same time feeling for his knife, but could not reach it.

In our scuffle my tomahawk dropped out. My head was under the wounded shoulder, and almost suffocated me with his blood. I made a violent spring and broke from his hold. We both rose at the same time, and he ran. It took me some time to clear the blood from my eyes. My tomahawk had got covered up, and I could not find it in time to overtake him. He was the only one of the party that escaped. Pike was powerless. I always had a reverence for Christian devotion. Pike was trying to pray, and Pence swearing at him, charging him with cowardice, and saying it was no time to pray; he ought to fight. We were masters of the ground, and in possession of all their guns, blankets, match-coats, &c. I then turned my attention to scalping them, and recovering the scalps of my father, brother, and others. I strung them all on my belt for safe-keeping. We kept our ground till morning, and built a raft, it being near the bank of the river where they

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had encamped, about fifteen miles below Tioga Point. We got all our plunder on it, and set sail for Wyoming, the nearest settlement. Our raft gave way, when we made for land; and we lost considerable property, though we saved our guns and ammunition, and took to land. We reached Wyalusing late in the afternoon. Came to the narrows; discovered a smoke below, and a raft lying at the shore, by which we were certain that a party of Indians had passed us in the course of the day, and had halted for the night. There was no alternative for us but to rout them, or go over the mountain. The snow on the north side of the hill was deep. We knew from the appearance of the raft that the party must be small; we had two rifles each; my only fear was of Pike's cowardice. To know the worst of it, we agreed that I should ascertain their number, and give the signal for the attack. I crept down the side of the hill so near as to see their fires and packs, but saw no Indians. I concluded they had gone hunting for meat, and that this was a good opportunity for us to make off with their raft to the opposite side of the river. I gave the signal. They came and threw their packs on to the raft, which was made of small, dry pine timber. With poles and paddles we drove her briskly across the river, and had got nearly out of reach of shot when two of them came in. They fired; their shots did no injury. We soon got under cover of an island, and went several miles. We had waded deep creeks through the day; the night was cold. We

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landed on an island, and found a sink-hole, in which we made our fire. After warming, we were alarmed by a cracking in the crust. Pike supposed the Indians had got on the island, and was for calling for quarters. To keep him quiet, we threatened him with his life. The stepping grew plainer, and seemed coming directly to the fire. I kept a watch, and soon a noble racoon came under the light. I shot the racoon, when Pike jumped up and called out, "Quarters, gentlemen; quarters, gentlemen!" I took my game by the leg and threw it down by the fire. "Here, you cowardly rascal," I cried, "skin that and give us a roast for supper." The next night we reached Wyoming, and there was much joy to see us. We rested one day, and it being not safe to go to Northumberland by land, we procured a canoe, and, with Pence and my little cousin, we descended the river by night. We came to Fort Jenkins before day, where I found Colonel Kelly and about one hundred men encamped out of the fort. He came across from the west branch by the heads of Chillisquake to Fishing creek, the end of the Nob mountain, so called at that day, where my father and brother were killed. He had buried my father and uncle. My brother was burnt, a small part of him only was to be found. Colonel Kelly informed me that my mother and her children were in the fort, and it was thought that I was killed likewise. Colonel Kelly went into the fort to prepare her mind to see me. I took off my belt of scalps and handed them to an officer to keep.

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Human nature was not sufficient to stand the interview. She had just lost a husband and a son, and one had returned to take her by the hand, and one, too, that she supposed was killed.

Early Settlers of Bedford County.

MANY stories of Indian outrages and of daring personal adventure with the savages are still preserved by descendants of the early settlers of Bedford. In 1777, an attack was made upon the house of Mr. Tull, containing the old gentleman, his wife, and nine daughters, their only son being absent. A neighbour named Williams, and his son, were returning from some work on the road. Observing a smoke in the direction of Tull's house, they entered the garden. Here they found the old man just expiring, while near him lay an Indian paint-bag. They fled in terror to the fort; but next day a party returned to ascertain the fate of the survivors. The mother was found with the infant in her arms, both scalped, and at different distances were the remaining children all dead and scalped except one, who it was supposed had been burned.

About the same time, a rather singular circumstance occurred in the neighbourhood of the Alleghanies. A man, named Wells, after making considerable improvement, was obliged, through dread of the Indians, to retire with his family to the adjacent

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fort. In the fall he returned to dig his potatoes, taking with him six or seven men, a girl to cook, and a horse. After finishing their job, they made preparations to return on the following day. During the night, Wells dreamed that on his way he had been attacked and gored by a bull, and so strongly was he impressed by this circumstance, that he mentioned it to his companions together with his apprehension that something serious was about to occur. He again slept, and dreamed that, when about to shoot a deer, the main-spring of his gun broke, and he distinctly heard the crack of its spring. Lovers of the marvellous will be pleased to hear, that, on his arising and examining his gun, the main-spring actually did break. The party now became alarmed, and, hastily despatching their breakfast, set out for the fort. The girl had already been sent forward on the horse. On the road, five Indians suddenly rose before Wells, and advanced with extended hands. His companions immediately fled. Not liking the looks of the nearest Indian, Wells threw his useless rifle at him and ran. The Indians pursued; but, finding that he outran them, they suddenly stopped and fired. All the balls struck him, but without much effect. Soon after he discovered his hidden companions, and begged them to fire; but they were afraid. He next overtook the girl, who, comprehending his danger, dismounted, and exhorted him to save himself, while she hid amongst the bushes. Destitute of a whip, he could get the horse only on a trot, and the Indians again got near enough to fire. One of the balls struck

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him in the hip, and lodged in his side. The report so frightened the horse that he started off at full gallop, thus enabling his rider to escape. The Indians were afterwards pursued, and four of them killed.

Indian Attack on Dover, New Hampshire.

In 1689, that part of the town of Dover, lying on the first falls of the river Cocheco, contained five garrisoned houses. These were surrounded by timber walls, the gates of which were secured by bolts and bars. The garrisons, or rather families of these places, seem to have relapsed into a state of imaginary safety, neglecting the precautions which, at that early day, could not be neglected without risk of surprise and massacre. The Indians, some of whom were constantly prowling about the neighbourhood, were not slow in discovering this criminal lethargy, nor in devising a plan to take advantage of it. Two of their women were to go to each of the garrisoned houses in the evening, and ask leave to lodge by the fire. At night, when all was hushed, they were to open the gates and give the signal by whistling; upon which the assailants were to rush in and massacre or capture the garrisons.

On the evening of Thursday, the 27th of June, 1789, two squaws applied to each of the garrisons for lodging, as they frequently did in time of peace. They were admitted into all but the younger Coffin's,

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and the people, at their request, showed them how to open the doors, in case they should have occasion to go out in the night. Mesandowit, one of their chiefs, went to Waldron's garrison, and was kindly entertained, as he had often been before. The squaws told the major that a number of Indians were coming to trade with him the next day, and Mesandowit, while at supper, with his usual familiarity, said, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if the strange Indians should come?" The major carelessly answered, that he could assemble a hundred men by lifting up his finger. In this unsuspecting confidence the family retired to rest.

When all was quiet, the gates were opened and the signal given. The Indians entered, set a guard at the door, and rushed into the major's apartment, which was an inner room. Awakened by the noise, he jumped out of bed, and, though now advanced in life to the age of eighty years, he retained so much vigour as to drive them with his sword through two or three doors; but, as he was returning for his other arms, they came behind him, stunned him with a hatchet, drew him into his hall, and, seating him in an elbow chair on a long table, insultingly asked him, "Who shall judge Indians now?" They then obliged the people in the house to get them some victuals, and, when they had done eating, they cut the major across the breast and belly with knives, each one with a stroke, saying, "I cross out my account." They then cut off his nose and ears, forcing them into his mouth, and, when spent with the loss of

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blood, he was falling down from the table, one of them held his own sword under him, which put an end to his misery. They also killed his son-in-law, Abraham Lee; but took his daughter Lee with several others, and, having pillaged the house, set it on fire. Otis's garrison, which was next to the major's, met with the same fate. He was killed, with several others, and his wife and child were made prisoners. Heard's was saved by the barking of a dog just as the Indians were entering. Elder Wentworth, who was awakened by the noise, pushed them out, and falling on his back set his feet against the gate, and held it till he had alarmed the people; two balls were fired through it, but both missed him. Coffin's house was surprised; but, as the Indians had no particular enmity to him, they spared his life and the lives of his family, and contented themselves with pillaging the house. Finding a bag of money, they made him throw it by handfuls on the floor, while they amused themselves in scrambling for it. They then went to the house of his son, who would not admit the squaws in the evening, and summoned him to surrender, promising him quarter. He declined their offer, and determined to defend his house, till they brought out his father and threatened to kill him before his eyes. Filial affection then overcame his resolution, and he surrendered. They put both families together into a deserted house, intending to reserve them for prisoners; but, while the Indians were busy in plundering, they all escaped.

Twenty-three people were killed in this surprisal,

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and twenty-nine were taken captive; five or six houses, with the mills, were burned; and so expeditious were the Indians in the execution of their plot, that, before the people could be collected from the other parts of the town to oppose them, they fled with their prisoners and booty. As they passed by Heard's garrison, in their retreat, they fired upon it; but the people being prepared and resolved to defend it, and the enemy being in haste, it was preserved. The preservation of its owner was more remarkable.

Elizabeth Heard, with her three sons and a daughter, and some others, were returning in the night from Portsmouth. They passed up the river in their boat, unperceived by the Indians, who were then in possession of the houses; but, suspecting danger by the noise which they heard, after they had landed, they betook themselves to Waldron's garrison, where they saw lights, which they imagined were set up for direction to those who might be seeking a refuge. They knocked and begged earnestly for admission; but, no answer being given, a young man of the company climbed up the wall, and saw, to his inexpressible surprise, an Indian standing in the door of the house with his gun. The woman was so overcome with the fright that she was unable to fly; but begged her children to shift for themselves, and they with heavy hearts left her. When she had a little recovered, she crawled into some bushes, and lay there till day-light. She then perceived an Indian coming toward her with a pistol in his hand; he looked at her and went away. Returning, he looked

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at her again, and she asked him what he would have. He made no answer, but ran yelling to the house, and she saw him no more. She kept her place till the house was burned and the Indians were gone, and then, returning home, found her own house safe. Her preservation in these dangerous circumstances was more remarkable, if, as it is supposed, it was an instance of justice and gratitude in the Indians; for, at the time when the four hundred were seized in 1676, a young Indian escaped and took refuge in her house, where she concealed him. In return for which kindness he promised her that he would never kill her, nor any of her family in any future war, and that he would use his influence with the other Indians to the same purpose. This Indian was one of the party who surprised the place, and she was well known to most of them.

The same day, after the mischief was done, a letter from Secretary Addington, written by order of the government, directed to Major Waldron, giving him notice of the intention of the Indians to surprise him under pretence of trade, fell into the hands of his son. This design was communicated to Governor Bradstreet by Major Henchman of Chelmsford, who had learned it of the Indians. The letter was despatched from Boston the day before by Mr. Weare; but some delay, which he met with at Newbury ferry, prevented its arrival in season.

The prisoners taken at this time were mostly carried to Canada and sold to the French; and these, it

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would appear, were the first that ever were carried thither.

One of these prisoners was Sarah Gerrish, a remarkably fine child of seven years old, and granddaughter of Major Waldron, in whose house she lodged that fatal night. Some circumstances attending her captivity are truly affecting. When she was awakened by the noise of the Indians in the house, she crept into another bed and hid herself under the clothes to escape their search. She remained in their hands till the next winter, and was sold from one to another several times. An Indian girl once pushed her into a river; but, catching by the bushes, she escaped drowning, yet durst not tell how she came to be wet. Once she was so weary with travelling that she did not awake in the morning till the Indians were gone, and then found herself alone in the woods, covered with snow and without any food. Having found their tracks, she went crying after them till they heard her and took her with them. At another time, they kindled a great fire, and the young Indians told her she was to be roasted. She burst into tears, threw her arms round her master's neck, and begged him to save her, which he promised to do if she would behave well. Being arrived in Canada, she was bought by the Intendant's lady, who treated her courteously and sent her to a nunnery for education. But when Sir William Phips was at Quebec, she was exchanged and returned to her friends, with whom she lived till she was sixteen years old.

The wife of Richard Otis was taken at the same

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time, with an infant daughter of three months old. The French priests took this child under their care, baptized her by the name of Christina, and educated her in the Romish religion. She passed some time in a nunnery, but declined taking the veil, and was married to a Frenchman, by whom she had two children. But her desire to see New England was so strong, that, upon an exchange of prisoners in 1714, being then a widow, she left both her children, who were not permitted to come with her, and returned home, where she abjured the Romish faith.

Indian Gratitude for Favours.

THE following anecdote displays a singular medley of cruelty and gratitude. It is refreshing to meet with instances of lenity, even though in the midst of slaughter; for light never appears so bright as when contrasted with a dark ground.

During the old French war, a Mr. Schoonhover, with six or seven other Americans, was captured by Indians while journeying from Fort William Henry to Sandy Hill. They were led to what is now the middle of Sandy Hill, and seated one by one on a log. The Indians then began at one end and deliberately split the skulls of the prisoners with their tomahawks, each *feeling* the stroke which murdered his neighbour before he received his own. Schoonhover was the last but one. The work of death had

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reached him, and the hatchet was already lifted, when the butchery was suddenly stopped. A chief approaching him, mildly said: "Do you not remember that, when your young men were dancing, poor Indians came and wanted to dance too? Your young men said 'No, Indians shall not dance with us;' but you said, 'Indians shall dance.' Now, I will show you that Indians can remember kindness." It is needless to add, that Schoonhover was spared, together with his trembling companion.

Escape from Indians.

In 1703, the town of Wells, in Maine, was attacked by Indians. Stephen Harding, a resident on the opposite side of the river, heard the firing, but supposed that it originated from a company of soldiers exercising. On the following morning, he prepared to go a hunting; but his wife begged him to stay, because, during the night, two men, as she thought, had looked in at the window. Convinced that this was the effect of imagination, he went over to his shop to wait for breakfast. On the road he observed a crowd of persons on a neighbouring height, and, being now alarmed, he returned to his house and told his wife to carry their child, about a year old, across Gooch's creek, and remain under a particular oak until he could ascertain what was the matter. He then went

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to his shop, beat on the side of it with an axe, and gave the war-whoop. Suddenly four Indians started up from their hiding-places, and ran toward the door. Harding escaped on the other side. In passing through an adjacent corn-field, and when within a short distance of the house, he found his wife, who was too much frightened to run. He caught her under one arm and the child under the other, and aimed for the creek. Though it was at flood-tide, he safely forded it, and, placing his charge under an oak, he returned to ascertain the disposition of the Indians, still hoping it might be friendly. On the way he met an enormous bear, which obliged him again to seek his family, and set out with them toward one of the Wells forts. A small dog was killed lest it might betray them by its barking. At night they reached the top of a hill, where they remained until morning, feeding upon berries. The next evening they reached Storer's garrison, the inmates of which were asleep. From this circumstance, Harding imagined that he had left his house without sufficient cause, and was about retracing his steps, when the cries of women and children for the loss of their relatives convinced him that he had not yielded to a false alarm.

Meanwhile, the Indians had pulled up all the corn in search of the fugitive; but afterwards gave up the pursuit, affirming that he was as good an Indian as themselves. They did not injure the house; but killed his hogs and took all the clothing and bedding, throwing away the feathers of the latter. Their ob-

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ject was to take him alive and convey him to the settlements in Canada, where his trade as a blacksmith would render him of great service to them. Afterwards the Indians crossed the river and killed the wife and three children of William Larrabee, who lived in the field near what are called Butler's rocks. Larrabee was at work on the marsh. Perceiving two Indians running toward him, he concealed himself among the bushes. After they had given up the search, he crept toward the house, and saw the party regaling themselves upon the provisions taken from his house. Near him his wife and two children were lying dead. The other child was not quite dead, but raised its head several times.

The Indians next proceeded to the house of Philip Durrill. From thence they took away Mrs. Durrill, her two daughters, Susan and Rachel, and two sons, one an infant. The Indians carried their prisoners as far as Peywacket or Fryeburg, when Mrs. Durrill persuaded them to let her return with her infant. One of the Indians carried her child for her to the stone fort at Saco, from which place she returned home. The other son was accidentally drowned in Saco; the daughters married Frenchmen, and refused to return after the war was over.

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Murder of a Family in New Hampshire.

In 1723, the family of Aaron Rawlins, on Samprey river, New Hampshire, was attacked by Indians, and himself and eldest daughter murdered, under circumstance of great barbarity. At that time the people generally retired at night to the garrisoned houses, and returned home in the daytime. On the evening of August 29, they neglected this precaution. At this time eighteen Indians were in the neighbourhood, and observing the defenceless condition of the family, immediately resolved on an attack. Mrs. Rawlins, going to the door, was seized, together with two of her children. Her husband closed the door, and with his eldest daughter, about twelve years old, began firing upon the assailants, calling to his neighbours for help. They were afraid to venture out; and the unhappy man was at length killed by a random shot through the door. The Indians then broke into the house, killed the daughter, cut off her head, and scalped her father. His wife and two children, a son and a daughter, were carried to Canada. In a few years Mrs. Rawlins was redeemed. The son was adopted by the Indians, and lived. After peace had been declared, he came into Pennycook with some of his red companions, and expressed to some people with whom he conversed, much resentment against his uncle Samuel Rawlins, on account of some property which, as he supposed, had been detained from his mother. The daughter married a Frenchman, and when nearly

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sixty years old, returned with him to her native place, in expectation of receiving the patrimony which she imagined was left her by her father. But the estate had been sold by her grandfather's administrator, and after a year or two she went back to Canada.

Dance of Ojibbeway Indians (in London.)

THE impossibility of studying the Indian character and Indian customs where they ought to be studied, among their native wilds, must ever prove a serious obstacle to their proper representation. It was a noble thought of our countryman, Mr. Catlin, to reject those partial and meagre records concerning our aborigines which were current during his youth, and to resolve upon seeing the Indian in his own element, surrounded with all the mighty works of which he is a part. He found the Indian, in civilized life, a solitary, degraded wanderer, without a country, without a home, without a friend, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. He journeyed to the prairies of the West. There the Indian was another being—the lord of creation, the member of a race of heroes, to which those of Homer and Tasso are tame; the champion of feats at which the white man would shudder. There, amid new laws and noble scenery, the Indian is the civilized man; and the European, the wandering, dejected outcast. It is for this reason that Mr. Catlin's book is of all books

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about Indians the most instructive and amusing. It takes for granted that the Indian is a man—a real man like ourselves, has affections and feelings like other men; having love for friends, gratitude for favours, sensibility for kindness, as other men have. The author went among populous tribes, some of them smarting under injuries lately received, armed not with rifle and scalping knife, but with a palette. He loved the Indian character, he mourned over their coming fate, and he appeared among their tribes as a friend. As a friend they welcomed him. The distinction of colour was forgotten; the memory of past injuries was forgotten. The white man was admitted to every wigwam, shared every hunt and every ceremony. He was even installed a medicine-man, and admitted to the great ceremonial feasts. Can we wonder that he learned to love the poor Indian, or that his narrative forces us also to love them?

On returning to the Eastern States, Mr. Catlin exhibited his gallery of Indian paintings in New York. Afterwards he went with it to London; while there, he was surprised by a visit from a party of Ojibbeway Indians, who not long after were followed by a party of Ioways. These were exhibited in the same building with his paintings, and met with the greatest favour from all classes of the English people. During the exhibitions they gave the white people an opportunity to enjoy sights, and we may add to hear noises which their forefathers had neither seen nor heard. The displays were truly Indian; and taught the spectators more of the real Indian character in

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one night than all the books of Indians then in the kingdom could have done, Mr. Catlin's book always excepted.

Some of these performances, with their attendant incidents, were no less amusing than instructive. The following is Catlin's account of their first appearance at the Exchange Buildings, Manchester:—"On the same evening, by our announcements, they were to make their first appearance in my exhibition, and at an early hour the Rooms were filled, and we were obliged to close the doors. I had erected a strong platform in the middle of my room, on which the Indians were to give their dances, and having removed all seats from the room, every part of the floor was covered as densely as it was possible for men and women to be grouped together. Into the midst of this mass the party dashed in Indian file, with shield and bow and quiver slung—with war-clubs and tomahawks in hand, as they sounded the frightful war-whoop and were endeavouring to reach the platform. The frightened crowd, with screams and yells as frightful nearly as those of the Indians, gave way, and they soon had a free passage to the platform, upon which they leaped, without looking for the flight of steps prepared for them, and were at full length before the staring, gaping multitude. They were in a moment seated, and were passing their pipe around, while I was, by a brief lecture, introducing them, and the modes they were to illustrate to the audience.

"I described the country and the tribe they belonged to, and the objects for which they had crossed

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Ojibwa Dancing.

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the Atlantic; and also expressed to the audience the happy opportunity it was affording me of corroborating the many assertions I had been heretofore making relative to the looks and modes of those people, many of which I was fully aware were difficult of comprehension. Having done this, I should leave the Indians to entertain the audience with such of their dances and other amusements as they might decide upon, and endeavour to stand by and explain each amusement as they gave it, feeling abundantly able to do so from a residence of eight years among the various tribes in America.

"There was a shout of applause at the close of my remarks, and the most impatient anxiety evinced on all sides to see the commencement of the curious tricks which were just ready to be introduced. At this moment, with a sudden yell, the men all sprung upon their feet; their weapons brandished and their buffalo robes thrown back, while the women and children seated themselves at the end of the platform. Another shrill yell of the war-whoop, with the flourish of their weapons, and the medicine-man or doctor commenced with tambour (or drum) and his voice upon the war-song; and they were all off in the dance. At the first rest, when they suddenly stopped, there was but one mingled roar of applause, which showed to the poor fellows that they had made 'a hit,' and were to be received with great kindness and interest. This stimulated them to finish it with spirit; and when it was done, and they were seated a few moments to rest, hundreds were ambitious to

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crowd up to them and offer them their hands. It was with great difficulty that I could get the audience quiet enough to hear my explanations of the war-dance—its meaning, and the objects and character of the war-whoop which they had just heard. I gained the patience of the crowd by promising them a number of dances and other amusements, all of which I would render instructive by my explanations, and afford all, in the remotest parts of the room, an opportunity to shake hands with the Indians when their amusements were finished.

"After my explanations and their pipe were finished, they arose and gave the *Wa-be-no* dance, as they call it. *Wa-be-no*, in the Ojibbeway language, means mystery, and their mystery-dance is one of their choicest dances, only given at some occasion of their mystery-feasts, or for the accomplishment of some mysterious design. This dance is amusing and grotesque, and made much merriment among the audience. I explained the meaning of this also, and they afterwards gave some surprising illustrations of the mode of catching and throwing the ball in their favourite game of ball-play, with their ball-sticks in their hands. The astonishing quickness and certainty with which they throw and catch the ball in their rackets elicited immense applause; and after this they gave the '*scalp-dance*,' which is given when a party returns from war, having brought home scalps taken from their enemies' heads, and preserved as trophies by the victors. In this dance the women, occupying the centre, hold up the scalps, attached to

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the tops of little poles, while men who have come from war dance around in a circle, brandishing their weapons, gnashing their teeth, and yelling the war-whoop at the highest key of their voices. At the close of this terrifying dance, which seemed to come just up to the anxiety of the excited audience, there was a tremendous roar of applause, and, in the midst of the uproar, an old gentleman took from his pocket a beautifully chased silver tobacco-box, and handing it to me, desired me to give it to the old chief, and tell him to carry his tobacco in it. I handed it to the old man, and, as he had seen the hand that gave it, he sprang upon his feet, as if he were but a boy, and reaching out his hand, grasped, over the heads of the audience, the hand of the venerable old gentleman, who told him 'he was happy to see him, and to make him a little present to recollect him by.' The old chief straightened up and squared himself upon the platform, throwing his buffalo robe over his left shoulder and passing it forward under his right arm and into his left hand; and with the most benignant smile (as he turned his box a moment under his eye, and passed it into his left hand) commenced—'My friends, though I am old I thank the Great Spirit for giving me strength to say a few words to you. He has allowed me to live many years, and I believe it is because I thank him for all his gifts. His eye was upon us when we were on the great salt lake, and he has brought us here safe, for which we all are thankful. He has directed you all to come here this night and to be so kind to us, for we had done nothing to

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make you come. We have long heard of the *Sag-a-noshes*,* and we have been anxious to come and see them. We have fought for them and with them, and our fathers and brothers have bled for them. There are many of the *Sag-a-noshes* among us, and we love them. The Great Spirit has smiled upon our undertaking, and he has guided the hand of my brother to make me this present. My friends, my heart is warm and I am thankful. We have now done our dancing and singing, and we offer you our hands in friendship.' At this there was a rush towards the platform from every part of the room to shake the hands of the Indians, who had seated themselves on the front of the platform for the purpose.

"These greetings for half an hour or so were exceedingly warm; and to make them more impressive, several persons deposited in their hands valuable trinkets and money, which they received with thanks."

During the second night's performance, a most laughable scene took place between the Indians and the fair portion of his audience. To the general reader the narrative of it may perhaps afford unmixed amusement; the more reflecting will perhaps discover in it some indications that the Indian character is not that stoical thing, indifferent alike to pleasure and pain, that many have hitherto represented it:

"The room was filled long before they made their appearance; and in the roar and confusion of applause at the end of their amusements, there was a cry from the end of the room, 'Let some of them

* Englishmen.

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come this way—we can't get near them—we can't tell whether they are in their own skins or in fleshings.' And another hallooed out, 'Let that handsome little fellow come here, (alluding to *Samah*, who was a very fine-looking young man;) here is a lady who wants to kiss him!'

"This being interpreted to him, he leaped into and through the crowd, (as he would dash into the river that he was to ford,) and had his naked arms around her neck and kissed her before there was any time for an explanation. The excitement and screaming and laughing among the women in that part of the room made kissing fashionable, and every one who laid her hand upon his arm or his naked shoulders (and those not a few) got a kiss, gave a scream, and presented him a brooch, a ring, or some other keepsake, and went home with a streak of red paint on her face, and perhaps with one or two of black or green upon her dress. The gallant little fellow squeezed himself through this dense crowd, kissing old and young as he went, and returned to the platform, from which he held up and displayed his trophies with much satisfaction.

"I felt it my duty to reprimand him for his rudeness, and told him it was not fashionable in such crowds to kiss the ladies; to which he replied, that 'he knew what he was about—the white ladies are very pretty and very sweet, and I gave my kisses only where they were asked for.' The response all over the house was that 'he had done right; good little fellow, he has done no harm.'—A voice, 'No,

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no harm, indeed; I'll kiss him again if he will come down, charming little fellow!'—He was in the act of leaping off, when Cadotte, the interpreter, seized him by the arm and turned him back."

Murder of a Family in Tennessee.

THE following narrative of the murder of two families on the Tennessee river, (April 22, 1812,) displays in the most glaring light the cruelties of the savage breast, when, through long-concealed hatred and the desire of revenge, it has banished or suppressed every nobler feeling of untutored nature.

In 1812, the dread of an attack from the southern Indians obliged the inhabitants of Humphreys county to collect in parties of fifteen or twenty, comprising sometimes several families in one house. For this purpose John Crawley had gone with his family to the house of Jesse Manly. The family of Crawley consisted of a wife and four children; Manly's, of a wife and three children. The evening before the attack, Manly and Crawley were both called from home, taking Crawley's eldest son with them. They had employed C. Hays, a promising young man, to stay at the house until their return. Early next morning he had saddled his horse, and had proceeded about one hundred yards from the house, when the Indians, who were concealed behind the fence, fired upon him. He received two mortal wounds. While

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one of the Indians was scalping him, the other four ran into the house. One of Manly's children, outside of the house, was torn in pieces by their dogs, and afterwards scalped.

They now forced the door, and, snatching Mrs. Manly's child, only eight days old, from her, scalped it and threw it into the fire. An indiscriminate butchery of the other children followed, until five had been scalped and murdered.

Mrs. Manly was the last victim. After shooting her, they scalped her and committed atrocious barbarities on her body. They then left the house, taking Mrs. Crawley along as prisoner. About four hours after the Indians were gone, the neighbours got information of the murder and collected at the house. They found Mrs. Manly alive and in her perfect senses. Amidst the carnage, one of Mrs. Crawley's children escaped unhurt. During the attack upon the house, she had the presence of mind to raise a portion of the floor, and throw her child into the cellar.

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Depredations by the Sioux.

The Sioux Indians are the dread of all the numerous tribes scattered from Canada to Mexico, and from Council Bluffs to the Rocky Mountains. In numbers, in skill, and in ferocity, they are unequalled by any save the Camanches. The depredations about to be described were committed by them during the late war between the United States and Mexico.

On the 16th of December, 1846, a band of Sioux encountered some Omaha Indians near Council Bluffs. A battle ensued, in which the Omahas, being few in number, were worsted. The Sioux then entered the village and butchered sixty women and children. Four days previous, a war-party of Sioux had invaded the Omaha country, situated sixty miles from Bellevieu.

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They found none there but women and children, the warriors having gone on a hunt. At once the work of death commenced. The slaughter was indiscriminate and terrible. Seventy-three were killed and nineteen mortally wounded. Some white families, living with the Omahas, and whose male members were found in the village, shared in the massacre. Only two of them escaped—one of them, Joseph Lafleche, a trader in the employ of Mr. Peter A. Sarpy, and at that time in charge of a stock of goods. He arrived at Bellevieu with both feet frozen, having run the whole distance barefoot. Mr. Sarpy and the agent, Major Miller, despatched a party of men to ascertain the facts. They soon returned with the melancholy news. The scalped and murdered ones had been found; property, household goods, the productions of the field, had been destroyed or carried away. The snow for miles around was strewn with broken articles and tracked with blood. The village resembled a slaughter house. Five of the Sioux had been stabbed by the Omaha women. A few days before this tragic event, the Omahas had been attacked by a war-party of Ayouas under a celebrated chief, White Cloud. On that occasion, they had four warriors wounded and one woman killed. In the same month, the Sioux and Osages held a council to deliberate upon a plan for uniting their forces and influence against the United States—possibly under the hope of obtaining aid from Mexico.

In 1847, the Sioux commenced a war of extermination against the Ottoes and Pawnees. In Septem-

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ber, they visited a building called "the farmer's house," in the Pawnee village, and destroyed a blacksmith's shop, together with some tools and furniture. On the 17th of the same month, they attacked an Ottoe village, destroyed all the corn in the fields, killed twenty of the tribe, and burned the village. At the same time, they threatened the American garrison at Fort Kearny, ravaged and laid waste all the surrounding country, and drove the tribes hostile to them from their usual hunting-grounds. On the 26th of May, seven of their warriors entered the Ottoe country and concealed themselves near a field which the Ottoes had prepared for planting their corn. Three squaws, who were approaching the village, were fired upon. Two fell dead; the other gave the alarm. The warriors rushed out and pursued the Sioux, who fled into a large weed brake. This the Ottoes surrounded and set on fire, and, as the murderers attempted to escape, they were massacred without mercy. The war between these tribes is still raging, (1849.)

Indian Horsemanship.

CATLIN gives an astonishing account of the skill with which the Camanche Indians of northern Texas manage their horses.

The Camanches, like the northern tribes, have many games, and in pleasant weather seem to be

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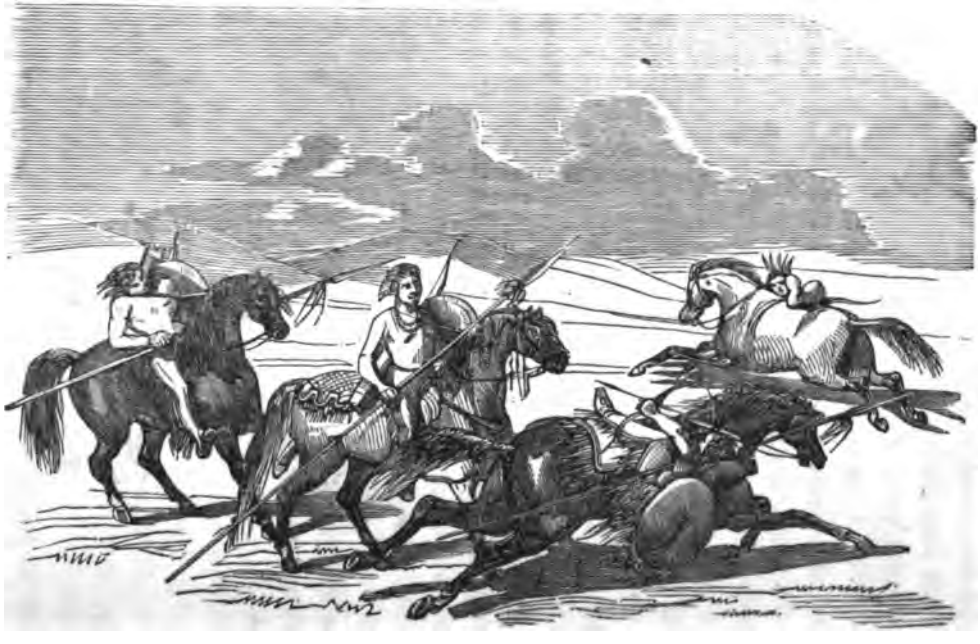

Indian Horsemanship.

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continually practising more or less of them on the prairies back of and contiguous to their village.

In their ball-plays and some other games, they are far behind the Sioux and others of the northern tribes; but, in racing horses and riding, they are not equalled by any other Indians on the continent. Racing horses, it would seem, is a constant and almost incessant exercise, and their principal mode of gambling; and perhaps a more finished set of jockeys are not to be found. The exercise of these people, in a country where horses are so abundant and the country so fine for riding, is chiefly done on horseback; and it "stands to reason" that such a people, who have been practising from their childhood, should become exceedingly expert in this wholesome and beautiful exercise. Among their feats of riding, there is one that has astonished me more than any thing of the kind I have ever seen, or expect to see, in my life—a stratagem of war learned and practised by every young man in the tribe, by which he is able to drop his body upon the side of his horse at the instant he is passing, effectually screened from his enemies' weapons as he lies in a horizontal position behind the body of his horse, with his heel hanging over the horse's back, by which he has the power of throwing himself up again, and changing to the other side of the horse if necessary. In this wonderful condition he will hang while his horse is at fullest speed, carrying with him his bow and his shield, and also his long lance of fourteen feet in length, all or either of which he will wield upon his enemy as he passes, rising and throw-

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ing his arrows over the horse's back, or, with equal ease and equal success, under the horse's neck.

Since writing the above, I have conversed with some of the young men of the Pawnees, who practise the same feat, and who told me they could throw the arrow from under the horse's belly, and elevate it upon an enemy with deadly effect!

This feat I did not see performed; but, from what I did see, I feel inclined to believe that these young men were boasting of no more than they were able to perform.

This astonishing feat, which the young men have been repeatedly playing off to our surprise as well as amusement, while they have been galloping about in front of our tents, completely puzzled the whole of us, and appeared to be the result of magic rather than of skill acquired by practice. I had several times great curiosity to approach them to ascertain by what means their bodies could be suspended in this manner, where nothing could be seen but the heel hanging over the horse's back. In these endeavours, I was continually frustrated, until one day I coaxed a young fellow up within a little distance of me by offering him a few plugs of tobacco, and he in a moment solved the difficulty, so far as to render it apparently more feasible than before; yet leaving it one of the most extraordinary results of practice and persevering endeavours. I found on examination that a short hair-halter was passed around under the neck of the horse, and both ends tightly braided into the mane on the withers, leaving a loop to hang under the

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neck and against the breast, which, being caught up in the hand, makes a sling into which the elbow falls, taking the weight of the body on the middle of the upper arm. Into this loop the rider drops suddenly and fearlessly, leaving his heel to hang over the back of the horse to steady him, and also to restore him when he wishes to gain his upright position on the horse's back.

Besides this wonderful art, these people have several other feats of horsemanship, which they are continually showing off; which are pleasing and extraordinary, and of which they seem very proud. A people who spend so very great a part of their lives actually on their horses' backs, must needs become exceedingly expert in every thing that pertains to riding, to war, or to the chase; and I am ready, without hesitation, to pronounce the Camanches the most extraordinary horsemen that I have seen yet in all my travels, and I doubt very much whether any people in the world can surpass them.

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Battle of Oriskany.

DURING the Revolutionary War the British were never more sanguine of ultimate success than at the period when General Burgoyne was marching from Canada to New York. The progress of that officer from the St. Lawrence to Vermont was a series of rapid triumphs. No American army could be brought against him; towns and villages were deserted at his approach; all the south of New England was in confusion, and it was confidently anticipated that the army at New York would soon join him, and thus cut off all communication between the Middle States and the North.

The turning point of this splendid career was Bennington; yet previous to that battle, the indefatigable energy of General Schuyler had nearly completed the plan which ultimately ruined Burgoyne. One

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portion of this plan was the defence of Fort Schuyler. The garrison, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Gansevoort, was besieged by a large body of British Tories and Indians, led by St. Leger, but behaving with heroic courage, their savage enemies were driven off with shame and heavy loss. It was while advancing to relieve the garrison, that General Herkimer, with the militia of Tryon county, New York, was surprised by the enemy, his march arrested, and himself mortally wounded.

The battle was fought August 6, 1777. Fired by the atrocities of the Indians, the militia collected from all quarters, and, led by General Herkimer, marched hastily toward the scene of action. On the 5th, they reached Oriskany, and next morning the general announced his intention of remaining there to await reinforcements. This prudent precaution was overruled; officers and men clamoured to be led against the enemy, and accused their leader of cowardice. Yielding to their importunities, he gave orders to advance, and the party again moved forward in high spirits with much confusion. After marching about two miles, they reached a gentle acclivity, bounded by a deep ravine, which, after crossing the road from north to south, swept toward the east so as to enclose a semicircle. The bottom of this ravine was marshy, and the road crossed it by means of a causeway. At this place, St. Leger, having heard of Herkimer's approach, had posted a force of Indians and Tories under Butler and Brant, to oppose him. They occupied the rising ground parallel to the ravine, and were so

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arranged in a circle, having only one small gap through which the Americans could march.

Before leaving Oriskany, Herkimer determined to send forward scouts to clear the road; but the design was either neglected or abandoned. The militia advanced with blind speed into the enemy's midst; and were roused from their fatal indifference only by the Indian war-whoop. They found themselves within the fatal circle, the opening to which was immediately closed. The rear guard alone were excluded, but they fled at the first fire. The devoted band received a galling fire which completely broke their ranks; their general fell wounded in the early part of the action, and the savages, sure of success, were preparing to charge with the tomahawk. Happily Herkimer was still able to direct the battle; his men formed into circles, or, placed back to back, received the Indians on the points of their knives and bayonets, and the terrible scene commenced of a conflict hand to hand with infuriated savages. Personal danger seemed forgotten in the struggle, and the work of butchery was arrested only by a heavy storm. The enemy retired to some neighbouring trees, and General Herkimer formed his men in a circle. In the early part of the battle, if an American fired a gun from behind a tree, an Indian rushed up and tomahawked him before he could reload. Herkimer now placed two men at a single tree, one to reserve his fire until an Indian ran up as before.

After an hour's intermission, the battle was renewed. The Americans received the charge with

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firmness, while their hidden marksmen picked off so many of the savages, that they began to give way. At this moment, a fresh body of Tories, known as Johnson's Greens, arrived. The greatest part of these men were personally known to the Americans, a circumstance which increased their former fury to madness. After discharging his piece, each man sprang upon his selected victim, throttled or stabbed him and rushed upon another. The field was covered with groups of friends and foes, each grasped in his enemy's embrace. This obstinate resistance discouraged the Indians, who soon broke and fled in disorder. They were soon followed by the main body, thus leaving the militia masters of the field.

In this severe struggle the Americans lost two hundred, or, according to Marshall, four hundred men. The British loss was equally heavy. General Herkimer was removed from the field on a litter, and conveyed to his house on the Mohawk, where his leg was amputated. The operation was unskilfully performed, and in a few days he died. He was buried near his own house in the town of Danube.

Fight between the Crow and the Blackfeet Indians.

In June, 1845, a party of about seven hundred Crow Indians were driven from their own country by the Sioux, to the vicinity of fort F. A. C. near the Falls of the Missouri. On the 17th they encountered

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a small party of Blackfeet warriors, whom they immediately attacked. Notwithstanding the great disparity in numbers, the battle was fierce and bloody. Twenty-two of the Blackfeet were killed, and one hundred women and children carried away, together with three hundred horses. At this moment they beheld the main body of their party approaching; the battle was renewed with terrible fury, and the Crows, though superior in number, were in their turn driven back. They retreated to a strongly fortified spot, carrying with them the horses and goods. Most of the prisoners escaped. The Blackfeet made several desperate charges, but were finally obliged to retire. About a dozen of their number were killed and many more wounded.

At the time of this battle the Blackfeet tribe were west of the Rocky Mountains, near the head waters of the Columbia, whither it is their custom to retire every spring. Those attacked by the Crows were consequently only an advanced party which had crossed the mountains earlier than usual. The Crows had themselves been driven into the neighbourhood where the fight occurred by the Sioux, who were out in great force against them. At other times when the Blackfeet are absent, they usually visit that section of country. About a fortnight before the fight, a small party of the Blackfeet had attacked the guard at fort F. A. C., (the trading post of the American Fur Company,) killed one man, seriously wounded another, and stole thirty horses. The whole affair will serve to show the dangers to which the western set-

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A Blackfoot Warrior.

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tlers are exposed, as well as the condition of constant war and ferment in which the Indians of the great West are still engaged.

Savage Patriotism.

The following anecdote is given in "Notes on the Michigan Territory," lately published:

The Indians of *Fond du Lac*, a small village of about fifty men, from their pacific dispositions, were branded by their neighbours, the Sioux, with *cowardice*. Feeling indignant at this, thirteen of them, without consulting their friends, who were then negotiating a peace with the Sioux, formed a league to rescue their tribe from the imputation on their courage, and secretly penetrated into the Sioux country. Unexpectedly they came upon a party of one hundred Sioux, and began to prepare for battle; but the Sioux, seeing their small number, advised them to return home; that they admired their valour, and intimated to them that, if they persisted, their destruction was inevitable. The Fond du Lac Indians replied that they had set out with a determination to fight the first enemy they should meet, however unequal their numbers might be, and would have entered their villages, if none had appeared sooner. They had resolved in this manner to show their brethren that the stigmas that were thrown upon them were unjust, "for no men were braver than

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their warriors," and that they were ready and would sacrifice their lives in defence of the character of their tribe. They encamped a short distance from the Sioux, and, during the night, dug holes in the ground, to which they might retreat and fight to the last extremity. They appointed one of their number, the youngest, to take a station at a distance and witness the struggle, and instructed him to make his escape to their own country, when he had witnessed the death of all the rest, and state the circumstances under which they had fallen.

Early in the morning they attacked the Sioux in their camp, who, immediately sallying out upon them, forced them back to the last place of retreat they had resolved upon. They fought desperately, and more than twice their number were killed before they lost their lives. Eight of them were tomahawked in the holes to which they retreated, and the other four fell on the field; the thirteenth returned home according to the directions he had received, and related the circumstances to his tribe. They mourned their death; but, delighted with the unexampled bravery of their friends, they were happy in their grief.

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Farmer's Brother.

DURING the second war with England, the Seneca nation of Indians, who reside in the neighbourhood of Buffalo, were employed by the American government, and attached themselves to the army, then about to enter Canada, under the command of General Brown. The principal chief of this tribe was called "*Farmer's Brother*," a stout, athletic warrior. The frosts of more than eighty winters had passed over his head, and yet he retained his faculties in an eminent degree. He possessed all the ardour of his young associates, and was uncommonly animated at the prospect which a fresh harvest of laurels presented to his mind.

This celebrated chief, in the war between England and France, was engaged in the service of the latter. He once pointed out to the writer of this account

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the spot where, with a party of Indians, he lay in ambush—patiently waiting the approach of a guard that accompanied the English teams employed between the Falls of Niagara and the British garrison. The fort there had surrendered to Sir William Johnston. The place selected for that purpose is now known by the name of the "Devil's Hole," and is three and a half miles below the famous cataract upon the United States side of the strait. The mind can scarcely conceive a more dismal-looking den. A large ravine, occasioned by the falling in of the perpendicular bank, made dark by the spreading branches of the birch and cedar, which had taken root below, and the low murmurings of the rapids in the chasm, added to the solemn thunder of the cataract itself, conspire to render the scene truly awful. The English party were not aware of the dreadful fate which awaited them. Unconscious of danger, the drivers were gayly whistling to their dull ox-teams. On their arrival at this spot, Farmer's Brother and his band rushed from the thicket that had concealed them, and commenced a horrid butchery. So unexpected was the event, and so completely were the English deprived of all presence of mind, but a feeble resistance was made. The guard, the teamsters, the oxen, and the wagons were precipitated into the gulf. But two of them escaped. A Mr. Stedman, who lived at Schlosser, above the Falls, being mounted on a fleet horse, made good his retreat; also one of the soldiers, who was caught on the projecting root of a cedar, which sustained him until assured by the distant yell

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of the savages they had quitted the ground. He then clambered up, and proceeded to Fort Niagara with the intelligence of the disaster. A small rivulet, which pours itself down the precipice, was literally coloured with the blood of the vanquished, and has ever since borne the name of "*The Bloody Run.*"

In the war of the Revolution, Farmer's Brother evinced his hostility to the Americans upon every occasion that occurred; and with the same zeal he engaged in the late war against his former friends—the British.

Another anecdote of this chief will show his promptness and decision of character. A short time before the United States army crossed the Niagara, Farmer's Brother chanced to observe an Indian who had mingled with the Senecas, and whom he instantly recognised as belonging to the Mohawks, a tribe living in Canada, and then employed in the enemy's service. He went up to him and addressed him in the Indian tongue:—"I know you well; you belong to the Mohawks—you are a spy; here is my rifle—my tomahawk—my scalping knife—I give you your choice; which of them shall I use?—but I am in haste!" The young warrior, finding resistance vain, chose to be despatched with the rifle. He was ordered to lie upon the grass, while, with the left foot upon the breast of his victim, the chief lodged the contents of the rifle in his head. It should be remembered that this proceeding was not at all inconsistent with the practice of civilized nations in the

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case of a spy. On proof of the fact, he is put to death.

Farmer's Brother possessed many estimable traits of character. He was as firm a friend, where he promised fidelity, as a bitter enemy to those against whom he contended, and would rather lose the last drop of his blood than betray the cause he had espoused. He was fond of recounting his exploits, and, savage-like, dwelt with much satisfaction upon the number of scalps he had taken in his skirmishes with the whites.

In company with several other chiefs, he once paid a visit to General Washington, who presented him with a silver medal. This he constantly wore suspended from his neck, and so precious was the gift in his eyes, that he often declared he would lose it only with his life. Soon after the battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater, this veteran paid the debt of nature at the Seneca village, and, out of respect to his bravery, he was there interred with military honours from the fifth regiment of United States Infantry.

Indian Bear Hunt.

In the northern part of the American continent, the subterraneous retreats of the black bear may be easily discovered by the mist which uniformly hangs about the entrance of the den, as the animal's heat and breathing prevent the mouth of the cave from

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Indian Bear Hunt.

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being entirely closed, however deep the snow may be. As the black bear usually retires to his winter quarters before any quantity of snow has fallen, and does not again venture abroad till the end of March or the beginning of April, he therefore spends at least four months in a state of torpidity, and without obtaining food. It is therefore not very surprising, though the bear goes into his winter quarters excessively fat, that he should come forth in the spring a melancholy picture of emaciation.

The black bear is sometimes destroyed by blocking up the mouth of the cave with logs of wood, and then suddenly breaking open the top of it, they kill the animal with a spear or gun. This method is, however, considered both cowardly and wanton, as the bear can neither escape nor offer the slightest injury to his merciless destroyers. The northern Indians display great ingenuity in the manner in which they throw the noose around the neck of this animal; but the barbarous way in which they despatch him with the hatchet or tomahawk, after having drawn him to the top of his hole, has little in it to admire.

Sometimes he is caught in traps, strong steel ones chained to a tree and laid in a path which has been partially stained with blood, by drawing a newly-killed carcass along it. At other times, a noose, suspended from a strong bough, is substituted for the trap, in a path similarly prepared. The bear, whose sense of smell is exceedingly keen, always follows upon the track along which a dead animal has been drawn,

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even although it has left no trace perceptible by the human senses.

The common mode of hunting this bear is by two or three well-trained dogs. When he finds that he is pursued, he generally pushes forward for eight or ten miles, and sometimes more, in nearly a straight course. But when the dogs come up to him, he turns and strikes at them with his paws, the blows of which are so severe, that one of them, taking effect, would instantly fell the strongest dog to the ground. The great art in training the dogs consists in teaching them to avoid these blows, and keep harassing the animal till he is exhausted. When that is the case, he climbs a tree to the height of twenty or thirty feet, at the root of which the dogs remain and "give tongue" till the hunter makes his appearance. When the hunter appears, the bear drops to the ground, not for the purpose of attacking him, but of making a new effort at escape from the now increased number of his pursuers. But, as he is heated by the effort of climbing and by the fall, though bears, from their form and also the nature of their covering, fall with much less injury than any other animals of the same weight, he is much more annoyed by the dogs than before. This makes him take to a tree again for refuge. He then climbs as high as it will bear him, and endeavours to conceal himself among the thick foliage. The hunter now strikes against the trunk of the tree as if he were felling it, which soon puts the bear in motion. He makes his way to the extremity of a long and lofty branch, at which he draws himself partially into

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the form of a ball, and drops down often from such a height as that he rebounds up again for several feet, as if he were an elastic substance. He rises again from this fall, still uninjured, and seeks safety by flight as before. His exertions are, however, so much greater than those of his pursuers, that, whatever may be his strength, they in time wear him out, and he is ultimately shot, either when standing up to give battle to the dogs, or when attempting to hide himself behind the trunk of a tree. Such is the mode of bear-hunting where there are trees; but, in the large open prairies, he runs much farther, and the hunt is one of greater ardour, unless when he is shot at an early stage. But, if the marksman is not skilful, shooting is rather a dangerous matter while the bear is unexhausted, as the pain arouses all his strength, and arms him with the most desperate powers of revenge, so that he would be too much both for dogs and hunter.

The Catastrophe.

THE son of a Kickapoo chief, being engaged to a Wiattanon girl, came in quest of her to Fort Knox, at Vincennes—though an Indian war was then waging against the United States; and, in this, the Kickapoos were among the most formidable. We happened to be there at this time. It was summer, and the weather very warm. The young Kickapoo was admitted into the fort, and, among other presents, threw down several joints of venison; observing to the commanding officer, that, if he could not eat them him-

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self, (for they were tainted,) they might answer for his *hogs* and *dogs**—muttering, at the same time, and making the sign of a halter round his neck, that perhaps they might hang him for appearing among them, (alluding, no doubt, to the then Indian war.)

On the evening of the same day the young Kickapoo got into a drunken frolic with other savages, among whom was a Wiattanon. The latter said to the Kickapoo, "May be I shall kill you:" and, without further preface, he plunged a knife into him—which instantly proved fatal. At this moment the Wiattanons in company took the alarm—fearful of the consequences that might befall their tribe, from the death of the son of a powerful chieftain. It was therefore determined to propitiate the Kickapoo's father, by sending a deputation to him with the present of a ten gallon keg of whisky as a peace-offering. This was furnished for the purpose, on request, by the commanding officer of the fort. They had not gone far when the precious liquor proved too great a temptation: the keg was broached, and soon emptied. What then was to be done?

Next morning, however, they appeared again at the fort—deplored the "*accident*," (as they called it,) and begged for another keg of liquor. This too was granted—and off they went again. But this keg met with the fate of the former: its contents proved an irresistible temptation. As no more whisky could now be obtained, the mission fell through.

* Appellations the Indians bestow upon menial servants. This savours strongly of the pride of independence.

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Upon this, the Indians appeared before the fort, with the murderer in custody, under the window of the writer,* and demanded justice to be done on the prisoner. He told them it was an affair for themselves to settle, as it was confined to themselves alone. They now marched in Indian file, carrying off the murderer, who, every now and then, looked fearfully behind him—for the brother of the deceased's sweetheart had taken post next in his rear. They had not proceeded far, when this brother plunged a knife into the prisoner's back, which broke, and a part was left buried in the wound. The whole party now returned before the fort—the wounded man singing his death-song. He was borne off by his friends into a thicket, in the prairie, where all their efforts to extract the broken blade proved ineffectual; and the next day or two he died.

The Spider, a brother of the murderer, and then at Kaskaskia, hearing of the predicament which had befallen the latter, hastened to Vincennes; but death had closed the scene. He came in time, however, to attend the funeral. When the body was about to be consigned to the earth, he opened the blanket which enveloped the corpse, and taking off a silver ornament which encompassed his head, he bound it around that of the defunct, saying, "There, brother! this will bring you respect in the land of spirits."

* He was a judge of the supreme court of the North-western Territory, and then upon the circuit to open the courts through that extensive region.

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Story of George Ash.

THE following was communicated to the Cincinnati Chronicle, in the autumn of 1829, by a gentleman, in substance, as related below. He received it from the mouth of Ash himself, who resides on the Ohio, in Indiana, upon lands first presented to him by the Indians, and afterwards confirmed, *in part*, by Congress—*he paying for the same.* We copy it from Turner's Traits of Indian Character:

"My father, John Ash, was one of the earliest emigrants to Kentucky, and settled near Bardstown, Nelson county, many miles from any other white settlement. In the month of March, 1780, when I was about ten years of age, we were attacked by the Shawnee Indians; a part of the family was killed, the rest were taken prisoners. We were separated from each other, and, excepting a younger sister, who was taken by the same party that had me in possession, I saw none of my family for seventeen years.

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"My sister was small; they carried her two or three days, but she cried, and gave them trouble, and they tomahawked and scalped her, and left her lying on the ground. I was, after this, transferred from one family to another, several times, and treated harshly, and called a 'white dog,' till at length I was domesticated in a family, and considered a member of it. After this, my treatment was like that of other children of the tribe.

"The Shawnees, at this time, lived on the Big Miami, about twenty miles above Dayton. Here we continued until General Clark came out, and attacked us, and burnt our town. We then removed to St. Mary's, and continued there about two years. After this, we removed to Fort Wayne, on the Maumee; here we were attacked by General Harmar; we then removed to the Anglaize River, and continued there some years. While there, General St. Clair came out against us. Eight hundred and fifty warriors went out to meet him, and on their way were joined by fifty Kickapoos.

"The two armies met about two hours before sunset. When the Indians were within about half a mile of St. Clair, the spies came running back to inform us, and we stopped. We concluded to encamp; 'it was too late,' they said, 'to begin the play,' they would defer the *sport* till next morning.

"General Blue Jacket was our commander. After dark, he called all the chiefs around him, to listen to what he had to say. 'Our fathers,' said he, 'used to do as we now do; our tribes used to fight other tribes

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—they could trust to their own strength and their numbers; but in this conflict, we have no such reliance; our power and our numbers bear no comparison to those of our enemy, and we can do nothing, unless assisted by our Great Father above. I pray now,' continued Blue Jacket, raising his eyes to heaven, 'that he will be with us to-night, and (it was now snowing) that to-morrow, he will cause the sun to shine out clear upon us, and we will take it as a token of good, and we shall conquer.'"

Blue Jacket appears to have been a priest, as well as a warrior.

"About an hour before day, orders were given for every man to be ready to march. On examination, it was found that three fires, or camps, consisting of fifty Pottawattomies, had deserted us. We marched till we got within sight of the fires of St. Clair; then General Blue Jacket began to talk, and to sing a hymn, as Indians sing hymns." Here the narrator mentioned some ceremony, that I did not well understand. "The fight commenced, and continued for an hour or more, when the Indians retreated. As they were leaving the ground, a chief, by the name of Black Fish, ran in among them, and, in the voice of thunder, asked them what they were doing, where they were going, and who had given them orders to retreat? This called a halt, and he proceeded in a strain of the most impassioned eloquence, to exhort them to courage, and to 'deeds of daring,' and concluded with saying, 'that whatever the determination of others might be, he knew not, but, for himself, *his*

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determination was, to conquer or die! 'You who are like-minded, follow me!' and they raised the war-whoop—which is, '*we conquer or die!*'

"The attack was most impetuous, and the carnage, for a few moments, shocking. Many of the Indians threw away their guns, leaped in among the Americans, and did the butchery with a tomahawk. In a few moments, the Americans gave way; the Indians took possession of the camp and the artillery, spiked the guns, and parties of Indians followed the retreating army many miles. Eleven hundred Americans were left dead on the field. The number of Indians killed, together with those who afterwards died of their wounds, amounted to only *thirty-five!*

"In this battle, a ball passed through the back of Ash's neck; he fell, and says, his recollection returned while an Indian was carrying him away on his back."

Many years afterwards, Ash ascertained that he had a brother in St. Clair's army, who was killed in this battle. Who can say that he did not direct the ball that did the fatal work?—for, all who have seen Ash will allow that he was not a man to be idle in battle.

"After this battle, I started, with eight others, on an embassy to the Creek Nation. Our object was, to renew the friendly relations between that nation and our own tribe, and two of our number were regularly accredited ambassadors, for that purpose. We made a visit of a year, and were successful in the objects of our mission. The nations north of the Ohio were

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desirous of strengthening themselves against the whites, by foreign alliances.

"While we were absent, our tribe had had a battle with the whites, near Fort Hamilton. The American army was commanded, I think, by General Bradley.

"After our return, Wayne came out against us with eight thousand men. We sent out runners to all nations, to collect together warriors, and soon an army of fifteen hundred men was in the field. We marched on to meet Wayne, who then lay at Fort Recovery. We took one of Wayne's spies in our march—a Chickasaw. He was taken to the Indian army, that he might give us some account of Wayne's movements. But the Indians were so enraged at him, for his treachery, that they fell upon him, in the midst of his narrative, and killed him. Our army was then in great want of provisions. *The Chippeway Indians cut him up, roasted, and ate him.*

"Near Fort Recovery we met a party of the American army, and fought them—without much success—and returned home. Wayne marched on the towns, and only three hundred warriors could be mustered to meet him. We went out, however, and fought him in two battles, within three days of each other. These battles were fought near Fort Wayne, and the place where they were fought are not more than five miles from each other. The Indians were, in fact, conquered, and the war ended. General Blue Jacket that winter hoisted the flag of truce, and marched into Greenville to treat with Wayne."

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We are all familiarly acquainted with the history of these Indian wars—of the gallant, but unfortunate St. Clair—and of the chivalrous and successful Wayne. This, for aught I know, is the first Indian account of these transactions that has appeared; and, if it is correct—and I have abundant reason to think it is—it must go, at least, to diminish our censure of St. Clair, if it does not detract from the credit of Wayne. St. Clair suffered himself to be surprised by the Indians in their own territory—a fault which Washington thought admitted of no excuse; besides, his army exceeded the enemy's in numbers. But, when we take into consideration his ignorance of Indian warfare, and that he had to fight them in their own wilds, we must acknowledge the disparity was not very great. By their own showing, likewise, their army consisted of nearly a thousand men—and such men as are not easily conquered by any force—for their motto was "We conquer, or die."

Ash had now been with the savages seventeen years. He had long identified himself with them, spoke their language perfectly, and had almost forgotten his own; and had adopted their dress, and all their modes of life. His right ear is fixed in a peculiar manner for the purpose of wearing jewels. The edge of the ear, about a third of an inch deep, is cut off, excepting at the ends where the ear joins the head. This rim hangs down on the face, and serves as a kind of loop. The parting gristle of the nose is perforated; there is likewise a hole in his left ear. I made some inquiries as to his painting. He

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said he painted, and wore about a hundred dollars' worth of silver in ornaments, when he visited the ladies. In his nose, he wore three silver crosses and seven half moons, valued from five to six hundred dollars; and, as he proceeded to describe his decorations for these excursions of gallantry, and the reception he met with, I could not but reflect upon the effect which ornament has with the *fair* in all ages and among all nations.

"After peace," proceeded he, "I told the Indians I wanted to go to the white settlements, and see if any of my family were living. They, at first, made objections, but finally consented; and, in full dress, with a good horse, a good gun, and a good hunting dog, I started for Fort Pitt.

"Having travelled alone fourteen days in the wilderness, I arrived at my place of destination. I there found a brother, and learned that my father was still living in Kentucky. After staying some time at Fort Pitt, I was employed by a gentleman as a guide through the wilderness to Detroit. When we arrived in the neighbourhood of Detroit, I told my employer he might go on, and that I would spend the winter among the Indians with my wife: for I had taken a wife before I left them. He called for me in the spring, and we returned to Fort Pitt together.

"I there sold my horse, and proceeded down the Ohio river in a boat, with the intention of visiting my father. I arrived at his house in the night, called him up, and requested entertainment for the night. He denied such a request to no man, whoever he

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might be, but evidently was not much pleased with my appearance, for I was still in my Indian costume, and could speak but a few words of English.

"He paid me but little attention, gave a servant some orders about my lodging, and was about retiring to bed, when I drew him into a conversation, by asking some questions about his family. I asked him if he had not a son George (many years before) taken by the Indians. He replied that he had—that he had heard he was in St. Clair's defeat, and was killed. I assured him that the report was incorrect, and that I knew something of his son. He asked with eagerness where he was. I replied, '*He now stands before you.*' He looked at me with searching scrutiny for a few moments, and commenced pacing the room. He walked up and down the room for two hours, before he uttered another syllable. 'Would you know your brother Henry,' said he, at last, 'if you should see him?' I told him 'No:—for he was a mere infant when I went away.' He thought I should, and, though late in the evening, rode several miles to bring him."

In this part of the narration I perceived that Ash's eyes grew moist, and that his voice was husky. He rose to depart, but, by some entreaty, he was induced to return, and continue his tale.

"My father," said he, "had become wealthy, possessing negroes and fine horses in abundance. But my mother was dead, and my father had married a second wife, who was not backward in letting me know that that was no place for me.

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"I started again for the Indian country, crossed the Ohio, and pitched my camp on the spot where my house now stands, on the bank of the Ohio, exactly opposite the mouth of the Kentucky.

"After hunting for some time, I determined to make another visit to my red brethren, and a friend gave me a horse to ride. I found them preparing a deputation for their great father, the President, and nothing would do but that I should make one of the party. With a number of chiefs I set out for Philadelphia, and, after visiting the President and all the great people there, and by them, no doubt, thought a very good *Indian*, I returned to my old camp, where I now live.

"As a compensation for my services on this mission, the Indians granted me a tract of land, opposite the mouth of the Kentucky, four miles in length on the river, and one mile back. When the territory was ceded to the United States, the Indians neglected to reserve my grant. I had cultivated some parts of my land, and it was worth more than the government price. It was offered for sale, and I petitioned Congress to secure to me *what was in fact my own*. They denied me the request, but permitted me to purchase as much as I could at the government price!

"I had considered myself rich in lands, but I was poor in cash, and my domain was reduced to about two hundred acres. On this I have lived ever since; and this completes the history of George Ash."

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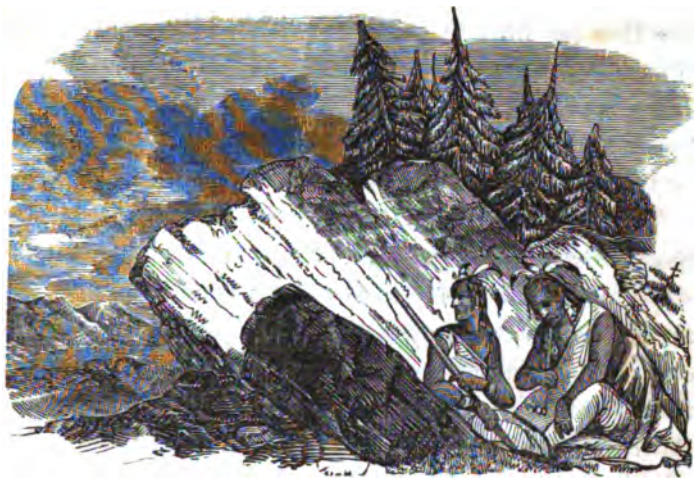

The Sioux, or Dacotas, and their Chief Wahktageli, or Big Soldier.

From the Travels of Maximilian, Prince of Wied.

THE Dacotas, or Sioux, called by the Ojibuas or Chippeways, Nandoesi, or Nadowassis, are still one of the most numerous Indian tribes in North America. Pike stated their number at 21,575 souls, and they are still reckoned at 20,000; nay, some even affirm that they are still able to furnish 15,000 warriors, which seems rather too high an estimate. Major Long, who gives much information respecting this people, calculates their number at 28,100, of which 7,055 are warriors, the nation possessing 2,330 tents, which agrees pretty nearly with the statements we received on the Missouri. If we add the Assiniboins, who are of the same origin, and

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who are estimated at 28,000, we shall have for all the Dacotas 56,100 souls, of whom 14,055 are warriors, and the number of their tents 5,330. Major Long is of opinion that they cannot be calculated at less than 25,000 souls and 6,000 warriors; 20,000 is, therefore, not too high an estimate.

The territory which they inhabit extends from Big Sioux River, between the Missouri and the Mississippi, down the latter to Rock river, and northwards to Elk river; then westwards, in a line which includes the sources of St. Peter's river, and reaches the Missouri below the Mandan villages, stretches down it, crosses it near Hart river, and includes the whole country on the western bank to the Black Hills about Teton river as far as Shannon river. The Sioux are divided into several branches, which all speak the same language, with some deviations. Three principal branches live on the Missouri, viz. the Yanktons or Yanktoans, the Tetons or Titoans, and the Yanktonans or Yanktoanons. The Mende-Wakan-Toann, or the people of the Spirit Lake, and some others, live on the Mississippi. All these branches together are, as Major Long says, divided by the traders into two great classes—the Gens du Lac and the Gens du Large; *i. e.* those who live near the Spirit Lake, and are now chiefly found on the banks of the Mississippi, and those who roam about in the prairies. The Yanktoanons are said to constitute one-fifth of all the Dacotas, and the Tetons the half of the whole nation.

The Dacotas roam as far as the territory of the

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Puncas, over the Black Hills, to the Arkansas, and westwards to the Rocky Mountains into the territory of the Crows, on the Yellow Stone river, &c. Pike makes them, as well as the Pawnees, descend from the Tartars; but many objections may be made to this notion, as the affinity of the North Americans and the people of Asia is not proved, and the resemblance between them appears to be very limited. In general, these Indians have more strongly-marked countenances and higher cheek-bones than many other tribes on the Missouri, nor are their features so regular or pleasing; yet there is no considerable difference in their physiognomy. Bradbury says they are much inferior in stature to the Osages, Mandans, and Puncas, and by no means so robust; but this assertion must be very much restricted, because there are many tall men among the Dacotas. The Yanktons live in Sioux Agency, or the furthest down the Missouri, among which tribe we now were. All these Dacotas of the Missouri, as well as most of those of the Mississippi, are only hunters, and, in their excursions, always live in portable leather tents. Only two branches of them are exceptions to this rule, especially the Wahch-Pe-Kutch, on the Mississippi, who cultivate maize and other plants, and therefore live in fixed villages. All these Indians have great numbers of horses and dogs, the latter of which often serve them as food. The Dacotas, on the Missouri, were formerly dangerous enemies to the whites. Bradbury calls them blood-thirsty savages; whereas now, with the exception of the Yanktonans, they

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bear a very good character, and constantly keep peace with the whites. Pike seems to have too high an idea of their valour; at least this is the opinion now entertained on the Missouri. Such of these Indians as reside near the whites are frequently connected with them by marriages, and depend on them for support. They then become negligent hunters, indolent, and consequently poor. This was partly the case at Sioux Agency, where they rarely possessed more than two horses. One of the most considerable men among them, wholly devoted to the whites, was Wahktageli, called the Big Soldier, a tall, good-looking man, about sixty years of age, with a high aquiline nose and large animated eyes. Besides him, there were several elderly, and some slender young men of this nation here. They had, in general, a rather narrow, oval countenance; narrow, long eyes, and aquiline, or straight, well-formed noses; their colour was a dark brown. They wore their hair hanging down long over the shoulders, and often platted *en queue;* the older men, however, let it hang loosely, cut off a little below the neck, and turned back from the forehead. Younger people generally wore it parted, a large lock hanging down on the nose. Young men had the upper part of the body only wrapped in their large white or painted buffalo hides. They had long strings of blue and white wampum shells in their ears. Some of them wore one, two, or three feathers, which were partly stripped till towards the point.

Mr. Bodmer having expressed a wish, immediately

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on the arrival of the Big Soldier, to paint his portrait at full length, he appeared in his complete state dress. His face was painted red with vermilion, and with short, black, parallel, transverse stripes on the cheeks. On his head he wore long feathers of birds of prey, which were tokens of his warlike exploits, particularly of the enemies he had slain. They were fastened in a horizontal position with strips of red cloth. In his ears he wore long strings of blue glass beads; and on his breast, suspended from his neck, the great silver medal of the United States. His leather leggins, painted with dark crosses and stripes, were very neatly ornamented with a broad embroidered stripe of yellow, red, and sky-blue figures, consisting of dyed porcupine quills; and his shoes were adorned in the same manner. His buffalo robe was tanned white, and he had his tomahawk or battle-axe in his hand. (See his portrait, which is a striking likeness, in the frontispiece to this volume.) He appeared to stand very willingly as a model for Mr. Bodmer, and remained the whole day in the position required, which, in general, the Indians find it difficult to do. The remainder of these people were now entirely without ornaments, naked, and the upper parts of their bodies not at all painted, but only wrapped in their buffalo robes. On their backs they carried their quivers, which were made of leather, in which their arrows are kept. They carry their bows in their hands.

The features of the women resembled, on the whole, those we have already described; yet, their faces, for the most part, were not so broad and flat as

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those of the Saukies or Musquake women, and some were even pretty. The tents of the Sioux are high pointed cones, made of strong poles, covered with buffalo skins, closely sewed together. These skins are scraped on both sides, so that they become as transparent as parchment, and give free admission to the light. At the top, where the poles meet, or cross each other, there is an opening to let out the smoke, which they endeavour to close by a piece of the skin covering of the tent, fixed to a separate pole standing upright, and fastened to the upper part of the covering on the side from which the wind blows. The door is a slit in the front of the tent, which is generally closed by another piece of buffalo hide stretched upon a frame. A small fire is kept up in the centre of the tent. Poles are stuck in the ground near the tent, and utensils of various kinds are suspended from them. There are, likewise, stages on which to hang the newly-tanned hides; others, with gayly-painted parchment pouches and bags, on some of which they hang their bows, arrows, quivers, leather-shields, spears, and war-clubs.

We paid a visit to Wahktageli in his tent, and had some difficulty in creeping into the narrow, low entrance, after pulling aside the skin that covered it. The inside of this tent was light, and it was about ten paces in diameter. Buffalo skins were spread on the ground, upon which we sat down. Between us and the side of the tent were a variety of articles, such as pouches, boxes, saddles, arms, &c. A relation of the chief was employed in making arrows,

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which were finished very neatly and with great care. Wahktageli immediately, with much gravity, handed the tobacco-pipe round, and seemed to inhale the precious smoke with great delight. His wife was present; their children were married. The conversation was carried on by Cephier, the interpreter kept by the Agency, who accompanied us on this visit. It is the custom with all the North American Indians, on paying a visit, to enter in perfect silence, to shake hands with the host, and unceremoniously sit down beside him. Refreshments are then presented, which the Big Soldier could not do, as he himself stood in need of food. After this the pipe circulates. The owner of a neighbouring tent had killed a large elk, the skin of which the women were then busily employed in dressing. They had stretched it out, by means of leather straps, on the ground near the tent, and the women were scraping off the particles of flesh and fat with a very well-contrived instrument. It is made of bone, sharpened at one end and furnished with little teeth like a saw, and at the other end a strap, which is fastened round the wrist. The skin is scraped with the sharp side of this instrument till it is perfectly clean. Several Indians have iron teeth fixed to this bone. Besides this operation, we took particular notice of the harness of the dogs and horses, hanging up near the tent, both these animals being indispensable to the Indians to transport their baggage on their journeys. Even the great tent, with many long, heavy poles, is carried by horses, as well as the semi-globular, transparent wicker pan-

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niers, under which the little children are protected against sun and rain by spreading blankets and skins over them. Smaller articles are conveyed by the dogs. Many of the Sioux are rich, and have twenty or more horses, which they obtained originally from the Spaniards on the Mississippi and the frontier of New Mexico on the Oregon; but which are now found in great numbers among the several Indian nations. One of their most important employments is to steal horses; and the theft of one of these animals from another nation is considered as an exploit, and as much, nay more honoured than the killing of an enemy. The dogs, whose flesh is eaten by the Sioux, are equally valuable to the Indians. In shape, they differ very little from the wolf, and are equally large and strong. Some are of the real wolf colour; others black, white, or spotted with black and white, and differing only by the tail being rather more turned up. Their voice is not a proper barking, but a howl, like that of the wolf, and they partly descend from wolves, which approach the Indian huts even in the daytime and mix with the dogs.

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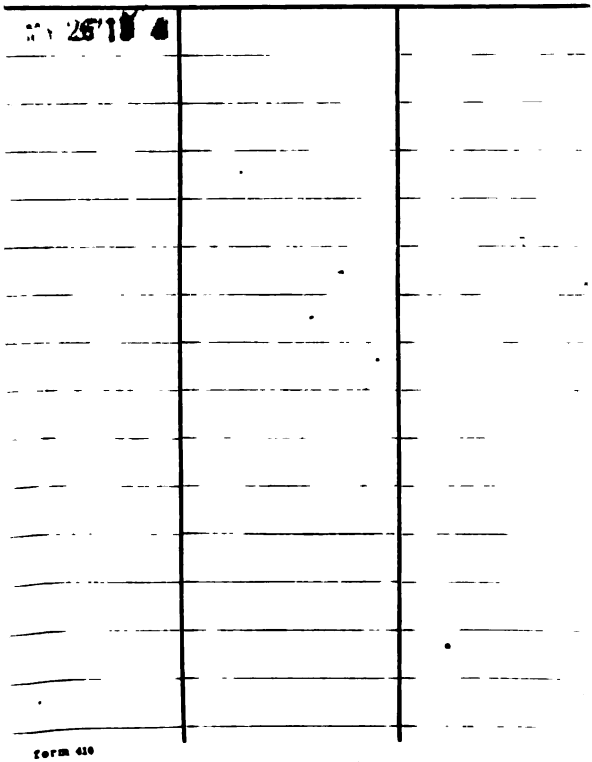

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